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*John Taylor's Randy Theory of What Really Happened That Night*

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*Dinitia Smith on Steven Schragis, the Book World's P.R.–Happy Publisher*

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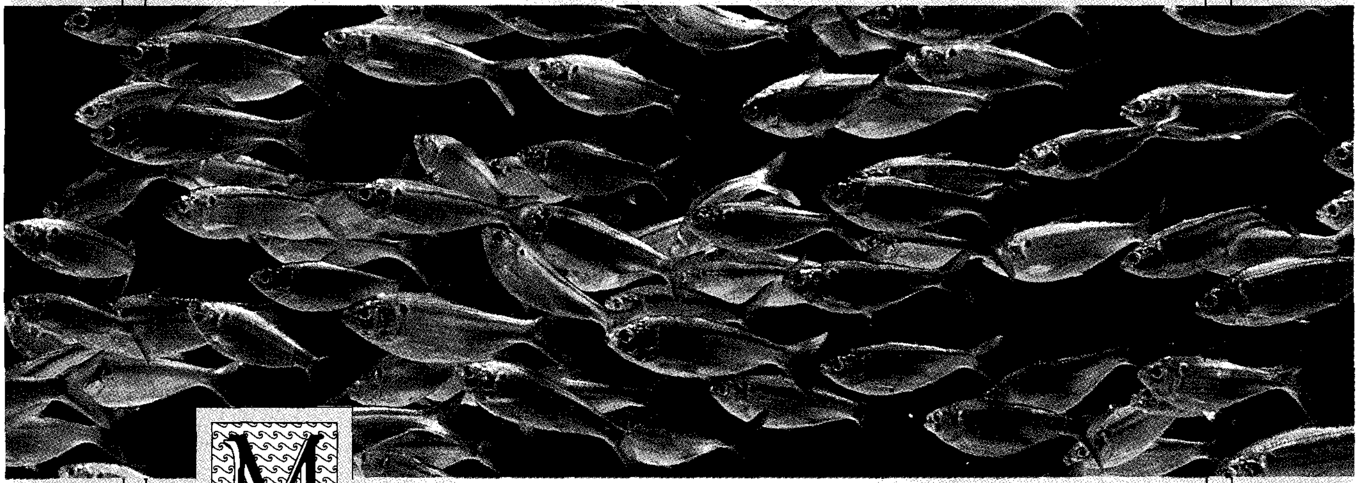

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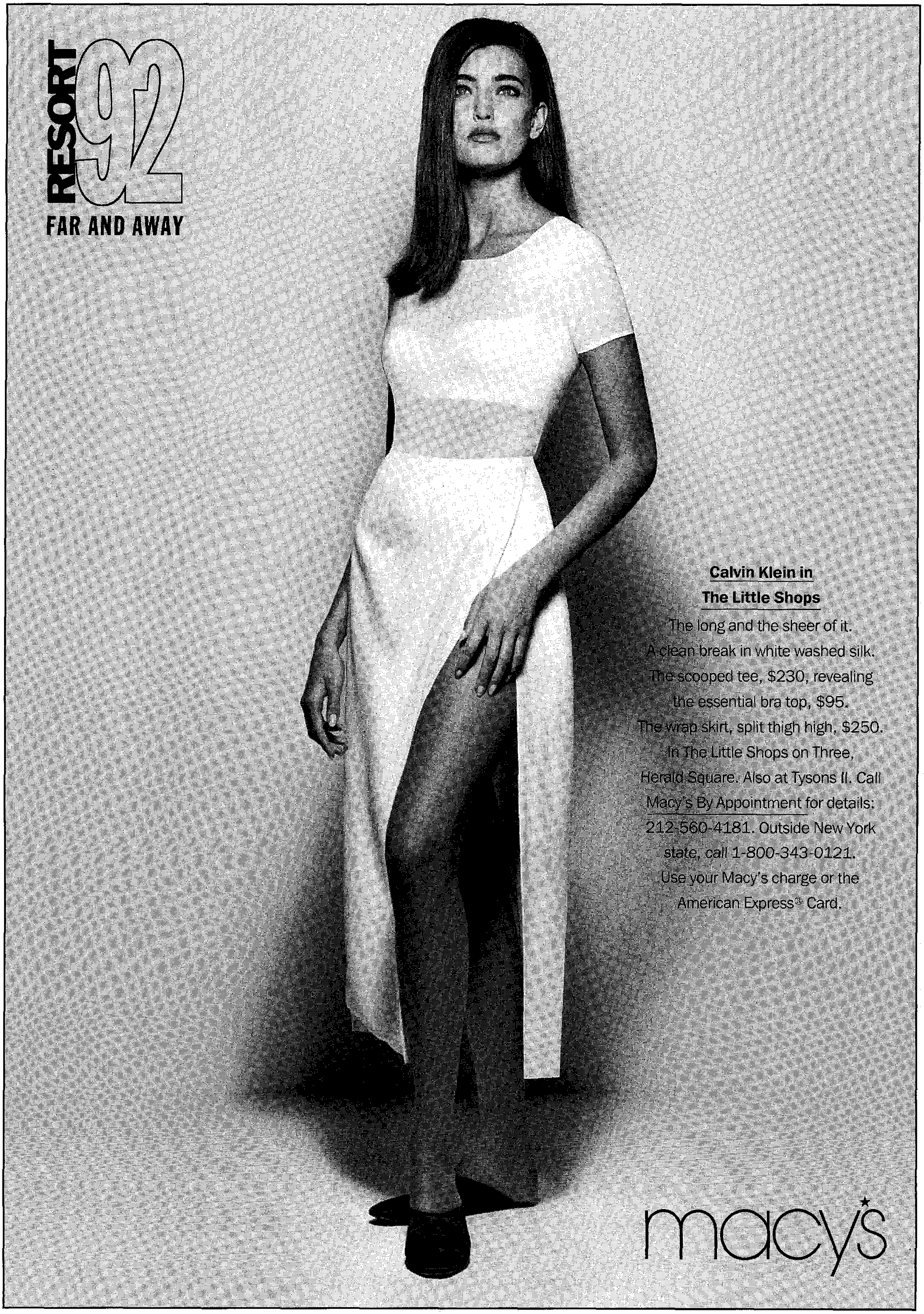

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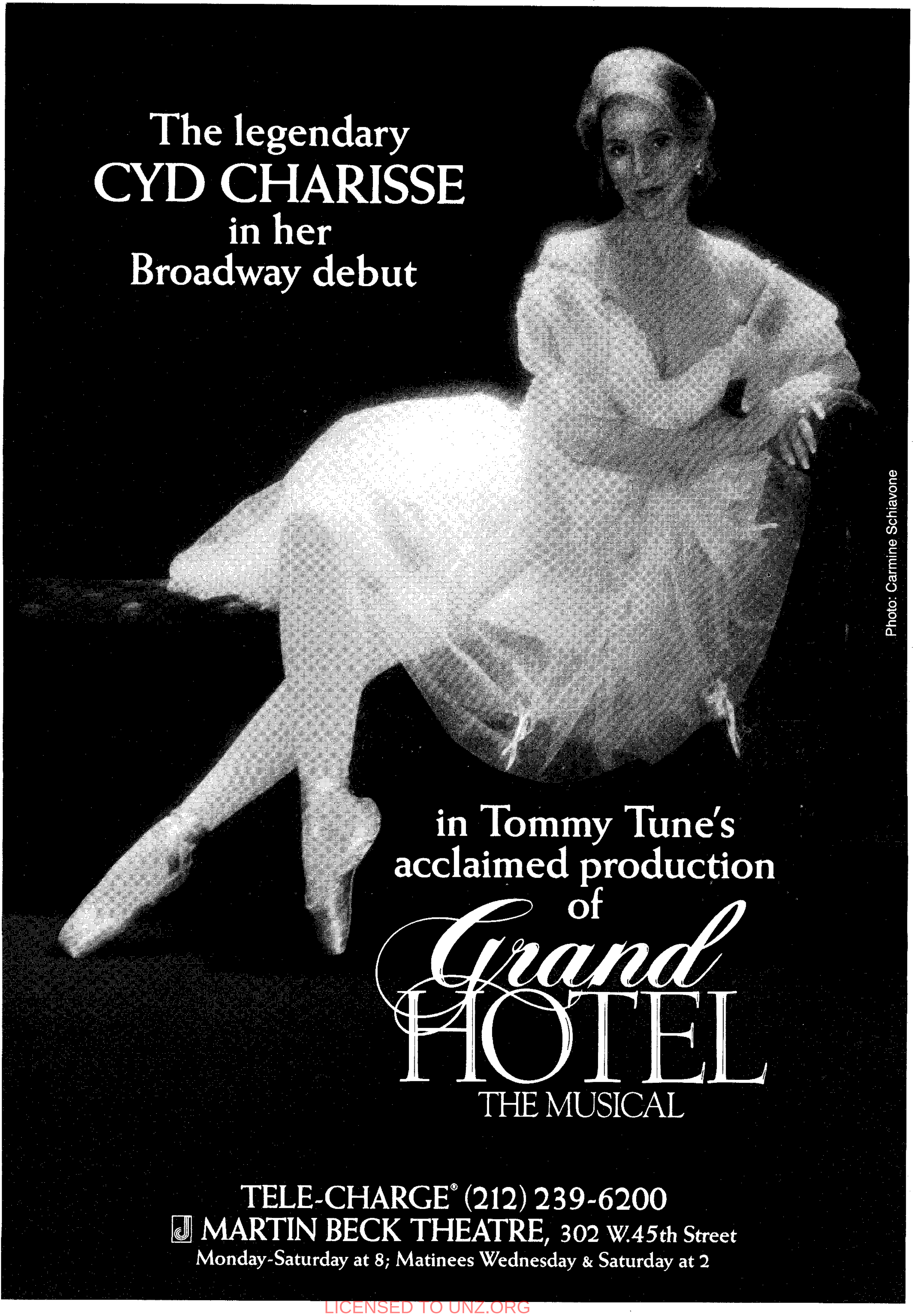

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VOL. 25, NO. 1 JANUARY 6, 1992

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BY NIK COHN

*New York* gives its regards to Broadway (the pavement, that is)—with this excerpt from Nik Cohn's *Heart of the World,* to be published in February by Knopf. Starting at the Battery, it's a grand expedition, a journey up the Great White Way. Cohn, who spent "24 Hours on 42nd Street" for *New York* in the seventies, met the dreamers whose lives unfold on the boulevard. There are pickpockets, a transvestite, a faded crooner, a starving actress. And there's Liquor Jack Young (above), an ember of old Wall Street.

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BY JOHN TAYLOR

Florida, John Taylor remarks, is just a randy place. It's a hothouse, a veritable laboratory of indiscretion. It's the state of spring break. In just 77 minutes, a Palm Beach jury acquitted William Kennedy Smith of sexual battery. And many puzzled over how the case went to trial. Here, Taylor hacks through the postmortems. He wonders: Did Patricia Bowman mistake randiness for rape?

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BY DINITIA SMITH

He knows schlock when he sees it. "There is a myth about book publishing that it is a *noble* profession," says Steven Schragis. At 35, he runs the Carol Publishing Group, which has more P.R. agents than editors. As the book world withers, Carol thrives: often by pushing lurid titles—that the media swallow. These include risqué biographies of the Madonnas of the world. And *Final Exit*—a suicide how-to.

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# LETTERS

## Gross Competence

I'D LIKE TO COMPLIMENT *New York* ON ITS informative articles. I look forward to every issue, and I especially wish to thank Michael Gross for his in-depth articles. His pieces are sensitive, interesting, and outstanding for their unbiased content. I hope they will be a feature of the magazine for years to come.

*Toni Palladino*
Wood Ridge, N.J.

## A Bloom With a View

IT WAS AMUSING TO HEAR THAT HAROLD Bloom has an agent who is trying to get him $1 million for his latest book ["Intelligencer: Bloom Talking Mil to Take Up His Quill," November 4]. Just imagine, Harold Bloom—our chief Yale-tenured American proponent of literary and literary-critical narcissism—right up there with Harold Robbins. In the seventies and eighties—an era of overinflated theoretical reputations (Derrida, Foucault, Baudrillard, De Man, Jameson)—Bloom carved out his own niche as a purveyor of *really* eccentric theoretical models and readings of literature based on little more than assertion and fancy rhetoric (kenosis, for example) as metaphors for narrative structures that relate literature "intertextually" back to itself (i.e., Shelley's effort to become a "greater poet" than his "poet daddy" Wordsworth, rather than Shelley's profound disagreement with the social and political implications of Wordsworth's ethos). Half the reason that Bloom is so prolific is that he never takes *other people's* readings and arguments seriously enough to assess them and never addresses serious challenges to his own loose constructions. (Since *every* reading is a *mis*reading, he maintains, his own are just "strong misreadings.") Bloom is pretty clever, but I wouldn't call him a genius.

*Peter Kosenko*
Fountain Valley, Calif.

## The Woody File

Touchstone Pictures
Burbank, Calif.

Woody,

"Autumn Interlude" is fabboo ["Woody in Wonderland," by John Taylor, September 30]! The characters and humor are true-to-life Woodman. The scene between Robert and his ex in the pizza parlor ("Paramecium cheese," indeed!) is destined to be a classic. We're very excited about pursuing this. However, we'd like to suggest a couple of changes that we feel could push this one over the top, both artistically and financially. What with the price for "stars" these days, it seems ludicrous to hire De Niro or Costner. In addition, we feel that this movie should be targeted to a much broader audience—not just demographically but chronologically as well. After all, isn't it about time that kids (who spend more on movies than their parents) became part of the "Woodster Phenomenon"? With this in mind, what about a full-length animated feature! We'd save millions on actors' salaries and expenses, location shoots, retakes, and those costly "unexpected" delays (weather, star tantrums, etc.). And we could have *you* play Robert—after all, your reclusive persona has made your caricature instantly recognizable. So let's use it! As you undoubtedly know, animation is big and getting bigger (consider the success of *Roger Rabbit,* animation festivals, and Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*). And get this—Spielberg is interested in directing (that is, if you are uncomfortable with the medium). In addition, Meryl, Demi, and Kirstie are interested in providing voices for the female characters, and everyone—including Arnie—is interested in providing voice for Robert's drinking buddy. Woody, we feel that your entry into animation is long overdue, and this is *definitely* the vehicle for it. What d'ya say? Give me a call—anytime—and we'll chat. In the meantime, think big, think beautiful, think colorful. Think animation!

*Ian Alterman*
Manhattan

*Letters for this department should be addressed to Letters to the Editor,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

## Public Defender

I AM RESPONDING TO THE OCTOBER 28 ARTIcle "Going Public" [by Phoebe Hoban]. I am a 1989 Juilliard Drama Division graduate and had the opportunity to portray Lady Percy in JoAnne Akalaitis's production of *Henry IV Parts I & II* at the New York Shakespeare Festival. I was asked to audition for Doll Tearsheet, a prostitute. As an African-American actress faced with limited role options, I was not interested in this character. I asked to read for Lady Percy in the hopes of changing JoAnne's mind. JoAnne responded to my challenge and ended up casting me as Lady Percy. Initially, JoAnne's directing style was frustrating because it lacked a familiar structure. Because her *Henrys* included elements of the Old and New World, the actors were sometimes confused. But with self-confidence and trust in JoAnne's vision, I was free to bring my perspective to the character. Moreover, I realized that JoAnne was giving us a unique opportunity to learn about self, craft, and Shakespeare in an untraditional manner. Bob MacDonald and others may predict "trouble" for the festival because of JoAnne's controversial judgment, but even Joseph Papp began his illustrious career as an anti-Establishment director. Papp selected JoAnne because of their common vision. Today, as sexism, racism, and violence continue to grow, we should encourage and support the few leaders in our community who challenge the Establishment.

*Lisa Gay Hamilton*
Manhattan

## Born in the USA?

WHILE LAMENTING THE "50 TIMES A YEAR" Hollywood produces movies like *The Butcher's Wife,* with its "flavor of a prepackaged weekend at the Epcot Center," David Denby asks, "What has happened to the native genius for showmanship?," citing as examples Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner, and Harry Cohn ["Movies: Butchered," November 4]. But how "native" to America is the showman born in Minsk (Mayer), Canada (Warner), England (Hitchcock), Vienna (Preminger, Wilder), Warsaw (Goldwyn)?

*Max Wien*
Toronto, Canada

## Trashing New York

YOU WOULD BE DOING THE PUBLIC A GREAT service if you wrote an article about the sanitation department and its current ticketing practices.

It is apparently against the law to put household garbage in public cans. Sanitation-department inspectors go through closed bags, looking for magazines, junk mail, or anything with someone's name on it, then go to that person's house and issue him a $50 ticket. Three tenants of our building have been ticketed in this fashion, one of them a boy of ten. The problem is that even though we only put our trash in our building's garbage room, the homeless go through it after it's put outside. One street person, obviously trying to be a good citizen, has been seen putting the bags he's finished with in a public can.

Once you've been ticketed, you must pay $50, take time off from work to attend a hearing, or submit a notarized statement saying you are innocent. My husband and I went to our hearing, where the judge said this has been happening to a lot of people. Although we were exonerated, we cannot fail to marvel at a city that can't control drugs or street crime but spends so much time and effort examining its garbage.

*Maggie Albright*
Manhattan

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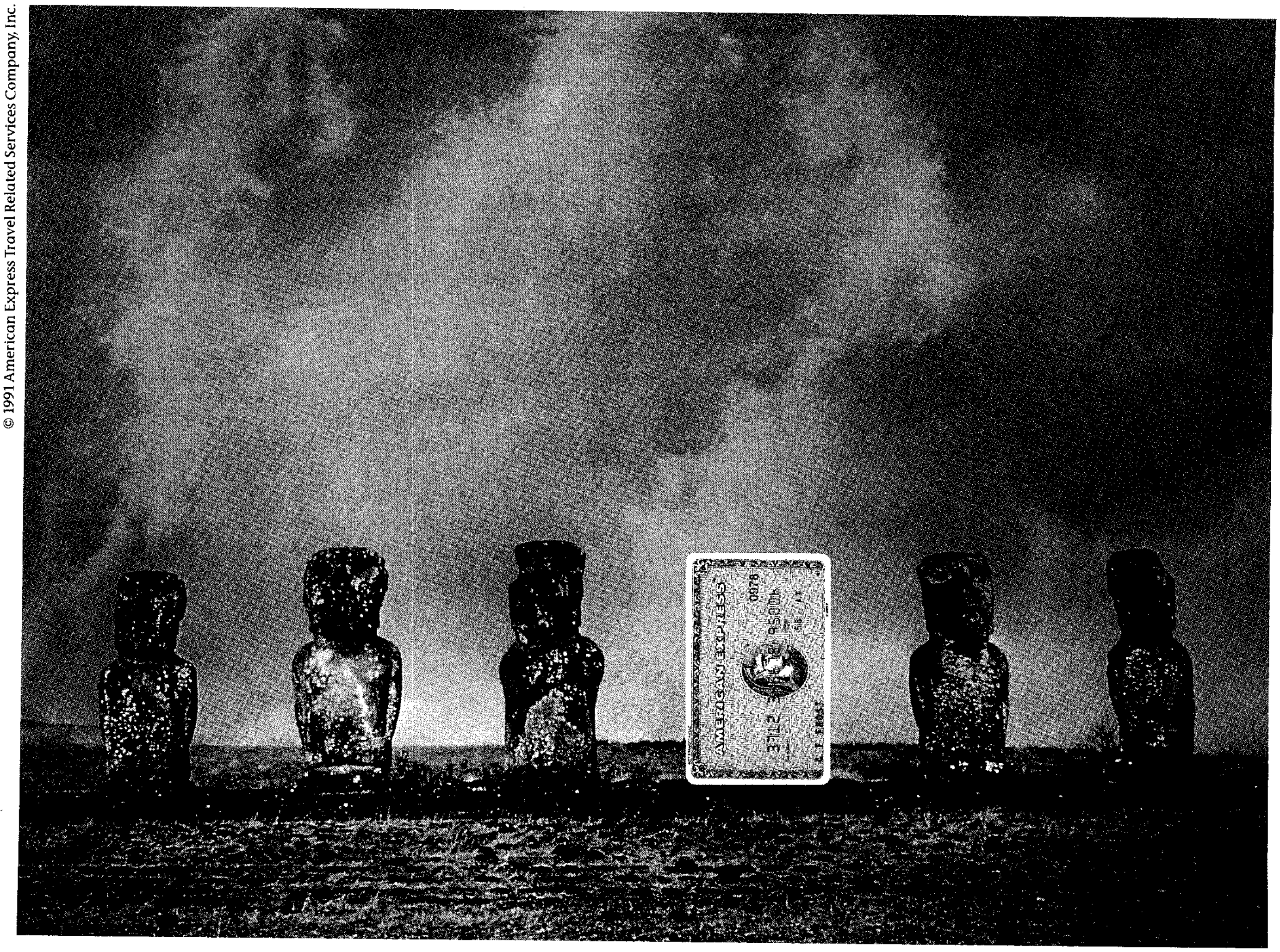

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# INTELLIGENCER

BY JEANNETTE WALLS

**A HISTORY LESSON...ON BROADWAY...WILL THE EYES HAVE IT?...GERE GETS BEACHED**

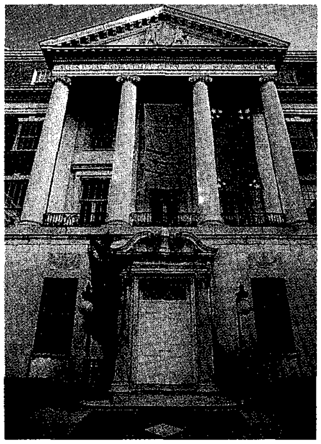
## TWO MUSEUMS FEEL THE URGE TO MERGE

New York City's two major historical museums are looking to join forces. The 188-year-old New-York Historical Society and the Museum of the City of New York, founded in 1923, have formed exploratory committees to analyze a possible merger, according to sources.

The discussions come in the wake of shortfalls at both institutions over the past few years. Neglect and poor storage conditions, particularly at the Historical Society, have damaged paintings, photographs, and other objects.

"The idea [of merging] has been around for years, but this is the first time that both sides have seriously looked into joining together," says one source. "One big question is which building will be given up—the Society's quarters on Central Park West or the museum's building on Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street."

Barbara Knowles Debs, the president of the Historical Society, would say only that the two sides are "pursuing collaborative possibilities. Our relationship is traditionally closer than most, but we are not at that stage." A spokesman for the Museum of the City of New York could not be reached for comment.



**THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**

## MORE TALES TOLD ON WM. KENNEDY SMITH

We may not have heard the last from women who say they were attacked by William Kennedy Smith. Last month, Smith was acquitted of sexual-battery charges. Testimony from three women who said they'd been assaulted was barred from the trial.

Now journalist Susan Lehman is looking into the stories of about twenty *other* women who say they've been accosted by Smith. "The encounters range from the mildly objectionable to the forceful use of violence," says Lehman. The article will run in the February or March *Spy*. "I don't know how many incidents we'll use," adds Lehman. "I have corroborating sources, but people are reluctant to talk, even anonymously."

"We investigated a number of complaints," says Smith's lawyer, Roy Black. "They were frivolous, bordering on ludicrous. When someone prominent gets an allegation like this, people come out of the woodwork."

## MACE IN OUR FACE: MAKING IT LEGAL

Forget the debate over gun control. A group advocating the legalization of Mace in New York plans to make a major lobbying effort next month. The spray causes tears and dizziness on contact, and some consider it an effective defense against attackers. Mace is legal in every state except New York and Wisconsin; a bill to legalize it here has been pending for several years in both the Senate and the Assembly. "The manufacturers of Mace are planning to get together with citizens' groups and make a big push," says a source.

But one opponent, Assemblyman Sheldon Silver of lower Manhattan, says he will continue voting against the legislation. Silver says the bill would allow paroled criminals—who are forbidden to carry guns—to use Mace. Furthermore, he argues, Mace "has enraged criminals," prompting them to harm victims.

**SHELDON SILVER**

## GERE, CRAWFORD, MALIBU, MARRIAGE

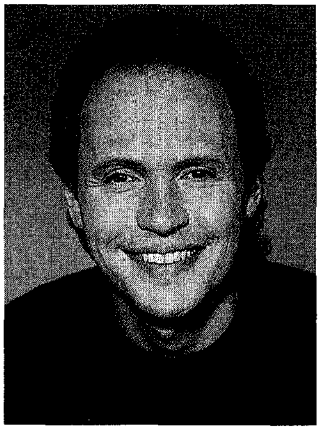
Newlyweds Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford say that they decided to get married at the last minute, but the couple had been planning to settle down together with or without a marriage license. The *Pretty Woman* star and the Revlon model bought a home in Malibu just before their Las Vegas wedding, says a Hollywood source.

A spokeswoman for Gere would neither confirm nor deny the story. "They have given us a certain amount of information that they want people to know," she says.

## PERFORMANCE PIECES FROM ALL OVER

Billy Crystal could be Broadway-bound. The actor is talking with Neil Simon about starring in an upcoming musical by the playwright, says a source. Stephen Sondheim will probably write the score. Spokesmen had no comment. . . .

Jules Feiffer and Spike Lee are headed for the small screen. Director Francis Ford Coppola has asked the *Village Voice* cartoonist and the man behind *Mo' Better Blues* to write scripts for a revived *Playhouse 90,* the classic CBS program of the fifties and early sixties. The shows are expected to be broadcast next fall. Lee didn't return calls. "It'll be my usual stuff," says Feiffer, who also wrote *Little Murders*. "You know, funny and moving."



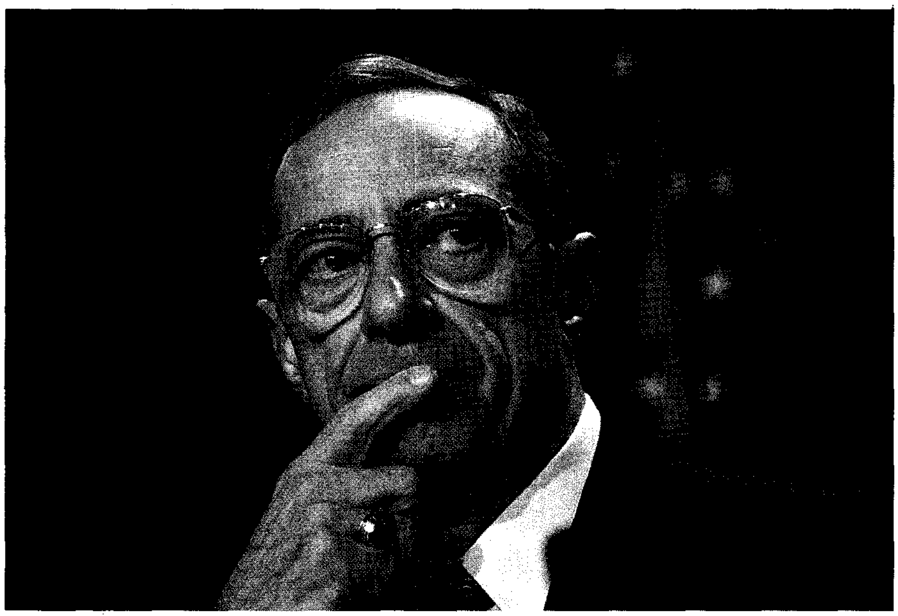
**BILLY CRYSTAL**

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: DEGEN PENER

Photographs: top, Donal Holway; center, Sender Schwartz; bottom, Tony Costa/Outline Press.

## The National Interest/Joe Klein

# THE OTHER GORILLA STORY



**PERFECTLY SO:** *At the news conference where he announced he would not run.*

### WAS CUOMO EVER SERIOUS?

"YOU WANT TO HEAR ST. FRANCIS DE SALES'S thought for the day?" Mario Cuomo asked. This was Wednesday, two days before he decided not to run for president of the United States. "Listen to this: 'Do not wish to be anything but what you are—but be that perfectly.' "

Cuomo laughed, then said, "I wonder what that means for the newborn child." *I*, of course, wondered what it meant for the 59-year-old governor but was too proud to ask him directly. He knew that, exulted in the banality of my silence, and toyed with it (at least it seemed so at the time; as it happened, the governor was pretty candid—one of his more clever feints). He rehearsed many of the same lines—budget troubles, bond ratings—that he would use 48 hours later. "I don't know if I can go out to the country with the situation like this," he said, then went on to consider the other option: irrelevance, ridicule. He didn't mind ridicule, he said. Lincoln was called a baboon. "The founder of my church was ridiculed in death," he said, a perfect rendition of Mario Cuomo in mid-agony.

The next day, he was even more so: "I am just about at the point," he admitted, "where you really can't avoid saying something reasonably decisive."

That night he wrote two speeches, go and no go. He read "go" to Jimmy Breslin's wife, City Council member Ronnie Eldridge, the next morning. He read "no go" to a waiting world that afternoon. It was a shocking turn of events, but not surprising: It was quite possibly Mario Cuomo's defining moment, a performance that *should* disqualify him from any further consideration for national office but probably won't. In retrospect, there was quite a bit less to Cuomo's two-month two-step than met the eye. Three relevant questions and answers:

☐ *Was he ever really serious about running for president?* Cuomo would have you believe that he was. I don't think so. He began his deliberations blithely, at the last moment, as if presidential politics were something he could just drop into. Serious campaigns—even front-runner campaigns, as his would have been—are planned *years* in advance. Walter Mondale's 1984 campaign was up and running by 1982; Lee Atwater and Ed Rollins were planning George Bush's 1988 campaign structure within weeks after the 1984 election. "A campaign of this size is a $75-million business," says one of those who might have run the Cuomo effort. "You don't start it overnight. We would've been at a serious disadvantage."

If he had *really* been serious, Cuomo wouldn't have run for a third term (he was right last time: You can't run for president and hold a job as complex and enervating as governor of New York). He would have spent 1991 traveling around the country and the world, speaking and learning and raising funds, preparing for his candidacy. He didn't.

As it was, Cuomo's deliberations were downright bizarre. Several of those who spoke with the governor were surprised by the abstract, indeed distracted, nature of the conversation—very little hard-nosed give-and-take, very little serious strategizing. Cuomo was musing on the presidency rather than planning for it. The process was almost entirely internal and passive. He made few calls; suitors were expected to phone him. In the last few weeks, he sent a team of Marionettes out to recruit a staff. "You don't do it this way," said one of those who were hoping for a Cuomo candidacy soon after he received his call. "I like John Marino. Mike Del Giudice is a terrific finance guy—but if Cuomo can diddle on the phone with the press all the time, he should have the time to call, and maybe even meet with, the people who'd be running his campaign. This isn't serious. It's a joke. And if he runs, it's going to be a real mess."

☐ *Was the state budget the real reason Cuomo didn't run, or was it just an excuse?* Both. If the rationale for your candidacy is—as Cuomo's was—that the Republicans have been irresponsible economically, the rationale for *not* running can't be that the Republicans are irresponsible economically. It just doesn't scan. If you can't deal with Ralph Marino, the Sage of Muttontown, how could you possibly handle the federal budget morass? Indeed, when this line of questioning was attempted at Cuomo's sayonara press conference, he admitted, "To some people, there is a stronger logic than the logic I chose."

On the other hand, the state's budget crisis *is* very serious, largely because of the governor's (and, to a lesser extent, the Legislature's) unwillingness to confront directly the consequences of the federal 1986 tax revision—and his lack of interest in fundamental reform of the state's antiquated bureaucratic structures. "Revenues have been running lower than expected since the new federal tax law," says one budget expert. "Cuomo has been running deficits for years—the total is up to about $7 billion in deficit financing now. That's the real reason the bond rating is so low. That would have been the case with or without the budget deal Cuomo wanted."

The governor was right about the depth of the crisis: If the state's bond rating is reduced yet again (a distinct possibility, say Wall Street sources), it will stand at the lowest investment-grade level—and some bonds offered by state agencies and school

Photograph by Michael Hirsch.

districts could be rated a rung lower; that is, they would be considered non-investment-grade, or "junk." But the deal Cuomo hoped to make with Marino wouldn't have addressed the state's structural budget problems. It wouldn't have affected the bond ratings. It would have been "a gimmick," says one budget expert. "The numbers are changing, getting worse all the time. The deal would have had to be renegotiated by April, whether or not Cuomo ran for president. Staking his candidacy on that deal was phony."

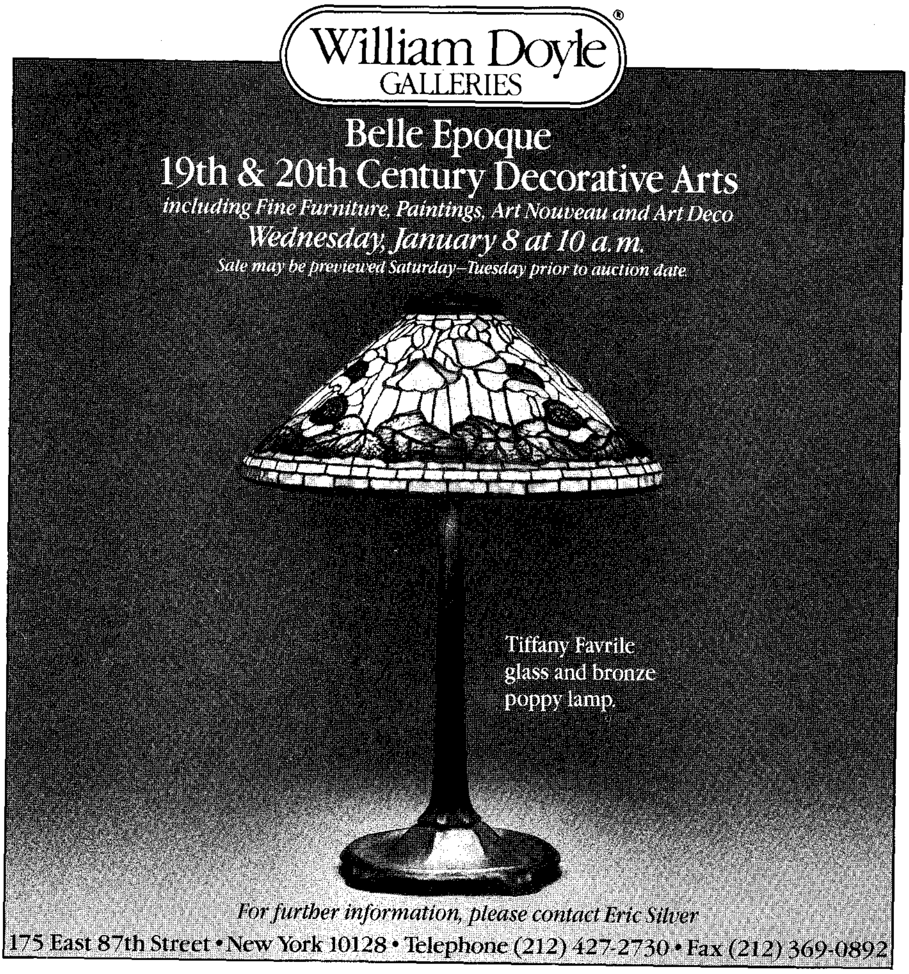
☐ *So why is Mario Cuomo still taken seriously as a national politician?* There are two jokes about 800-pound gorillas. Ed Koch was thinking of the better known one when he once described the governor's power in Albany: Where does an 800-pound gorilla sit? Anywhere he wants to.

But the other gorilla joke is more relevant now. It's a story about a golfer who brings along an 800-pound gorilla to fill out a foursome. His friends marvel as the beast selects a wood and promptly drives the ball 417 yards, straight down the fairway. For his second shot, a short chip to the green, the ape selects a wedge from his bag, addresses the ball carefully—and sends it 417 yards, straight past the hole.

Mario Cuomo's remarkable ability to express himself is the political equivalent of a 417-yard drive. It is a powerful, almost magical instrument, the sole source of his national reputation, the reason he can never be written off. "He is a Queens district leader with the voice of Abraham Lincoln," Stephen Berger, the former Port Authority director, once said.

But what else does he have? Politics is more than oratory. Cuomo is absorbed by great moral questions like the death penalty and abortion, but he's never expressed much interest in the nuts and bolts of daily governance. He hasn't been very courageous when it comes to risking his political capital. He isn't a very patient negotiator. "You know what happens in these budget meetings?" says one high-ranking Albany source. "Mario screams at Ralph [Marino]. Ralph is not the strongest guy in the world. He caves. He goes back to his conference. The [Republican state] senators say, 'No way.' Ralph goes back to Cuomo and says, 'No way.' Cuomo screams. It goes around again. There isn't much give-and-take."

A presidential campaign may have been the only stage large enough for Mario Cuomo's oratory and intellect, but it also would have forced him to confront his weaknesses—to use other "shots" than his 417-yard drive. Those who seek the office are required to expose themselves; their ability to succeed is often determined by their ability to grow. On some level, I suspect, Mario Cuomo was profoundly uncomfortable with that prospect. He is who he is—and perfectly so. Too perfectly. ■



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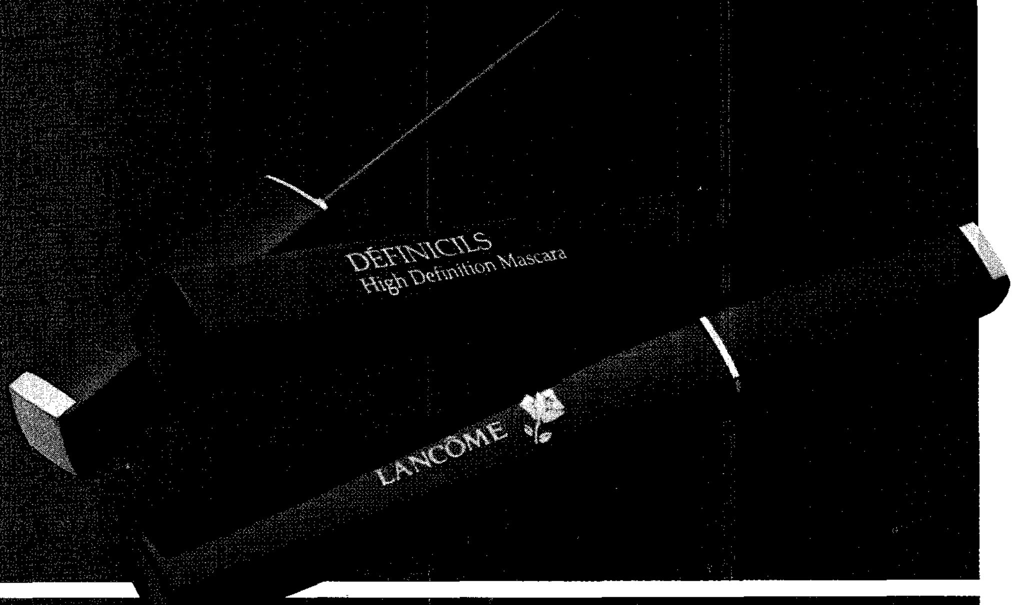

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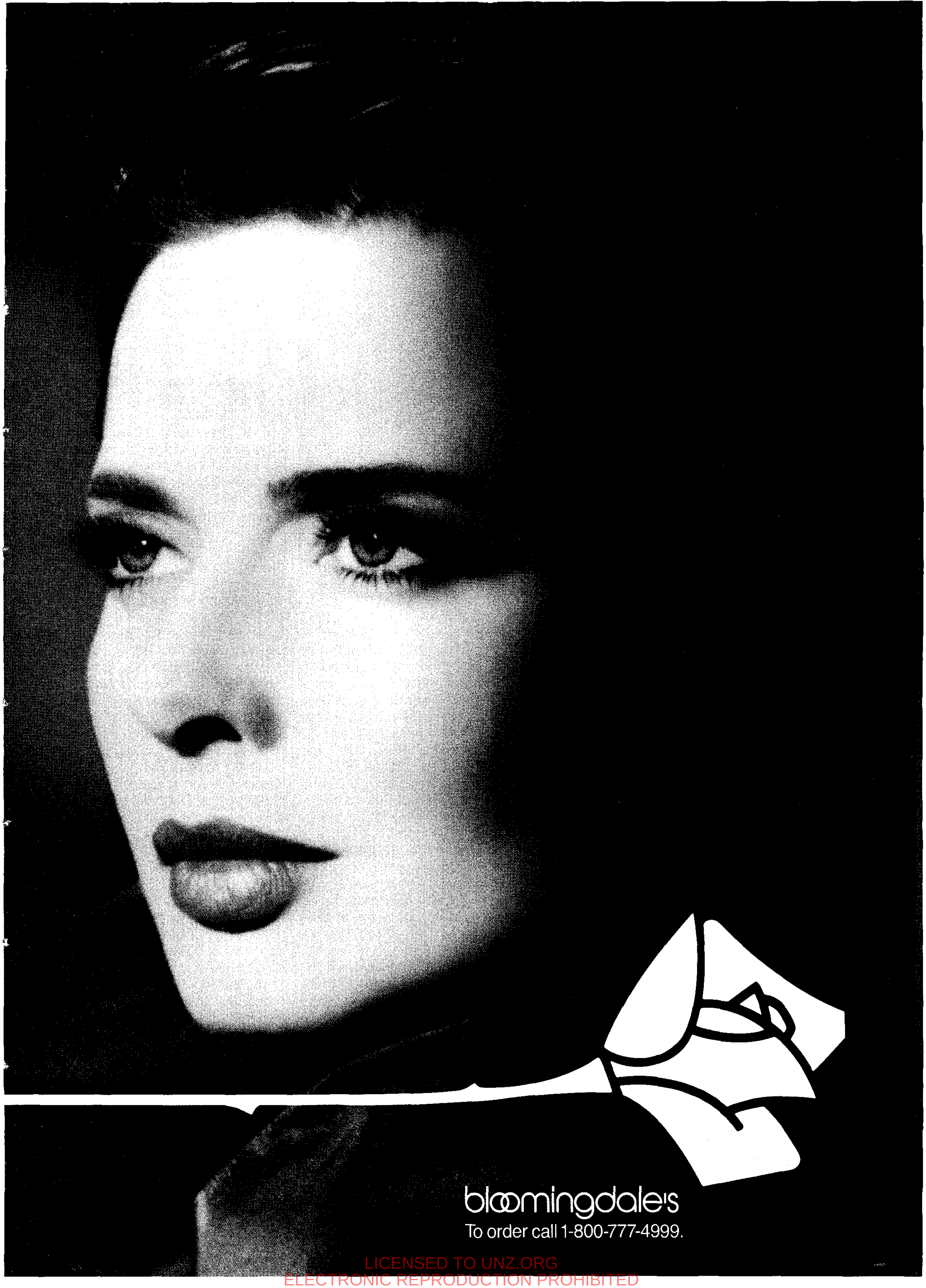
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## Cityside/Michael Daly

# BRINGING UP BABY ALIVE

**THE DOLL IN QUESTION:** *"We don't need any more bodily functions."*

### THE 'I WANT IT' FACTOR

THE NEW NEIGHBORS HAD LEFT A BIG CARDboard packing crate out by the trash, and Cynthia Larson Richard lugged it into the apartment with the notion that it would make a perfect puppet theater for her two daughters. The girls had ideas of their own, and no sooner had they tired of using the box as a dollhouse than they deemed it a doghouse. Two-year-old Juliana and four-year-old Mara as usual assumed the roles dictated by their respective status as younger and older sister.

"Juliana is of course the dog," Cynthia says. "Mara makes bones for her out of paper."

After a week, the girls were ready to make the box into what they called the Polka Dot Puppet Theater. They were painting the sides with polka dots and flowers when Cynthia announced that she had to do some shopping. Mara ducked inside the box and seemed determined to remain there until Cynthia suggested they just might have time to see Santa Claus.

So into the Volvo climbed Cynthia and the girls, and off they went to the Galleria mall in Westchester. They found Santa sitting before an oversize igloo, and Juliana was the first of the two girls to climb onto his lap.

Cynthia raised a camera. She was at this moment both a professional photographer of long experience and a relatively new mom who was finding motherhood to be the one thing in her life that was even better than she had expected. The scene she saw through the viewfinder could have come from her own childhood, in that time when you had only to ask Santa for whatever you most desired.

"I want Baby Alive!" Juliana said.

Mara then hopped up and a second daughter intoned the one thing she wanted more than anything else in the world.

"I want Baby Alive, too!"

Cynthia returned her camera to her bag and stood as the mother of two daughters whose greatest desire was a battery-powered doll that poops in three colors. Her altogether predictable reaction was what the manufacturer of Baby Alive terms the *E-e-e-w-w-w Factor.*

Indeed, Kenner Products had much the same response when one of its ace inventors came up with Baby Alive in the early seventies. Anyone could see the promise of a doll that gobbled up packets of pretend food. The uncertainty lay in what marketing director Laura Pugh terms the *diaper-dirtying aspect.*

"The way you feed her is so real," Pugh says. "And what she does afterwards is so real."

As the firm's experts watched from behind a one-way mirror, various little girls were introduced to prototypes of Baby Alive. The girls began by adding water to packets of powder marked Cherry, Yummy Banana, and Sweet Pea.

"You had to get some vegetables in there for health reasons," Pugh says.

A child had only to touch a spoon to Baby Alive's lower lip and the doll began chewing. The doll then swallowed and the "food" passed through what Pugh describes as *her little intestines.* The precise workings of these innards were to remain a trade secret, but there was no mistaking what Pugh also calls the *end results.*

"No pun intended," Pugh says. "You wouldn't believe how many puns there are about this doll."

The girls immediately exhibited the *E-e-e-w-w-w Factor* the company had feared, but this reaction was accompanied by something toy people are always hoping to hear. Pugh says, "At the same time they're saying, 'E-e-e-w-w-w, yuk,' they say, 'Give me more!' "

By Christmas 1973, Baby Alive was in the stores, and even the positive testing had not prepared the marketers for the response. Kenner sold as many as a million dolls a year through the early eighties, and three times that many kits of food packets and disposable diapers. The company had hit what Pugh alternately terms the *Santa Factor* and the *I Want It Factor.*

"For all the dolls that walk and talk and sing and whatever they do, there is nothing compared to eating and relieving or whatever you want to call it," Pugh says.

During the late eighties, Kenner updated the doll and prepared a new advertising campaign. Research teams visited preschools and pediatricians to determine the current terms little girls used for *It.* Pugh says, "You wouldn't believe the variety of things they call it."

When the studies were done, Kenner learned that there was no single prevalent word. The company then tried to determine which of the many terms might be best for the packaging, press releases, commercials, and jingles. Pugh says, "You had top executives meeting. 'What should we call it?' 'What do kids call it?' 'What rhymes?' "

Finally, Kenner decided that the terms generally did not rhyme well and that none of them was adequately *poetic.* The new box went no further than to say, OH-OH! BABY ALIVE NEEDS A DIAPER CHANGE. SHE REALLY DIRTIES IT!

As before, the *I Want It Factor* went to work, and Baby Alive continued to be the biggest-selling special-feature doll in the world. There remained no shortage of puns.

"For instance, 'Is this the No. 1 doll

or the No. 2 doll?' " Pugh says.

Last May, Cynthia Richard took her children to visit a friend of Mara's who happened to have just become one of the 8 million or so children to own Baby Alive. Cynthia joined her daughters in watching the doll chew and swallow. They all then witnessed what followed.

"I did have the full Baby Alive experience," Cynthia says.

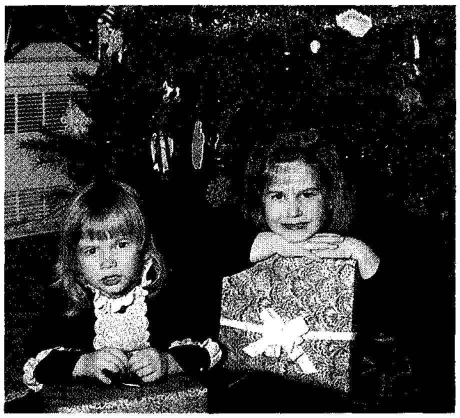
Seven months later, the impression on Cynthia remained such that she needed no reminding when she heard her daughters make their Christmas wishes to Santa. Both girls walked away with the glowing faces of true believers, and Mara no doubt had Baby Alive in mind when she then asked if the elves in Santa's shop made *all* the toys.

"I said, 'Sometimes Santa has to shop, too,' " Cynthia said.

That night, Cynthia's husband returned from another day as a lawyer for Prudential Securities. Chuck Richard had a clear and immediate reaction to the news of his daughters' requests to Santa. Cynthia remembers, "He said, 'We don't need any more bodily functions.' "

For her part, Cynthia tried to keep the *E-e-e-w-w-w Factor* to herself, so as not to give her children undo anxieties regarding this aspect of life. She had not forgotten the advice passed to her during Mara's potty training, including one woman's suggestion to *just tell her it smells like roses.*

On the way to nursery school the next morning, Cynthia asked Mara if Baby Alive could wear reusable cloth diapers. Cynthia remembers, "Mara said, 'That's disgusting!' She said, 'No, you have to use paper diapers because you don't want blue-and-green poop in the laundry.' "



**'E-E-E-W-W-W':** *Juliana (left) and Mara.*

At the school, Cynthia ended up chatting with a mother who reported that Mara's teacher had deemed Baby Alive the most environmentally incorrect doll on Earth. Cynthia returned home hoping her daughters would become smitten with something else before Christmas. She was ready whenever a commercial came on for a doll other than Baby Alive.

Cynthia: "Oh, what about Suzy Snapshot?"

Mara: "No, I don't really want that one, Mom. You'd like that."

Cynthia: "A nice Ginny Mermaid!"

Mara: "I kind of like the doll, but it doesn't really do anything."

By then, Mara's voice had a sassiness that indicated she had sensed Cynthia's true feelings regarding Baby Alive. That, of course, seemed to make Mara want the doll even more, and the situation probably would have been hopeless even without the visit from a neighbor's child. The child had just undergone dental surgery, and she reported that she had come out of the anesthesia to find that her mother had placed Baby Alive on her pillow.

Neighbor's child: "It's my favorite toy!"

The next day, Cynthia had to conduct student critiques at both the schools where she teaches photography. She went from Pratt Institute to Cooper Union discussing the aesthetics of light and composition, and then returned home to the question of the doll that poops.

"I remember when I thought I would have babies and my life wouldn't change that much," Cynthia says.

Several nights later, Mara and Juliana cut out something close to 100 paper tickets of various colors. Cynthia and Chuck each slid one through a designated slot in the side of the Polka Dot Puppet Theater, and the show continued until bedtime. Mara remained a little keyed up after Chuck tucked her in, and he suggested she might want to be on her best behavior with Santa on the way. He then asked what she hoped Santa would bring.

"Sure enough, Baby Alive," Chuck says.

Christmas was only a few days away, and Cynthia could not help but think of her own childhood and the Shirley Temple doll whose appearance under the tree had confirmed that Santa did indeed exist. She also recalled a later time, when her brother showed her the presents hidden in their parents' closet. She had burst into tears when she saw those same packages set out on Christmas morning as gifts from Santa.

Now Cynthia was the mother, the one who had to sweep up the 98 or so excess tickets from the puppet show, the one who would soon go to the toy store and take $25 from her purse. Mara and Juliana would awake Christmas morning and dash in to see the tree and find the doll that would keep them believing for a while longer.

"Maybe Santa Claus can bring just one," Cynthia said.

Cynthia then posed a last question about Baby Alive.

"What's the stuff made of?" Cynthia asked. "It's not going to be any worse than cleaning up Play-doh, right?" ■

Photograph by Cynthia Larson.

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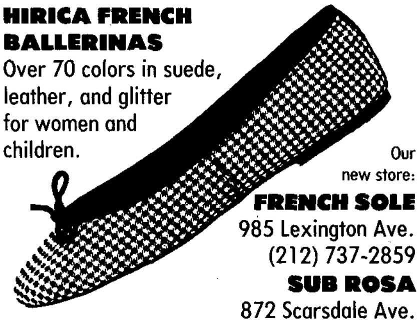

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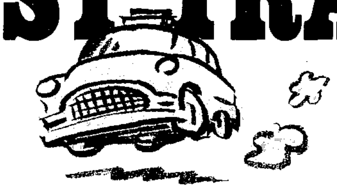


EDITED BY CHRIS SMITH

BRIEF LIVES

## DIAMOND DIZZY

"HOW DOES THIS THING work?"

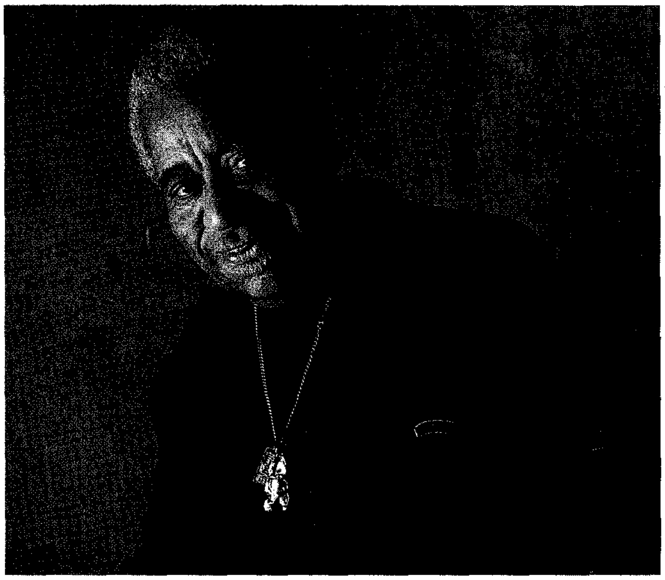
Dizzy Gillespie turns the instrument over, looking at it with mild curiosity. "Can I give it a try?"

He puffs out his famous cheeks and gets ready to work. But the instrument he's holding isn't his trademark trumpet with the upturned bell; it's a boxy, large-format Hasselblad camera fitted with Polaroid film—one that's just been used to photograph Gillespie, on a December afternoon at the Blue Note jazz club. Squinting into the viewfinder, he takes his time, mumbling about not knowing what he's doing, then snaps a shot of a PR man. Slowly, the image develops, and someone lets out a whistle. The shot is bracing, carefully composed, dominated by a thick diagonal shadow that cuts through the subject's face—a slashing modernist statement rather like the ones Gillespie has been making on trumpet for well over 50 years.

He smiles—a grin both wicked and childlike, with all sorts of sly wisdom lurking behind. "Not bad for a beginner," he says.

As he approaches his seventy-fifth birthday (October 21), Gillespie still retains that beginner's sense of wonder, a joy that informs his playing today just as it did when he was inventing bebop alongside Charlie Parker, or extending bop's revolutionary vocabulary to big-band jazz, or leavening the music with African-Cuban polyrhythms. His playing doesn't leap out of the gate and gallop into the upper register the way it used to; instead, it trots around the track, dodging and feinting with darkened tones, before heading up, up, and away when it's least expected.

The music remains a marvel, but it is sometimes obscured by the clowning demeanor that has endeared Gillespie to millions, making him a familiar figure to folks who've never even heard "A Night in Tunisia." It is so easy to toast Dizzy the comedian, Dizzy the dancer, Dizzy the funny old father figure that Dizzy the unqualified musical genius tends to be overlooked. I ask him if he knew, way back when, that the public would be able to accept his showmanship more easily than his music. "No. I never knew that—I don't think that was the case," he says, growing wary. "I didn't have the people in mind—I was just always that way. I like people to like me. I'd stand on my head if necessary."



*Traveling trumpeter: Dizzy Gillespie.*

That approach sometimes put him at odds with Parker, his musical brother, an astoundingly witty player who never clowned on the bandstand. At one 1953 gig in Toronto, Gillespie's antics during "Salt Peanuts" kept the crowd laughing during Parker's solo; on the record, you can hear the anger in Bird's playing. It's a famous jazz moment, but Gillespie doesn't care to recall it. "I don't know about that," he says. "Mingus and I had an argument that night, but not Bird."

Gillespie can be forgiven for not wanting to dredge up complicated memories, and he is willing to compare his attitude toward showmanship with Parker's: "I think, in the back of his mind, he wanted to be popular, to make money. He did things to push that forward. Any artist wants to be popular, no matter how great he is."

THIS NEW YEAR WILL BE A celebration of Gillespie's greatness, popularity, and vigor—a globe-trotting diamond jubilee that kicks off January 7 with an unprecedented monthlong engagement at the Blue Note—"the longest time," Gillespie notes, "I've ever spent in one place."

He'll perform with a different band each week, first with an all-star bebop septet, then with his stomping, ebullient Latin-jazz big band, the United Nation Orchestra. The third week, a program called "To Bird, With Love," honors Dizzy's association with Parker by teaming Gillespie with two different saxophonists *each night*. The final week, "To Diz, With Love," brings in new trumpet duos each night to duel with Diz—Wynton Marsalis, Roy Hargrove, Terence Blanchard, Red Rodney, and ten more.

"Mmmmm-*hmmm*. Oh, my goodness," Gillespie says, sipping a beer, tapping on a tabletop, and checking out the lineup. "Whoooo-*weeeee*. I'll be tired by the end of this."

Not too tired to play in twelve cities on the following fourteen nights, then depart for the Far East, Britain, Africa, Europe, and South America—all before he returns to New York in June for a Gillespie tribute at the JVC Jazz Festival.

"It's not so bad—look," he says, pointing to two blank days on the schedule. "I've got a break right there." The so-called break gives him time to get from California to Korea. "I've never been to Seoul," Gillespie says. "The education continues." ERIC POOLEY

Photograph by Peter Freed.

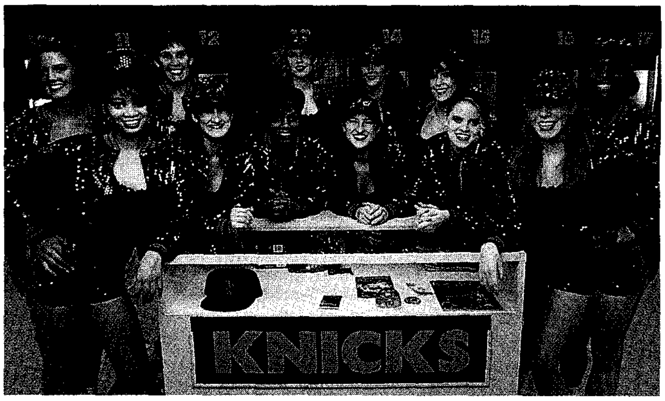
CRITIC AT LARGE

# *The Knicks' En Pointe Guard*

IT HAS BEEN MANY A YEAR since the dance capital of the world has been able to welcome a new and innovative modern troupe into the cultural mosaic that is New York. So it brings special joy to report the exciting arrival of the Knicks City Dancers, a new modern-dance ensemble performing through June at Madison Square Garden.

Though the influence of Graham and, of course, Balanchine echoes in the rafters of the Garden during the Knicks City Dancers' performances, one most immediately recognizes the hand of Abdul, whose sexually provocative jetés and thrusts became the trademark of the Laker Girls, a modern-dance troupe that performs frequently at the Great Western Forum in Los Angeles. This no doubt results from the dynamic presence of Petra Belton, who led the Laker ensemble to prominence in the eighties and switched coasts hoping to scale new heights in front of the more discerning audiences of this metropolis.

Not since Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* rocked 1929 Paris does this critic recall so much crowd response to the mere presence of modern dancers on a stage. Each wears a tight leotard, shorts, sneakers, and at times a single kneepad. The fifteen-woman group moves elegantly to boisterous rock-and-roll rhythms and seems blissfully unaware of the commotion it causes upon entering the arena.



*Hoops and hoofers: The Knicks City Dancers in the Garden lobby; Heather Errico in action on the court.*

Part of the group's appeal is its commitment to of-the-moment music composition. At one recent performance, the dancers moved splendidly to the tune of "Black or White," a new work by singer-composer Michael Jackson that picks up the issue of American social conscience where Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" left off.

Similarly thrilling is the choreography—two lines of seven dancers, with 45 degrees of separation. One might prefer to be seated in what are referred to by Garden regulars as "blue" or even "lavender" seats, so as to catch every movement; this critic finds himself much farther from the stage, in section 118, Row E, seat 7, than he would like.

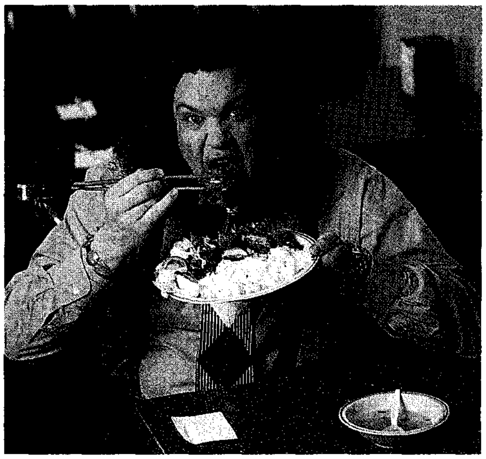
One particularly brilliant choreographic innovation by the Knicks City troupe is its use of a lone man to offset the women dancers—namely, the soloist who stands along the side of the stage all evening, usually in a dark European-cut suit, whose only motion is to place his hands squarely on his hips and walk gracefully up and down the side of the stage. This dancer—a stunning figure, from his perfectly slicked black hair to the smooth, glamorous styling of his costumes—at once suggests sensuality and menace. He is clearly a Knicks dancer we will be watching closely, and with great expectation, in the weeks to come. DAVID BLUM

TRUE TALE

# Penn's Disappearing Cockroach Trick

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Penn Jillette couldn't stand seeing Teller shoot his mouth off about his most memorable meal in our "Food of New York" issue, so we felt equal time was only fair.*

TELLER AND I KNOW A LOT about cockroaches. We've built a big part of our career on their little backs. To dump the 1,000 cockroaches on David Letterman's desk, we had to become very familiar with them: We stuck our hands in them, we hid them in our clothing, we cleaned them up. I felt I had gotten over any disgust that I could feel toward the little buggers. I was wrong.



*Stomach trouble: Penn chows down.*

I was in a cheesy Japanese restaurant downstairs from our office in Times Square. I had noodles and a fried chicken thang. I picked up the chicken with my fingers, bit into it, and felt something moving on my lip. My lunch date was Robbie Libbon, the director of covert activities for Penn & Teller and perhaps the strongest-stomached Mother Hubbard who ever ate scrapple. As I felt the movement, I looked in Robbie's face and he changed expression. It wasn't much, but it was enough to realize that something really especially disgusting was happening. I reached up and pulled from my mouth a half-deep-fat-fried, wiggling cockroach. Logic tells me it must have crawled into the chicken after it was cooked. But every fiber of my soul tells me that sucker had lived through the fry-o-lator. I threw it down, and with batter still attached to its body and four of its legs crippled, it crawled off under a table.

To my credit, I was able to eat two more mouthfuls. Robbie, of course, did not forfeit his membership in the Clean Plate Club. And to the restaurant's credit, they only charged us for Robbie's meal.

I still eat there.

PENN JILLETTE

Photographs: top, Steve Winter (2); bottom, Bill Bernstein.

ON THE AIR

# Playing with Radio

MARJORIE VAN HALTEREN, a Michigander by birth and an actress for a spell, found herself living in New York, making radio commercials. She was most unhappy. "There are only so many ways," she admits, "that you can say 'a quarter percent more interest.' "

Van Halteren stuck to the medium but turned to more rarefied material. In 1986, she launched the Radio Stage series, which this year will broadcast radio plays every Sunday through the end of June. The first seven plays of the season are brand-new, commissioned by Van Halteren from such writers as Daniel Therriault, author of *Battery* and now *The Hitch,* a darkly comic road adventure that starts the series on January 5 (WNYC–FM—93.9; 7 P.M.).

Tonight, Van Halteren and Therriault, a terse, owlish Chicagoan who talks like a Mamet cop, are in a WNYC studio working on a rough mix of the play. They interrupt important business—deciding what intensity of cricket-chirping to use—to cite radio drama's infinite virtues. Therriault cherished writing a play for one listener instead of a roomful. Van Halteren agrees: "My audience has always been someone in the kitchen washing the dishes. And because of that, each moment needs to be interesting in itself."

*Transistor theater: Marjorie Van Halteren.*

Making those interesting moments is cheap too—compared to the legitimate theater, at least: Van Halteren can produce a dozen radio plays for $250,000, about what it takes to mount one Off Broadway show.

But wait a minute: Come tomorrow, the Off Broadway show is still there, while the radio play is unraveling like a ball of yarn somewhere over the Atlantic. Disappointing? Yes, but romantic too. "I get to open in 50 cities at a time," Therriault says with a grin, while Van Halteren notes that the Radio Stage plays well to both Alaska (long, cold nights) and Los Angeles (long, hot drives). "It's the message-in-a-bottle medium," she says. "It's out there, it floats around, and somebody picks it up once in a while."

STEPHEN J. DUBNER

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LOWER EAST

# STARS AND BARS

IT'S HARD NOT TO FEEL A strong sense of déjà vu in Vazac's Horseshoe Bar—not because you've been there before but because you've seen it so many times in the movies. This is the bar where Frankie in *The Godfather, Part II* was garroted and dragged, kicking and hoarsely screaming, into a back room, his murder interrupted by a beat cop wandering in. When a gun is drawn on the cop, the bartender pleads, "Carmine! No! NO!" as if Carmine should consider the fact that the bartender doesn't want to mop up a whole lot more blood before opening for the day.

*Rourke, Hogan, Depp, Foster, and Newman have all visited Vazac's.*

Located at the corner of Avenue B and 7th Street, Vazac's opened nearly 50 years ago, just after Prohibition was repealed. Though it's always been popular with denizens of the changing neighborhood—and especially with NYU students—it wasn't until the seventies that it became a favorite of movie-location scouts. Aside from the timeless, gritty charm of its corner entrance, the curved bar, and the old casement windows, Vazac's is a location manager's dream, an Ur-bar that's situated off main thoroughfares on a quiet street with lots of places to park. *'Crocodile' Dundee II* featured Mick Dundee hanging out here with the East Village variety of wildlife; Mickey Rourke enjoyed a drink in a scene in Alan Parker's *Angel Heart;* and Jodie Foster's pet penguin lived behind the bar in *Five Corners,* when Vazac's was supposed to be located in the Bronx.

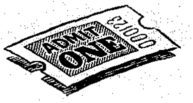
Vazac's is probably the only New York location to have masqueraded as someplace else, instead of the other way around—it's also the bar that Paul Newman's character used to frequent in *The Verdict,* which means Tompkins Square Park, visible through the bar windows in the opening scenes, is pretending to be a park in Boston. Next year Johnny Depp will belly up to the famous bar in *Arrowtooth Waltz.*

Faded photographs hanging on the bar's walls document some of its famous visitors, including a shot of Ernest Borgnine making the forgettable *Law and Disorder* in 1974. Alongside is an original Depression-era painted sign offering LOBSTER COCKTAIL, 35 CENTS. *Godfather II* loved the painted sign but built a partition to block off part of the bar; *The Verdict* liked Vazac's pinball machines but moved them across the room; *Arrowtooth Waltz* lowered the fan-shaped light fixtures so they could be seen in tight shots. And while Vazac's won't reveal what it's paid for these star turns, part of the deal is that any "improvements" made for Coppola or Crocodile are removed when filming is done, and the bar is returned to its old crummy self.

LYNN SNOWDEN

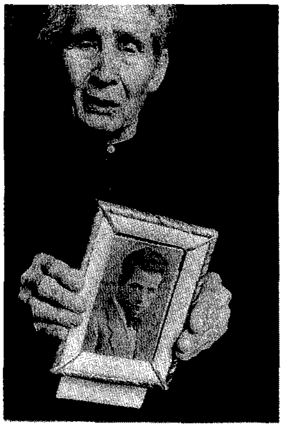
Photographs: top, Brian Coats; photographed at Waves, N.Y.C.; bottom, Charlie Samuels; stills by Photofest.

# HOT LINE



## THE TOPS IN TOWN THIS WEEK

COMPILED BY RUTH GILBERT

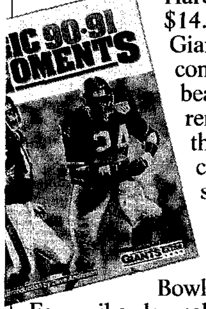

Letizia Battaglia

### ART

**"The Legacy of W. Eugene Smith": In this small, tidy exhibition, 60 of the more famous photographs as well as more unfamiliar works are shown side by side. They're all on view at the ICP Midtown. Through February 15.**

"The Sigmund Freud Antiquities": Edmund Engelman's photos of Freud's study at Bergasse 19 in Vienna were taken only a few months after Nazi occupation and just before Freud fled the city. For this exhibition at the Jewish Museum, curator Lynn Gamwell used those photographs to reconstruct the way Freud lived.

### SPORTS



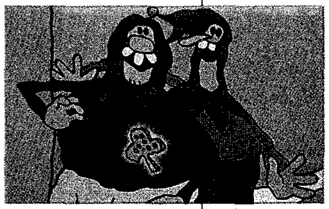
*Magic Moments 90–91* (Die-Hard Publishing; $14.95): For Giants fans comes this big, beautiful reminder of that championship season. There are 96 full-color pages of the Super Bowl that was. For mail order, call 1-800-GIANT-TD.

### THEATER

"First Night at the Public: A New Year's Eve Revel-ation": Stumped again for what to do on New Year's Eve? The Public Theater has a solution: a marathon of live music, dancing, film, cabaret, stand-up comics—even movies. Starting with a poetry-reading festival at 9:30 P.M., it finishes up when the last of the silent and classic films flickers out, at around 2:30 A.M.

Let's face the music: If singer and pianist Steve Ross's way with the piano and/or the terribly fey elegance of Fred Astaire is your fancy, by all means see *I Won't Dance*. Ross describes the evening as an "all singing, all playing, non-dancing tribute." At the Theatre at St. Peter's Church; Lexington Avenue at 54th Street; 688-7253.

### MOVIES



The National Film Board of Canada—don't yawn yet—has produced some of the most inventive animated pictures ever made. In this feature-length look at them, the board included the best from the past 50 years. At the Angelika Film Center from December 26.

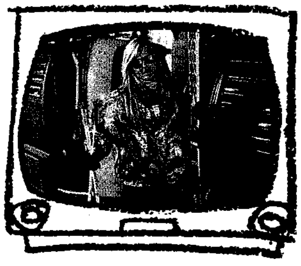
*Bugsy:* Barry Levinson's movie is sexy and glamorous with Warren Beatty giving a no-holds-barred and very entertaining performance as the gangster who founded Vegas.

### VIDEOS

***Doc Hollywood*** **($94.95): From now until *next* year, the video shelves will be pretty empty of new releases. In this one, Michael J. Fox is a hotshot doctor stranded in a small southern town.**

### TELEVISION

*Aspen:* This snowcapped getaway for the likes of Don and Melanie and Ivana seems an unlikely subject for Frederick Wiseman, who usually turns his cinéma-vérité technique on subjects like welfare, big-city hospitals, and juvenile delinquents. Wiseman manages to show us a bit of everything—discos, ski lifts, cosmetic surgery, even a lecture on "God and the Global Economy"—and not all of it is pretty as a postcard. (Channel 13; December 30; 9 P.M.)



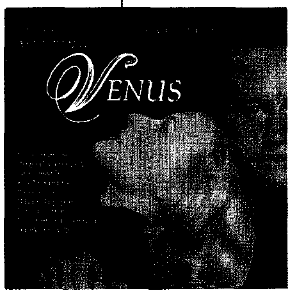
### TASTINGS

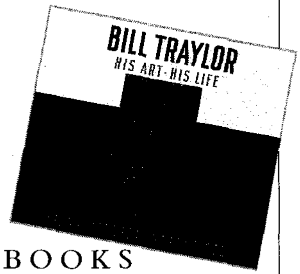
BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF

Many gastronomes and bartenders claim that a glass of bitter-tasting Italian liqueur such as Fernet Branca, Averna, or Ramazzotti will aid digestion after a big meal or night on the town. Since these liqueurs cost $18 to $25 a bottle, you may want to try a glass in a bar beforehand.

### RECORDINGS

***Meeting Venus*** **(Teldec/EIC): Wagner goes to the movies. In István Szabó's film, Glenn Close may star as a diva rehearsing a production of *Tannhäuser*, but it's Kiri Te Kanawa (who dubs Close) who makes this a rewarding soundtrack. René Kollo plays Tannhäuser.**





### BOOKS

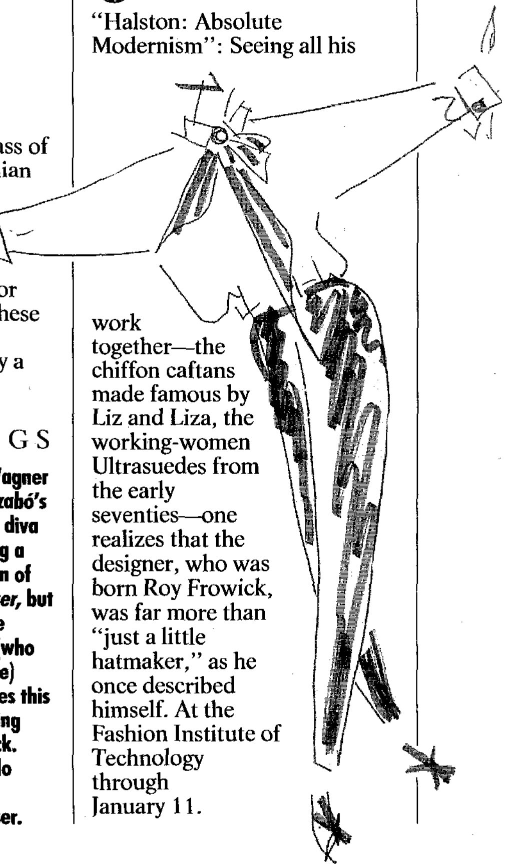
*Bill Traylor: His Art, His Life,* Frank Maresca and Roger Ricco: Kay Larson has called this self-taught artist a "striking example of genius." In this illuminating new work, the authors track Traylor's career from 1939, when he started painting, at 85, until his death in 1947. (Knopf; $50.)

### MUSIC

**Kathleen Battle joins the Orchestra of St. Luke's for the world premiere of André Previn's song cycle *Honey and Rue*—a belated Carnegie Hall Centennial commission. And now that Mozart's centennial is behind us and Rossini's is fast approaching, Battle will sing a few arias by the latter at Carnegie Hall on January 5.**

### FASHION

"Halston: Absolute Modernism": Seeing all his work together—the chiffon caftans made famous by Liz and Liza, the working-women Ultrasuedes from the early seventies—one realizes that the designer, who was born Roy Frowick, was far more than "just a little hatmaker," as he once described himself. At the Fashion Institute of Technology through January 11.



NEW YORK

AN EXCERPT
FROM NIK COHN'S
NEW BOOK, "THE HEART
OF THE WORLD"

# ON BROADWAY

## FIVE LIVES FROM UP AND DOWN THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

*Nik Cohn wrote several stories for* New York *Magazine in the seventies—including "24 Hours on 42nd Street" and "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night," which was the basis for the movie* Saturday Night Fever. *Cohn, who was born in London and now lives on Shelter Island, describes his newest book,* The Heart of the World, *as "the partial record of a walk I made up Broadway, starting at the Battery and aiming for the Bronx." These are some of the men and women he met, a few of the stories he heard.*

AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CANAL, A SHEET OF stray paper snagged my trouser leg and would not let go. On it I read a life history, neatly typed in single spacing: "Well this is the story of a young girl by the name of Carmen Venus Colon*, shes 8 years old, very pretty living with her mother her name is Felicidad, brother his name is Hector, and mother's boyfriend Charlie.

"This is the year of 1981, this young girl is very trouble. This is a real life story, this is very emotional, this may have been your own life story, but this is an ordeal for a young girl that wants to be the best that she can be, but she had to go through

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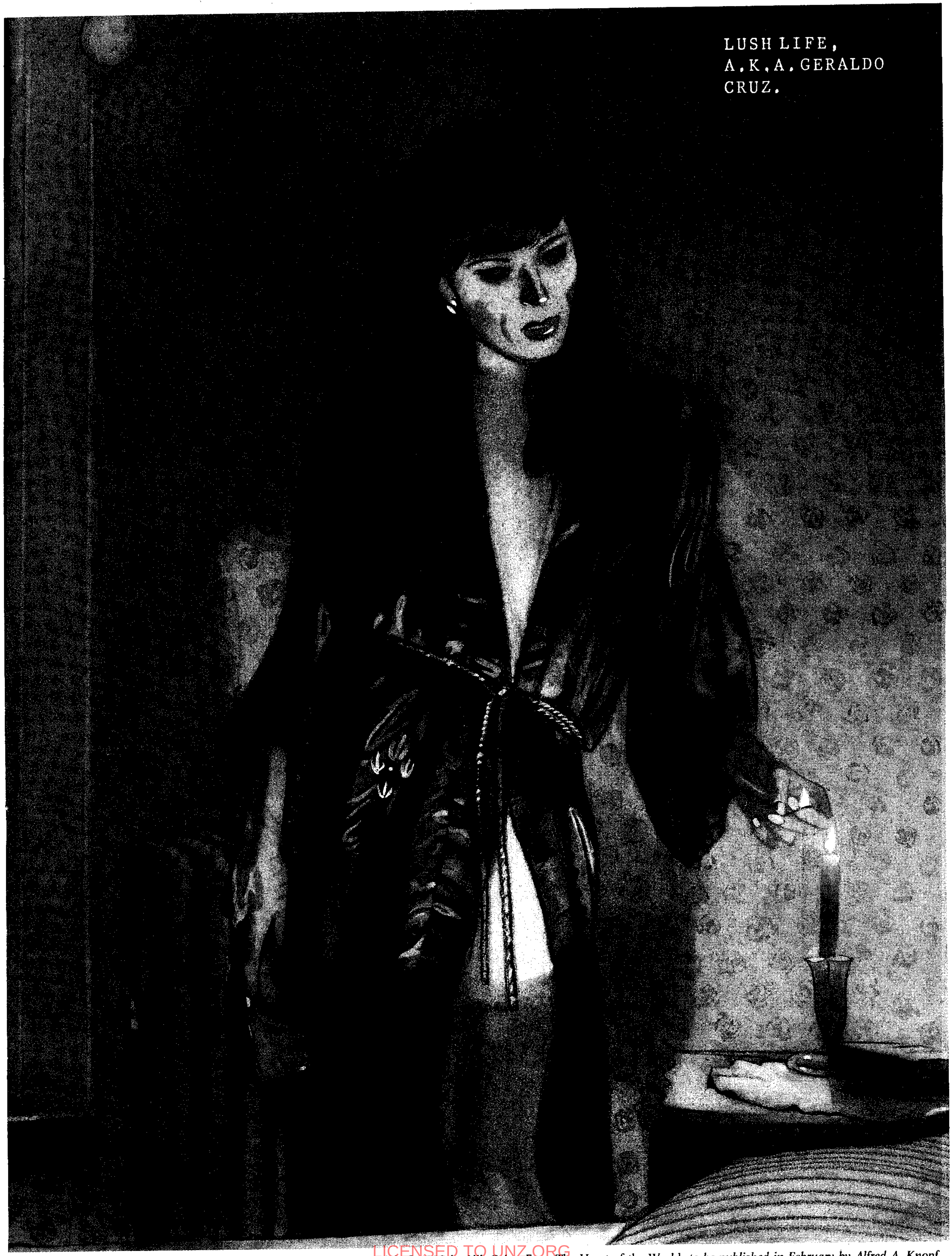
** The names and identifying details in this excerpt have been changed—with the exception of Sasha Zim's name and the names and details in the Jack Young section.*

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN ALLEN



LUSH LIFE,
A.K.A. GERALDO
CRUZ.

*Copyright © 1992 by Nik Cohn. From* The Heart of the World, *to be published in February by Alfred A. Knopf.*

all the obsticles that got in her way. So please enjoy the book."

It was early January. The morning was bright but bitter cold, far too cold to stand reading life stories on Broadway street corners. So I tucked the page into my overcoat pocket, took shelter inside the Plum Blossom, and called for duck soup.

While I waited, I locked myself in the bathroom and took out Carmen's story, spread it flat across my knees. "This all started in the Bronx, NY. Well I guess I use to be a good student but after I was seperated from my big brother Hector I was always in my own little world. Well I guess you can always say every kid was in their own little world but I was different, I was the real weird one. I loved my mother alot and also her boyfriend Charlie, the best friend and boyfriend in the world, but I was constantly beat on. I didn't know what I did wrong, it seemed to make no differents. Then by the age of 9 also I was sex molested by Charlie. This really had me in the dumps. But after awhile I got use to it. I mean love comes in all shapes and sizes, you just take it as it comes." There the manuscript ended.

When I came out into the restaurant again, my soup was waiting on the table but some other man was drinking it, and this man was Sasha Zim. Andrei Andreiovich had sent him. If I meant to walk all the way up Broadway and live to tell the tale, he'd said, I would need a guide and minder, and Sasha Zim was the very man. He drove a Checker cab by day, played drums at night, and he was in love with streets, all streets, but Broadway above all streets.

Neck-deep in my soup, he looked about twenty, a loose-limbed and gangling sort, big-boned and reddish blond, with a tangled mop of hair spilling out from under a cheese-cutter cap. "I am sorry abusing your duck but I am tired, very starving," he said. "In my taxi, crazyman goes crazy, declaims he is Trebitsch Lincoln, Abbot of Shanghai, master spy, second coming of John Baptist, and I have to take him to Turkish bath, steam away sins for all mankind. Oh, brudder. Turkish bath is closing during AIDS, so now I have to take him to bar, drink away sins for all mankind. Bar he is in Passaic, New Jersey." He wiped his lips; he shook himself. "So when do we Broadway?" he asked.

**STONEY**

remembered the big sign in front of the market back home, HEP YO' SEF, it said. "So I did. So I do."

ON BROADWAY

## LIBERTY BOOSTERS

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WAS ONE of Sasha's icons. In 1986, her centennial, he had worked this park on her behalf, vending burgers and Italian sausages, sweet or hot, under the slogan LET'S CELEBRATE MISS LIBERTY WITH MEAT-O-MAT BEEF PATTIES, and it was his insistence that we start our pilgrimage from her feet, so that we'd come to Broadway *tempest-tost,* the wretched refuse of alien shores.

The morning's first ferry left at nine. Most of the passengers were Japanese, with a smattering of Germans, Scandinavians, and Texans. But the star attraction was a group of schoolgirls from upstate New York, fifth-graders decked out in full uniform—white socks and gray skirts, plum-colored blazers.

There was also Sasha's friend Rickey O. We found him on the lower deck, lurking by the food counter. But when we approached, he stared straight through us—a large black man in a Russian-style fur coat, with a penitentiary face, set rigid as Mount Rushmore, and a milk-white cast in his right eye. "Working. Is not to disturb," Sasha explained.

"What work?"

"Is Liberty Booster."

He dragged me upstairs, out into the sun and freezing cold. The great harbor, which had once teemed with tugboats and tramp steamers, freighters, ocean liners, now lay almost deserted. Only a few oil barges remained and, on the horizon, a lone yacht, its white sail dazzling, bent almost parallel to the waters.

The whip of the wind sent me staggering, spun me clean around. But Sasha, snug in his greatcoat, would not let me go hide. Trapping me against the rail, he forced me to look up. And there she was, gigantic and sheer above us: *Liberty Enlightening the World.* Up close, she looked more daunting than inspiring. "This substantial figure of lady," Sasha read out, his snout buried in a guidebook. "Nose is four and half feet long, fingernail is thirteen inches by ten, and waist is 35 foot, more length than football first down."

Viewed from underneath, a hugely pregnant housewife in a nightgown and brandishing a candlestick, Liberty had a blank expression, her features vaguely sneering, with a sullen twist to her thick lips—a dead ringer for early Elvis.

Behind us, the deck was full of schoolgirls. Their teacher made them line up in rows, as if for a class photograph. They posed with straight backs and feet together, their knees raw-red and tears of cold streaming down their cheeks; and sang "America the Beautiful" while the Japanese took pictures.

Halfway through, there was a small disturbance. One of the Japanese, in search of a wider angle, edged back toward the companionway. In front of him stood a young man dressed in drabs, a racial hybrid who looked half asleep. As the Japanese brushed by him, the hybrid turned, their faces just inches apart. For a moment they seemed frozen, locked in each other's gaze. Then the Japanese appeared to stumble. Threshing for balance, he lurched, then bounced off like a pinball, caroming out of control. Luckily, Rickey O was there to catch him.

THE BOAT HAD SWUNG AROUND, BEgun the journey back, and now we faced the Manhattan skyline. At first it looked no different from its movies. Then the stone wall began to separate, resolve itself into planes and curves and spirals, rank after rank rising up like a city of cards. Sunlight caught on glass and steel, squares melted into oblongs, bowbends into angles until, as we moved beneath it, the whole prodigious construct seemed to swell up and shatter, kaleidoscopic, into myriad shards and flints, refractions, highlights, voids. At its heart, a bottomless gorge appeared: "Broadway," Sasha mumbled. The birthmark on his cheek flamed, bright crimson, and he crossed himself. So we came to the Great White Way.

Down below, there was no sign of Rickey O, but the hybrid was wolfing down a hot dog with mustard, sauerkraut, and double ketchup. He still looked half asleep.

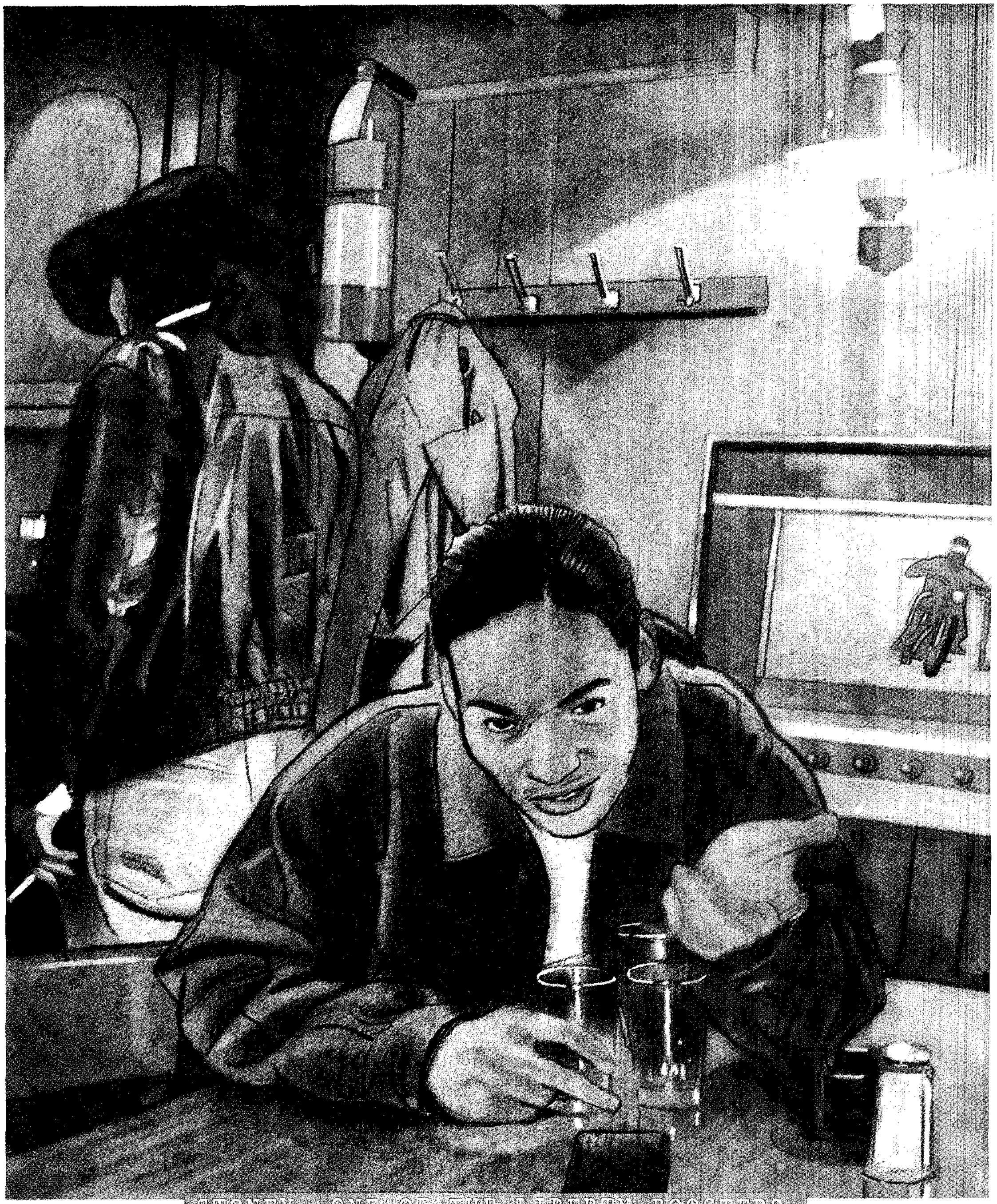
When the ferry docked in Manhattan, we followed him, tracked him inland through Battery Park. He ambled idly, aimless, as if stoned, and when he reached the foot of Broadway, he didn't duck into Roy Rogers so much as he oozed, slipslid away.

A group of four awaited him—three Hispanics of varying shades and one light-skin black. Sasha Zim—no Booster himself—knew them all. "Refugio and Willie, Indio, Sinbad, and this here is Stoney, you saw him already on ferry," he reeled them off, then introduced me in turn. "Nikolai Normanovich, he comes with," he said.

"He cool?" Stoney asked.

"Is total dummy, believe me."

These were the Liberty Boosters. They met downtown on



STONEY, ONE OF THE LIBERTY BOOSTERS

Broadway one morning weekly, either in Roy Rogers or some other fast-food joint, the more impersonal the better. Then two of them, picked from a hat, would go pick pockets on the ferry.

Technically, they were misnamed. Boosters were meant to be shoplifters, not streetworkers. But *Liberty Booster* was too fine a title to pass up: "It got that ring, that certain smile," Stoney said. "Make any man proud to partake."

The boosters came in two distinct styles. Indio and Sinbad wore hooded tracksuits, Nikes, and dead-eyed stares, the props of street-fighting men. But Stoney, Refugio, and Willie were decked out as civilians, in tans and drabs and beiges, outfits as neutral as Spam. The contrast made them look like opposing teams—Saints versus Sinners—on some TV game show.

Stoney was their leader, their self-anointed spokesman. Physically, he was hard to define, could have been almost anything, a light-skin black or a dark-skin Mediterranean—a Syrian, say, or an island Greek. His features were bland, his expression blander. But when he got to talking, his authority was absolute.

Liberty boosting, he said, was not stealing, just carrying out the statue's own intent. "Listen up to the lyrics, the message be in the song," he said. "Liberty mean freedom, just like the man say. Give me liberty or gimme dead. So everybody be free. So every *thing* be free." He flipped his wrist, he smirked, like a conjurer calling forth rabbits. "Stand to reason," he said.

"Liberty, free for all," Willie said.

"Is Heartbeat of America," said Sasha Zim.

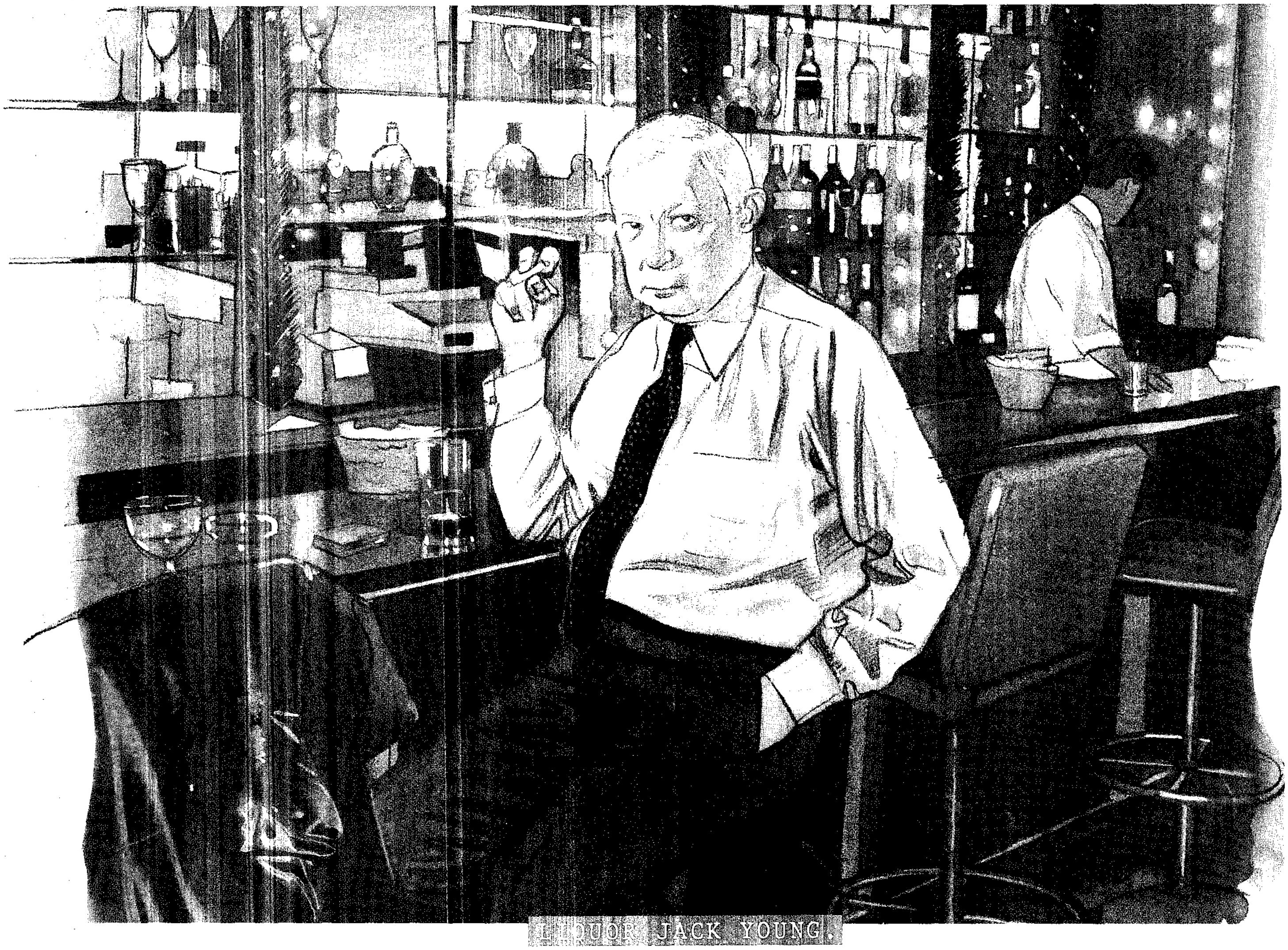
STONEY'S FATHER, THE REVEREND ABRAHAM LINCOLN BISONETTE, had been a preacher near Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and Stoney was his true-born son. "The neighborhood where I was raised, we had a self-service market right down the boulevard, and every night when I was small I used to go by that store with my mamma, help buy the family's dinner," he said. "I was the youngest out of nine, two sisters and six brothers, three living, so I was kind of my mamma's pet, she liked to keep me safe by her. Anyways. At the market, right out front, they had a big painted sign, it was a picture of the three little pigs, and they was styling in front of this steaming bowl of swill, fixing to jump head in, and these three little pigs, they wearing these signifying, shit-eating grins, I mean we talking *raptured,* like they just died and went to heaven *first class.* And on that painted sign, the man with the plan, he wrote up just two words.

"HEP YO'SEF," Stoney said. "So I did. So I do."

The other Liberty Boosters had clearly heard the fable before, many times. While it was unfolding, they passed time by pulling faces and pouring salt into each other's sodas. "We just like a rock band, only we don't play no music," Stoney explained.

They'd been together for almost a year. Before the Liberty Boosters, they'd known each other in Spanish Harlem, had run the same streets together. They had belonged to the same gangs, graduated from the same holding pens. Above and beyond all that, they shared one problem—none of them were crackheads.

In their own place and time, it was a fatal lack. Within El Barrio, just the same as other ghettos, crack now ruled with such a tyrannical fist that any blood who opted out was ostracized as an alien, and aliens on these mean streets did not live to be old. Refugio's kid brother Ozzie had been shot dead outside a bodega over $3.50; one of Indio's cousins, Conchita Concepcion, had had acid thrown in her face. There were murders on every block, in every cup of news. So the boosters had moved out, come downtown to Loisaida, the Lower East Side, where failure to get hooked was only a misdemeanor, not yet a capital crime. Their exact personnel and numbers varied, said Stoney, according to availability. "He mean who be in jail," Refugio supplied.



LIQUOR: JACK YOUNG.

"Correctional facility," Stoney said sternly, making it sound a privilege. But facility or jailhouse, getting locked up was no big deal. On average, a booster got busted once a month. Nine times in ten, he was out the next day. "That's the system," Stoney said. "We don't kill nobody, we don't mess with the messer, so we don't do no time. Every $5 we take, we put one aside for expenses, like a road toll, and all the rest be gravy."

At the end of a half-hour, Rickey O came in, more baleful than ever. His fur hat was off, revealing a shaved skull, and his milk-white eye glared sightless, a basilisk. The Japanese had tricked him. Rickey O had got the wallet, no problem, but it contained no cash, no credit cards, nothing but a lock of coarse white hair and a snapshot of an aged man drinking soup, beaming vacantly behind steel-rimmed glasses.

Nothing to do but start afresh. Refugio and Sinbad set off to ride another ferry, the others scattered; Sasha Zim returned to his Checker. "Got to go hurt me somebody," said Rickey O. Then he too was gone, head down into the wind, with his Russian hat pulled low, a red bandanna over his mouth, like a masked avenger. Stoney remained.

It was ten past eleven: "The bar be open," he said.

He led me down Broadway, swung me through an alleyway, and we were at a bar called the Killarney Rose. By daylight, the place was a great bustling rialto, full of stenos and junior brokers, off-duty money men. Stoney drank Grand Marnier, a 7-Up on the side. His gaze grew solemn. "So what do you think?" he asked. "Should I get ordained?"

It was in his blood. Bisonettes had preached for generations, his father and his father's father, his Great-Uncle Hubert, and all of them were younger sons, just like Stoney himself. "God-entitled mouths," he said.

Among the devout, they were a Carolina institution—"not famous, you understand, just reputed." It was true they had never thrived in Rocky Mount itself, but they were known throughout the backcountry, the dirt roads and piney woods. For 50 years and upwards, Bisonettes had preached in tents and sanctified tin shacks, by mud holes for instant baptisms; at crossroads. And they were respected for it. Saved women honored them, love children favored them. But something was lacking. "All those long, hard years of believing," Stoney said, "they never figured out what they be believin' *in*."

HIS FATHER, THE LICENSED MAN OF GOD, HAD BEEN shot dead while robbing a liquor store. Stoney was seven years old, a seventh son, Martin Luther Bisonette, but his mother could no longer afford him, so he was packed off north to New York City, to go live with his Aunt Clara on the Upper West Side, 98th Street, a block off Broadway.

Today, that would be a chic address, aswarm with Upwardly Mobiles. But times were different then. Back in the early seventies, the neighborhood was as scabrous as any in the city. Aunt Clara's block was strictly SRO, single-room occupancy, which was sweetmouth for Dump City.

Clara herself was a junkie who hooked to support her habit. She meant no harm, had always treated him friendly. But she had no space for him. When she wasn't hustling, she was partying. Either way, Stoney waited out in the hallway.

Many times she left home, was gone for days on end. Then Stoney would sit in her room with the TV on, an old black-and-white Panasonic. The only other furnishings were a sofa bed, a fridge full of spoiled milk and half-eaten Hershey bars with the almonds left out, and an altar put together by Aunt Clara's last live-in boyfriend, Humberto. This featured a 3-D picture of Christ crowned with thorns, the drops of blood so fat and real that Stoney kept wanting to reach out and crush them, like ticks, between his thumb and forefinger. Also, there were candles, glasses full of different-colored water, a necklace made out of animal teeth, hanks of hair, a sequined crucifix, and one spent bullet, all ringed by festoons of fairy lights.

After nightfall, Stoney would switch these lights on, turn out the naked bulb that hung down over the Panasonic but leave the set itself on, and in this flickering dimness, he spoke in tongues.

He'd had no message, even then. All he did was imitate, try to echo the same sounds he'd heard his father make and that he now heard Sunday mornings on gospel TV. Most times it was just playacting, to help time pass; but sometimes the spirit would burst out inside him for real, bear him away, so that he fell down on the floor, out of his body, out of his own self.

FROM THE VERY FIRST TIME HE WENT STEALING, HE LOVED it. Loved everything about it, the ritual as much as the reward. First the eye contact, the zoom when you saw a score and knew it was for you; then the casing and the circling, zoning in so natural and easy you didn't seem to move; and suddenly you were there, the mark seemed to sit up begging, saying, "Now, right now." Then all you had to do was reach out, let it fall into your hand, it was yours. "Like ripe fruit, or a woman. But better," Stoney said. "Less mess."

It was a gift, God-granted. Stoney called it *allure*. Serious thieves—*cannons, whizzes, kick-reefers*—did not have greedy hands, and they never chased. All they did was make themselves available. Then they had only to wait, and the score would come to them.

Their whole skill lay in jumping on the right thing, passing by the wrong. *"Patience* and *recognition; recognition* and *patience,"* he said, mantralike. "The picking itself, any fool can do that. Just leave it to the good-hands people, and the poke is history."

Under pressure, he admitted that the fancy words were not his own. He owed them to a player named Aaron Harris, who used to hang out at juvenile court and later became his tutor, his personal larceny school.

Aaron was much older, maybe 25 when Stoney was turning 10. A skinny Hasid out of Mount Vernon, he had been a cannon himself, and a good one for many years—called himself Sol Sharkey—till he got caught trespassing on the wrong people's turf, and the wrong people broke his hands, so now he could only watch.

'I HEARD

somebody deceased him," said Stoney. "I wouldn't swear he dead, But I know for a fact he ain't living."

ON BROADWAY

Watch he did. Every time that Stoney was brought up for arraignment, Aaron Harris would be seen sitting in the exact same seat, three rows from the back, right on the aisle. Finally, he introduced himself. "Why get caught?" he asked.

To some, their meeting might sound suspicious, a grown man taking up with a ten-year-old. But they were two artists, was all: "Same shapes, just different sizes."

Like a cross between Fagin and one of those all-wise Zen masters in the kung-fu films, Aaron took Stoney in hand, became his street demonstrator. Polished him, taught him to read and how to handle himself, how to stay by himself and like it: "I'm a tellya, the man was a kingship," Stoney said. "Man could walk and chew gum, man could talk for ten. What I'm saying, if the man laid down the law, the law stayed laid."

Aaron Harris lived in a cellar on East 111th, right in the heart of the barrio; and when he got Stoney down in that cellar, he got to talking, and he talked, and he kept on talking still. And when he talked theft, that was where the Zen came in. To Aaron, picking pockets was an art, a most high discipline. *Dipping,* he called it—an antique term that he loved to savor—and dressed it up in rhetoric, all kinds of fortune-cookie sayings: "Dipping is not taking, just consenting to receive," he'd intone. Stoney's all-time favorite: "To catch the thief, first conceive the thievee."

So deep in love with larceny, Stoney had small time or wish for the rapture. Even so, there would come moments without warning when he rose up signifying, talking out of his head. Just walking down the street sometime, or drinking Aaron's homemade kosher wine, deep in the midnight hour, spirit words would catch him by his throat and fling him down headfirst, prostrated in the dirt.

Then the Lord spoke, direct.

Stoney was trawling in La Marqueta, on the fringe of the barrio. It was his best-loved place, a great sprawling street market, all the colors, sounds, and stinks in creation flung together, with stalls that peddled everything from ceramic saints to plantains, knocked-off Reeboks, salsa records, *bacalaitos* and *rellenos de papa,* plastic seat covers, yams. Hot idle afternoons, Stoney loved to cruise the lanes, "not serious whizzing, understand, just flexing my fingers, keeping in shape. Anyways. There was this one stall, it specialized in little girls' bridesmaid dresses, and I don't know why for a fact, it just always pleasured me. Tucked away in the shade, right next to the record store, and the speakers be blaring Tito Puente and all that good Latin shit, and those cute little girls in their lace dresses, white and cream and powder blue, cotton-candy pink, all those bows and frills, starch petticoats, the works, and the heat burning down on everyone else, but me, in my corner, I was cool. So then. So then one time, I don't know why, I just reached out my hand to touch. To fan that cool, crisp lace and let it go away with me. Last thing in the world I'm wanting, a fool bridesmaid dress. But what I'm saying, I had the need. Anyways. So my hand snake out, like of its own accord. I'm just about to fork. And then," said Stoney, "the Lord speaks."

And there the story ended. Sitting sipping in the Killarney Rose, looking back down the years, Stoney made no attempt at a punch line, just left the tale dangling, myself along with it. "So what did He say?" I demanded.

"I don't know," Stoney said. "I couldn't catch it."

"Then how d'you know it was Him?"

"It was His voice." He seemed put out by the question, as if I'd doubted him. "I'd know Him anywhere. But we must of had a bad connection. Or maybe the wires was crossed. So I heard His call, but I could not grasp His word." He called for another round. "It was the rapture, was all."

Afterwards, it was hard to say why, he began to drift apart from Aaron Harris. Somehow the act got old, too much Zen talk, too much talk altogether. But Stoney still bore him gratitude, and always would. "Man was a gentleman thief and an actor," he said.

The actor had sprung ready-made from the thief. After his hands got wrecked, Aaron had joined a community theater group, studied mime and jazz dance. Then he'd turned street performer. Stripped to the waist, in Turkish pantaloons and a yarmulke, he used to swallow fire outside Broadway theaters. The Great Mephisto, he called himself: "Was known, was reputed. I'm a tellya, the man was *certified.*"

His specialty was mutation. He had the gift of turning himself into any person he so desired. All he had to do was study them for a few seconds, then catch them unawares, *front* them, face to face, and he'd be them. Or rather, he would be their twisted reflection. The postures and expressions, all the gestures were photo-perfect. But something beneath the skin made the models squeal, jump back: "Like they touched live wire," Stoney said. "Or they looked in a crazy-house mirror, they seen their worst nightmare, and it was they own selves."

In that moment, Aaron believed, they were his, completely under his power. If he'd been in love with evil, he could have raped and killed on a free license. But he came from a kinder school. So he just dipped.

The key to the whole trick was anonymity—a face like a magic slate, on which the actor could scrawl anybody he wished, then wipe them off without trace—and Stoney proved a born blackboard. So he became Aaron's disciple, and in time his superior. By fifteen, he was out on his own, and that's the way he stayed, a loner, till he fell in with the Liberty Boosters.

And Aaron Harris? "I heard somebody deceased him," Stoney said. "Some failure to communicate, what I heard, and they blew his shit away." He looked pensive, drank deep. "I wouldn't swear he dead. But I know for a fact he ain't living."

In street years, Stoney was now a grizzled veteran. These last months, since he'd run with the Liberty Boosters, he had a room by himself on Avenue A, but mostly he stuck around Broadway, slept or sat up in all-night coffee shops, and listened to his soul growing old. Two days a week he still worked, and the rest of the time he lay low. Fifteen hundred dollars was a good week, 500 was bad, but it was not just the money that drove him, he was still hooked on the act, the *allure*. He was 23 years old.

Along the bar at the Killarney Rose, five empty Grand Marniers stood in line with five 7-Ups, and Stoney called for a sixth. He raised his glass in salutation, his face as bland as the moon's backside. Just before he drank, he treated himself to the smallest tight smile. "Well?" he asked. "Did I break your f---in' heart?"

> **NOW HIS**
>
> father spoke real soft, "You sick, You need help," he said. "F--- help," Geraldo told him. "I need heels."
>
> ON BROADWAY

## LUSH LIFE

I NEEDED A BASE, SO I MOVED INTO A walk-up hotel in the West Forties, hard by Times Square. In the next room lived a girl so beautiful it hurt. Her name of choice was Lush Life, but on her welfare checks it said Geraldo Cruz.

Sasha Zim saw her first. Or she saw him. When we pulled up in his Checker, Lush Life was slouched on the hotel stoop painting her fingernails Passion Pink. She wore a yellow silk dress with embroidered dragons rampant, skintight and slit high on the thigh, a look pirated from Suzie Wong. But her face—high Spanish cheekbones, black cannibal eyes, blue-black hair swirling wild, as sleek as a raven's wing—was strictly Ava Gardner. And her legs were Cyd Charisse.

The hotel was run by two Greek brothers, Mike and Petros Kassimatis. Both were short, wide and bald, fire hydrants with feet, in the style of Two-Ton Tony Galento, and what hair they lacked on top they more than made up elsewhere. Impenetrable black jungles sprouted at their wrists and throats, escaped their sweatshirts at the waist, even curled up vinelike from under their trouser cuffs. Mike wore glasses and many gold chains; Petros had a wart on his nose. Otherwise, they might have come off a conveyor belt: "two piss in a pot," in Sasha's phrase.

Checking me in, Mike looked me up, looked me down, and spat on the tiled floor. But when he saw my typewriter, a battered Adler portable, he shied like Count Dracula zapped by a cross. "You a writer? You gonna write about this place?" he growled.

I grunted, noncommittal.

"You write about this place, you better not write nothing bad. You write something bad, you gonna be writing with busted hands."

"No, he won't. Won't be writing with no busted hands," Petros corrected him. "Won't have no hands left to bust."

By neighborhood standards, they ran a tight ship. There were washbasins and blankets in every room, the towels were changed weekly, crack-smoking was discretionary, and any guest who spray-painted graffiti in the hallways was requested to leave feet first. Five floors held 28 rooms and one telephone: INTIMATE ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE DISCERNING FEW, read the faded notice tacked up inside my door.

My room was a cell, ten feet by eight, but not ungracious. Beneath the naked light bulb, there were flowers. Nosegays of blue and pink roses bloomed on the wallpaper, and marigolds peeped coyly through the stains on the coverlet. It was true that my window faced an airshaft, a concrete wall, metal pipes. But if I stuck my head out far enough, then craned my neck and twisted, I could see sky.

My first night alone, Lush Life came to borrow eyebrow tweezers. When I had none to give her, she did not act shocked. One glance at my beard and hat and Buster Brown boots, my thrift-store Donegal overcoat, and she'd guessed that I did not vogue. "Doesn't make you a bad person," she said.

Up close, she looked quite different. Outside in the street by daylight, she had given off mere glamour, a secondhand Hollywood glitz. In this room, in the glare of its white light, she made me want to cry out.

It was the nakedness. In my life, I had never seen flesh so fine-grained. Backlit, it seemed almost translucent, as if half the layers of skin had been stripped off. She wore a kimono, two sizes too big and loosely tied by a sash cord. It was studded with rips and cigarette burns. Some greedy claw had torn off an arm at the elbow and left great rents in the back and breast, had left her without camouflage. When she stood over me where I lay, sprawled out across the marigolds, I felt I was looking clean through, kimono and flesh and all, every bone laid bare, every flinch of muscle and nerve. "Turn out the light, why don't you?" Lush Life said, shivering. "Do you want me to burn up?"

She was waiting for her girlfriend, Denise Denise. But her girlfriend was late, or maybe she wasn't coming. Lush Life had bought herself a pint of Night Train; already she was half-cut, softly slurring. The bottle, what was left of it, dangled from one hand; with the other, butterfingered, she tried to light a candle.

"Night Train, it's good," she said. "Thunderbird is not so good. But Night Train, it's better." She reached out the dregs towards me, proffering. She beckoned me in. "Have a drink. Do you good. No, it won't," she said, and she snatched back her hand, drained off the last drops herself.

Out in the hallway, the bloods were smoking crack, mumbling. "Lush Life, Lush Life," somebody unknown kept keening, half-singing it. In the dimness, the highlights on her cheek and bare shoulder, the hollow of her throat, seemed filtered through stained glass: "Ladybeard, I am so sickly," she said. "Encore de Night Train, why not?"

I bought it, she drank it; Denise Denise still did not come. The voice out in the hallway kept repeating Lush Life, Lush Life.

"I won't talk," she said, and she talked.

GERALDO CRUZ HAD COME OUT OF BAYONNE, NEW Jersey, one mean town. His father had packaged dead chickens, and his mother sewed skirts in a sweatshop. Afternoons, after Geraldo got out of school, he used to care for his kid sister, Paloma. Together they'd play house and try on his mother's clothes, even though they were kind of dowdy, no bright colors and the most dated styles, strictly from Rent-a-Frump.

The shoes were worse. His mother had the saddest feet; she was a martyr to her bunions her whole life, so she could not tolerate pumps, only sandals and flats. Dresses looked silly that way; even nylons lost their flair. The best you could do was take a pair of Chinese-style satin slippers and restyle them, fake a heel with papier-mâché and bottlenecks. Which was exactly what Geraldo was doing the day his father got laid off work, came home early to get blind drunk, and found his son in a garter belt.

This father was one tough Dominican. All the time, every day of his life, he'd be bragging and cursing, doing that macho strut. But now, face to face with Geraldo, he did not say a mumbling word, just crossed the room to the whiskey and climbed on board, slugging straight out of the bottle. Then he sat down bump on the floorboards, staring into the cracks. Still he didn't start to yell; he spoke real soft. "You sick. You need help," he started out.

"F--- help," Geraldo told him. "I need heels." And he walked out of that house; he did not ever go back.

He was fourteen going on fifteen. He had a dollar he'd taken out of his mother's purse. It got him downtown and into the bus terminal, and there he'd met such a nice old man, and he told this man the saddest story, how he'd traveled out to Bayonne from New York to visit his best friend in the hospital, only somehow he'd lost all his money and now he was stranded, he couldn't get home again. So you see. So the old man staked him to his fare and in return he asked for nothing, almost nothing, just to cop a feel. So Geraldo let him, what the hell? But afterwards he was crying; he was all upset. He started to make noise and the old man freaked, he was shaking and sweating blood, and he gave Geraldo 50 bucks, or it could have been a hundred, to keep his mouth shut. So he did.

He rode the next bus into Manhattan, and when he climbed down on the New York sidewalks, the first thing he did, double-quick, he hauled ass to the nearest clothing store. At first the young lady serving looked at him kinda sideways, but then she saw he had a knife. So you see. So she smiled. His arms were piled up high with nylons and silk negligees, Maidenforms, satin panties, teddies, the works. He took them all in the changing room. Or part of him did. Geraldo Cruz went in, Lush Life came out. So you see.

There the story left off. Whatever had happened since, she was not about to tell. Geraldo Cruz had been some other body, a person she had once known. So his story remained just that—history. Retelling it meant nothing more to her than telling a movie script or some story she'd read in the paper. But herself, Lush Life, that was something else again. She had her pride, her privacy. She might go f--- with a stranger. That didn't mean she would tell him stuff.

It was two o'clock. Out in the hallway, a subway rhythm, I could hear the slapping of heads and bodies against the walls. The Brothers Kassimatis were making their good-night rounds, chasing demons. I closed the door, shut them out, shut us in. Somewhere close above me I could hear a slithering and hushing of silk, the kimono fluttering. Lush Life was shivering still. So we held hands in the dark.

**ABOVE** all, back in those days," a man's word was his bond," Liquor Jack Young said, "if there were witnesses."

ON BROADWAY

## LIQUOR JACK YOUNG

HIS GIVEN NAME WAS JACK YOUNG. IN HIS POMP, HE had been a financier, a home-run hitter, but now his role was reduced. "Short-term trading," he said. "I bunt."

At 57, he was a man of flesh and many tangled tales. With wattles at droop and eyes like yesterday's fried eggs, slimy side up, he looked like an elderly coonhound that had lost the scent. Still he had pedigree, panache.

Thirty years back, there had been no sprightlier blade extant. The name alone, Liquor Jack, had been a code word for all things louche, unspeakable, irresistible. He had defined *boulevardier,* that magic word, and there were generations of debutantes, many now grandmothers, who still squeaked and colored at his mention.

A battered grace survived. Sweat-stained armpits or no, he bore himself as a man apart, *chosen.* In these last years, Wall Street had been overrun by barbarians, a plague of swine. The old style and value were gone forever. Jack Young was left over.

He had begun in Louisville. His grandmother's family, the Semonins, were prime Kentucky bloodstock. They had been there as long as the state itself, and they had thrived. By the 1930s, they had developed much of Mockingbird Valley and Indian Hills, and they lived in a prototype Tara, complete with crystal chandeliers, a sweeping stairway, and one cow. Then had come Thatcher Young, Jack's father, to foul everything.

*A beautiful ne'er-do-well,* his son called him. He had ranked ninety-eighth nationally at skeet and trap, worn his jodhpurs like one of God's elect, but his notion of big fun was to sit alone at the center table of the Bachelor's Cotillion in the Louisville Country Club with a dozen White Castle hamburgers and throw them, one by one, into the overhead fan. And when he went slumming in the bars downtown (so the speculation went), picked up some girl from a meat-packing plant, and left her with child, that was bigger fun yet.

Here was an awkwardness. The girl had to be pacified and sent away, the child brought up by Semonin grandparents, and Thatcher Young himself palmed off as the boy's elder brother. Jack was schooled to ride a good seat, observe his knives and forks. He was a privileged person. When he was six years old, his grandparents were off on a trip somewhere, Thatcher was nowhere around, and Jack's mother showed up, just appeared in the driveway and took him away.

She was a mountain woman, a classical Appalachian, gaunt and bloodless, emaciated to the point of being spavined. Her numberless tribe of relatives lived in a fall-down, tin-roof shack somewhere way out in the backwoods. Total strangers kept pawing Jack, hugging on him and kissing wet. It was the most peculiar sensation, not unsavory exactly but foreign, a thing that was not done. To escape, he spent his days throwing a hard rubber ball up onto the tin roof, then waiting till it rolled down again. His mother sat in the doorway; she watched but did not speak. When the dogs ran away with his ball, she brought him a replacement. It was their one connection.

On the fifth day, the Semonins came and took him back, and Jack did not see his mother again. Fifty years afterwards, he could not remember her face or the name of her home place or any one detail about her. All that remained was the fat *plock* of the ball on the tin roof, like a stone dropped into deep waters, and the waiting till it reappeared, rolled back down to his hand.

*I submit to you,* he said, *I was not firmly rooted.* He had grown up a gentleman, yes, but restless, volatile, always a tad unsteady. At sixteen, in lieu of just running away, he faked his age and enlisted in the Navy. By the time he got out again, two years later, Thatcher had gobbled huge chunks from his inheritance. A mere $1.3 million survived.

What to do? *I submit to you, I was startled.* But not for long. Turning the entire pot into cash, a spending wad, Jack took it to New York.

What did all this have to do with Wall Street, with Broadway? In that era, quite a bit. Manhattan in the early fifties was full of such histories. It was the prime time of Café Society—*Caff Sosh,* in Liquor Jack's shorthand; of the Stork Club, the Copa, El Morocco. People had names like Rollo and Beau and Slim, and their vocation was behaving badly with style, just wild enough to be amusing but not to be threatening. They had family and freedom, unlimited time, and they didn't give a damn, not one.

> SUDDENly, he was not so young anymore. He could never work out when or how it had happened, only that it had.
>
> ON BROADWAY

You'd have had to be there. Rehashed at this dry instance, it sounded tawdry, a touch absurd. Perhaps it really had been. But fun, Lord knows; so much fun. In eighteen months flat, Jack had run through his fortune, the entire $1.3 million, and he did not regret one cent. What had it gone on? "Things. Just things. Attractive people and their foolish schemes. And bar bills, of course," he said. "Oblivion."

He went downtown to Wall Street, *The Street,* and got a job at City Bank. He was in love with adventure. "Action," he said now. "I didn't care what shape it took, or what it cost, just so long as it kept coming. And the market was action guaranteed. It was legalized gambling, and the wagering was no-limit."

AT LEAST THE BLIND TIGERS WERE commodious here. The Wall Street of that era was a fastness, a giant fraternity house, as consoling to the backside as a split-log fire. It had its quota of cads and bounders, thieves and financial hoodlums, just as it always had and ever would; but it knew how to tie its bow ties.

Liquor Jack, a clubbable man, fit right in. "My credentials? I was a funny fellow, I suppose. In those days a degree from Harvard Business School was not necessarily perceived as a plus. If anything, it was a black mark, made you look a little pushy, a show-off. The real plus was simply to be a right person, known to other right persons."

Two gangs ruled the Street, locked in uneasy alliance: Dusty Money, the great Wasp merchant houses; and Our Crowd, the German Jews. Between them, they set the modes and mores of the whole financial world.

It was a benign dictatorship, structured around a series of unwritten, immutable laws. Prime among them was the assumption, true or false, that business was a compact among gentlemen. Friendly competition was fine, guerrilla warfare was not. In the boardrooms of the Great, all mahogany and wrought iron, nothing essential had changed since the nineteenth century. Handshakes were still binding; ticker tape was the ultimate software. Above all, most sacred tenet of all: "A man's word was his bond," Jack said, "if there were witnesses."

He found a model, a mentor, Paul Shields, whose company had helped create the block-trading boom, floating deals worth tens of millions: "And all done with mirrors. His own total capital was $15 million, barely a drop in the bucket, and here he was spawning these blockbuster trades, life-and-death gambles, as if they were bagatelles."

Nothing that came after could hope to equal that first rush: "Oh, we felt like God's own. As if we had a secret knowledge, and nothing and no one could bring us to earth. We were," Jack said, "the Premium Select."

*D'Artagnan with a swizzle stick*—Jack had used the phrase for Paul Shields, but it could have been himself. Already there'd been the fracas in the Village when he'd punched an off-duty cop, got shot in the leg, and spent three months in Bellevue's prison ward. Then there was the battle royal with six waiters in the Stork Club; SORE PATRON A BEAR IN CUB ROOM, the headline had read.

"Situation fatal but not serious," said Jack. In those years, it didn't seem to matter what atrocities he committed, he was always invited back. On one North Shore estate, asked to tea by some Dusty Money, he'd gorged himself on sticky cakes and finger sandwiches, then proceeded to push Grandmother's grand piano into the swimming pool. The next week, he was asked to dinner. "I would submit to you that I was a scoundrel; *a whoreson, flap-eared knave,*" he mused. "But a young knave, don't you see, of impeccable lineage."

And then, quite suddenly, he was not so young anymore. He could never work out quite when or how it had happened, only that it had, and that it spoiled his sport utterly. Somehow, in a fit of absentmindedness, he seemed to have mislaid twenty years. Now he was plumped down blindly into the eighties, and all the rules were changed. Strange young men with Brooklyn accents and Nintendo eyes kept rushing past, shrieking. They were not Dusty Money, not Our Crowd, just brats, a pack of baby-faced killers.

Orderly ascent, the art of gentlemanly accumulation, meant nothing here. These people were bomb-throwers, financial terrorists, who thought in billions, and billions *now,* and they were constrained by absolutely no limits. "It's a whole new ball game," they brayed. So it was.

What was left was the morning after, a hangover for the ages. With vague surprise, Jack noticed that he had been married and divorced; that he had acquired a second wife, assorted offspring and obligations, all the trappings of the Real World; and that he could pay for none of them. So he changed jobs and made more money. Then he changed again, made even more. Still he couldn't seem to equalize, and still he was not young again. "Embarrassed?" he said. "One was mortified."

What had happened here? Abstractions and analyses were not Jack's style. But his friend Michael Thomas took a gravedigger's view. Quite simply, a world had died. And why? For the same reason that all worlds die. The old order was exhausted. The Street was America in miniature, and the American century was over. It had taken three things for granted—its primacy in morality, in war, and in wealth. On these three struts had been built its whole sense of mastery, of innate superiority. But the disasters of the seventies, *its triple hegemonic cataclysms,* had mortally wounded all three. Watergate had shot down its moral certainties, Vietnam its military, OPEC its economic. Religion had already bitten the dust. So had the cult of discipline.

Ergo, anarchy. Before 1974, there'd been no such thing as a hostile takeover. But in the new order, nothing counted but the moment, and the will to win, which was polite parlance for the hunger to kill.

CLEARLY, JACK HAD MISSED A TURN SOMEWHERE. IN THE glow of his infatuation, one basic truth about the Street had eluded him. People came here to get rich.

How come he hadn't noticed? "Too busy having fun. Too contrary, too much in love with the game for the game's own sake," he said. "And then, of course, my jackass ego. I said 'bullshit' to the witch doctor, and the good doctor shrank me."

*Too busy having fun.* It was an epitaph. In the days of his ascendancy, he could have cashed in easily, secured himself at a word. But the word had slipped his mind, and now what was left? "Picking flyshit out of pepper."

The baby-faced killers had inherited the earth. Across Broadway, a few blocks to the south, was Harry's at Hanover Square, where the bond traders retired to swap war stories. It sat in the basement of the India House, a fine nineteenth-century merchant house, foursquare and discreet. But the discretion quit on entry. Standing in ranks around the rectangular bar, the bondsmen drank on the hoof, sweating men with wet mouths and ties all askew, and they howled.

Harry's was among the last refuges of the entitled drinker. The current crusade against liquor had swept Wall Street with a withering blast, laying waste a century's proud tradition. In Jack Young's heyday, booze had been the market's Esperanto. A personage like Joseph Thomas, Michael's father, when he was CEO of Lehman Brothers, would conduct his operations from a steam room, stretched naked on a massage table, with a lit cigar in one hand and a vodka martini in the other, the *Daily Racing Form* spread out on his paunch and, for his emphysema, two clear plastic tubes running from his nostrils to an oxygen tank. As fashion statements went, it had seemed bold but not outrageous. Now alcophobia was run amok. The merest whiff of merriment on the breath after lunch and you were cast into outer darkness, a pariah.

Even at Harry's, the revelries were dimmed. For every bullhorn bourbon tosspot, there were two joggers on white-wine spritzers. In this dry season, AA was fast replacing the men's club as sanctum sanctorum, the prime place to wheel and deal. It was the Street's latest brotherhood. Each morning before the market opened, and each evening after it closed, the smart money would gather in a basement on Trinity Place and work the floor, swapping tips and hatching plots, exchanging true confessions. It was cheaper than buying a round, said one: "And the sex is out of sight."

Liquor Jack was not amused. Of all the fads that had combined to render Wall Street hideous, good health stank foulest. His second wife, *my incumbent Duchess,* had once dared to speak of it in his connection. But only once. "Cast off the antic crutch of sin?" he'd said. "I rather fancy not."

These days he occupied a desk next to sweaty youths who hunched squinting over computer screens, bawled into phones and thin air. What exactly they did was mysterious. But it seemed to have a lot to do with anal sex. Apparently, the world was full of f---ing assholes, all looking to f--- each other up the f---ing ass, and the only f---ing way to survive was to f--- them up the f---ing ass before they f---ed you. No shit.

Crouched low in a separate cubicle, like a sniper in a foxhole, Liquor Jack placed orders and collected tips, counted down to four o'clock. His phone manner was hushed, conspiratorial.

Sparse hairs lay like mist across his pink scalp. From time to time, when negotiations bogged down, he would reach up absently, wearily, to smooth them.

Somewhere else in the room, out of sight, a shrill voice lashed out, reflexive. "F--- him!" it shrieked. "He can stick his f---ing tongue up my f---ing asshole!"

"I could," said Liquor Jack, "use a drink."

At Michael One, right next door to the AA basement, he was safe. It was a bolthole, a place where he and like renegades could gather unseen, *in search of surcease of sorrow,* and drink themselves into quietude. Because it reminded him of an airport lounge, Jack called it the Terminal Bar: "And I mean that sincerely," he said.

His drink was vodka and soda with no fruit, his best game remembrance. As the evening drew on, and discontents deepened, his drawl grew more Louisville. Kentucky speech rhythms, lazy and arching, worked just fine for indifference, hauteur, but were not so hot for humility: "I would submit to you, it is no crime," he murmured, "to be conscious of who you have been, and who you are." The murmur was a trademark. Now that he had joined the Seniors' Tour, he'd traded in the sozzled war whoop for the wry grimace, the smile at the foot of the scaffold.

What would set him to whooping again? It was hard to say. Once he had wanted more; now he just wanted out. If somehow he made a killing, he'd back up a station wagon to the bank, take out every cent, and just start driving. Or forget the killing. All he wanted was a moiety, one used four-wheel vehicle and a road to anywhere.

On the bar lay a $10 bill. When the time came to pick it up and go home, Liquor Jack let it slip through his fingers. It fell between his feet, and he bent to pick it up. Then he changed his mind; let it lie.

'JERRY

died in a hail of bullets," said Roz at Roseland. "My husband of five days. They filled him full of lead."

ON BROADWAY

## ROZ FROM ROSLYN

IN ROSELAND, THE LIGHTS WENT BLUE, green, purple, pink, and the couples danced cheek to cheek. At night there were rock groups or salsa bands, but on matinee afternoons the great arena reverted to a ballroom. Again the floor filled with people touching, holding on. Most of them were past 60, and many were much older. Some had been coming here since the Depression. Still they waltzed and fox-trotted, they quick-stepped, and they tangoed. The changing lights played over them, clothing them in soft washes. "Make believe," the emcee purred. "Close your eyes, drift away. Make believe."

Up some steps was a long horseshoe bar. On faster numbers, the mambos and paso dobles, it filled with old ladies resting. They kicked off their pumps, sat kneading their swollen feet. Spotting me sitting alone, a single man with a tall drink and a notebook, one figure detached itself from the ranks, plumped down on the stool at my side. "Let me entertain you," it said.

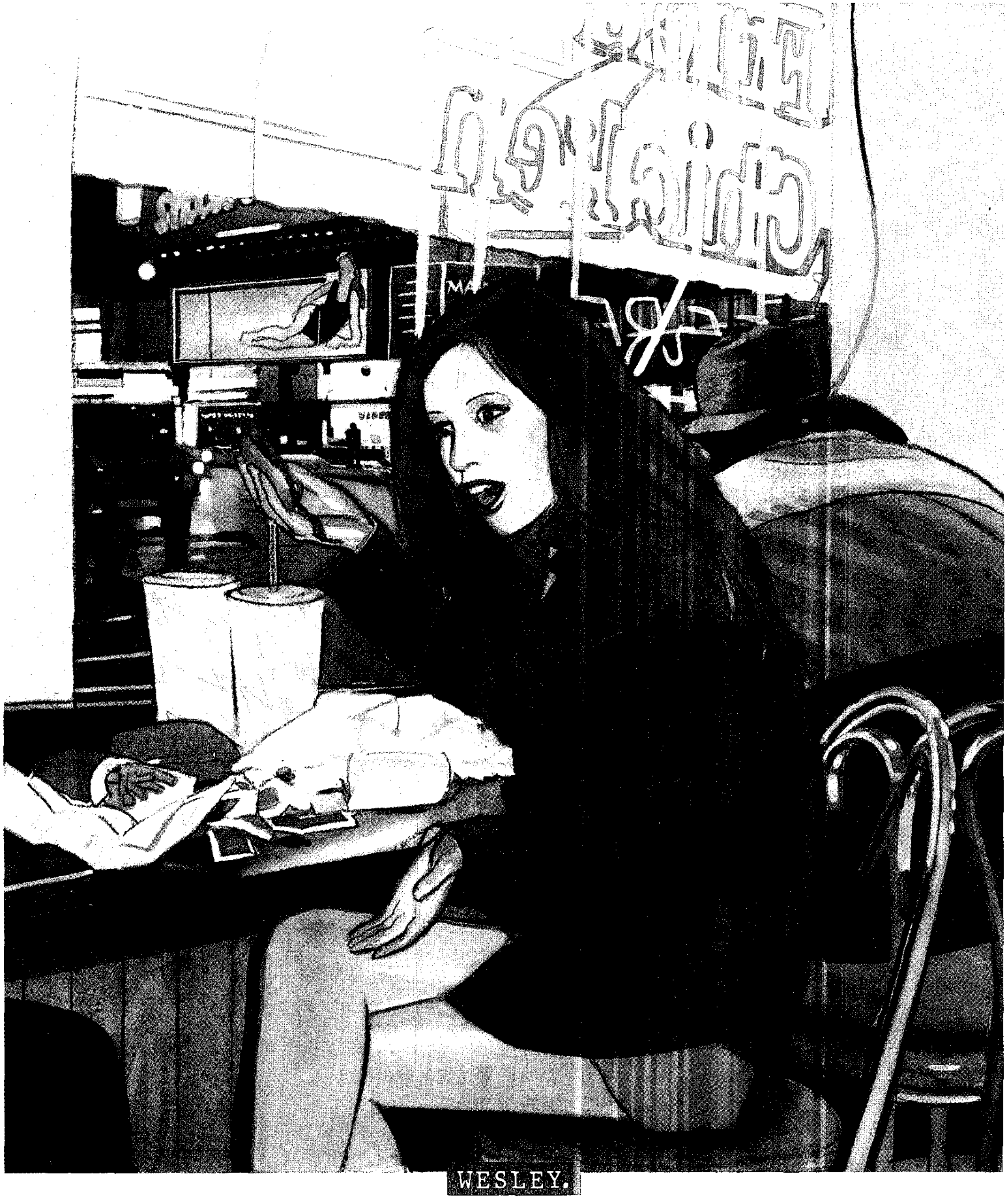
The voice was girlish, slightly nasal, but musical withal. Cigarette-husky, it came from a slim, bottled blonde in a green sheath dress cut tight above the knee and slit up the left thigh. The dress set off showgirl legs in sheer silk stockings and high-heeled silver slingbacks. "My name is Roz, I'm 69," the blonde said. "My speciality is bringing joy."

Hopping down off the stool, she backed a few steps across the bar alcove, launched herself into a recitation. "Hello, I'm Rosalind Kantor from Roslyn," she began. "Actually I live in Mineola but Roslyn is close enough, so you can call me Roz from Roslyn, not so young in years but younger than springtime at heart."

At the end of each phrase she paused, frozen in mid-gesture, her smile congealed, until my scribbling caught her up. Her diction was crystalline, her delivery button-bright. Where required, she even threw in stage directions. "Roz from Roslyn," she said. "Not so young in years but younger than springtime at heart, and this is my life's story, actually it's just a sketch, but I hope it keeps you amused anyway." She curtsied and set up a time step, three steps to the left, then back, three steps to the right, then back. "Thank you," she said. "You are a lovely audience."

She raised her right hand to her throat, her ringed fingers curled loosely about an unseen microphone. "It's been a long, long journey my little life has made, and I hardly know where to start. So I'll start right here, at Roseland, that's where it all began. I was just fifteen and all the boys said I looked very cute, actually I drove them crazy, but I don't like to seem I'm tooting my own horn, even though I am. (Laugh.) Well, in those days, they had talent contests here, every Tuesday afternoon I think, and one time my friends ganged up on me and would not stop kvetching until I gave it a shot. So I did. I did a little song and dance, a couple of gags, and my impression of Jimmy Durante. 'Inka Dinka Doo,' you remember that one? Well, that certainly dates *you.* (Drumroll. Rim shot.) Anyway, I entered, and they booed me off. No, really, it was just horrible. I cried and cried for days. But the showbiz bug had bit me, and actually it never stopped. And the rest is history. (Laugh. Sing eight bars of 'Inka Dinka Doo.')

"Now about my first husband. I met him in my line of work. No, not *that* line of work. (Bump; big wink.) I was a cigarette girl at a club on 52nd Street—I'd like to tell you the club's name but I don't dare, today it's such a famous place, the owners might sue me. But it was '21.' That's right, Jack and Charlie's '21' Club. Well, in those days 52nd was the greatest nightclub street in New York City, in America even, the world. They used to call it the Street That Never Sleeps, and all the great jazz musicians of that long-ago era, like Duke Ellington and Count Basie, Benny Goodman and Miss Billie Holiday, they all used to play and party there. The whole street was a blaze of lights from dusk to dawn, with beautiful music, oh such beautiful music, pouring out from every open door, the Three Deuces and the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's, Leon & Eddie's; you'd think you must of died and gone to Heaven. And there I was, little me, actually not so little, I'd filled out very nicely, thank you, even though I do say so myself. (Strike pose. Laugh.) Selling cigarettes in fishnet stockings and tails, with a white gardenia in my buttonhole, a boutonniere they call it, *très chic ma chérie.* That's Popsy in French. And one night my husband comes in. Of course, he wasn't my husband then; he was a total stranger. But he comes in anyhow, and he takes one look at me, our eyes meet, and how could you put it in words, it's love at first sight, that old black magic, it's like a Spanish earthquake or is that Sicilian, I always forget. (Look dumb but adorable.) Well, he doesn't just buy a pack of cigarettes, he buys the whole trayload and fills up all his pockets, he's bulging out like a Santa Claus, smokes are spilling all over the place, and so is my heart, believe me. *Hubba hubba.* So when I come off work, we cross the street to Mammy's Chicken Koop—they had just the greatest fried chicken then, Southern-style, all spicy and crisp. Like me. (Laugh.) And my husband's name is Jerry, he tells me he's from the Coast—Santa Clara—and he's in the insurance business actually. But I don't hear two words together, I'm so *that way.* I tell you, we just ate up all that chicken, and then we drove down to Atlantic City in the dawn, took our blood tests, and we were married the very next day. That's how hot we were. Hotter than a pepper sprout. (Laugh. Sigh. Stretch like cat.) We had our honeymoon in Pompton Lakes, up in the mountains, just a simple log cabin with a blazing fire and lots to drink, not much to eat but who needed food, we had our love. Such a love. It was my first, and they say you never forget your first. And it's true, believe me, you never do. (Sing.) *When they begin the beguine, it brings back the sound of music so tender, it brings back a night of tropical splendor.* (Stop sing.) Four days and nights of bliss. *What moments divine, what rapture serene.* And on the fifth day the Feds came. Yes, you heard me right, the Untouchables. We were woken from our dream of love by the sound of a bullhorn and a man's voice yelling, 'Come on out with your hands up. We have you surrounded. You don't have a prayer. Come on out.' Then the gunfire started. And Jerry died in a hail of bullets. My husband of five days. They filled him full of lead."


WESLEY.

HER VOICE HAD grown hoarse, begun to crack. Dropping another curtsy, she came back to the bar and drank two full glasses of ice water.

"Why did they shoot him?" I asked.

"They had no heart," said Roz, and went back to work again. Three steps left she paced, then three steps right, up and back, up and back, over and over and over. "They filled him full of lead," she said. "He was my first, and you never forget your first. But a winner never quits, and a quitter never wins. Nobody does actually, but that's another story. So then I came back to good old Times Square. (Sing.) *Come along and listen to, the Lullaby of Broadway. The hip hooray and ballyhoo, the Lullaby of Broadway.* (Stop sing.) And oh, it was so gorgeous then, it was just everything. These days all the shops are locked up behind those iron gates, they look like prison bars. But it was so gorgeous then. And so was I. (Bump. Girlish squeal.) I went to work for the great Mr. Roxy Rothafel at his fabulous Roxy Theatre, right here on Seventh Avenue, they used to call it the Cathedral of the Motion Picture, but movies were just one part of it; they also had the Mighty Wurlitzer and Louis Something furnishings in the ladies' rooms. They gave you a free bar of soap with every handwash, and a thousand stars of stage and screen, and of course the fabulous Rockettes. That was me. (Four high kicks and a split.)

"Now about my second husband. He was just the opposite of No. 1, a very quiet man, neat and clean in all his habits; you never saw a soiled shirt on him. Never mind a bullet hole. (Laugh.) He was a movie projectionist at Loews New York; you could say he was in show business, too, so that gave us something in common right away. We met at Child's, and he just swept me off my feet. A regular Don Juan. Even if he was bald and kind of stumpy. And we had 23 years of rapture. Oh, words could not express it—he was the world to me, the sun and stars and the moon at night, my mother and father and lover and brother. (Sing.) *Night and day, deep in the heart of me.* (Stop sing.) And then he died. It was our anniversary, No. 23, and we went to Sardi's for dinner, the same way we did every year. My husband—his name was Hubert—he toasted me in a martini, bone-dry, the way he always liked it. And then he choked on the olive. He coughed and looked at me kind of funny, and then he just fell down across the table. The glasses and the flowers, and oh, all the lovely food were scattered all everywhere. And that was that. Heart attack. Right before my eyes. And that was that."

Out on the floor, the lights went blue, green, purple, pink, and the couples danced cheek to cheek. Roz drank down two more glasses of ice water, then she ordered a double gin and tonic and drank that down as well. "So what do you think so far?" she asked.

" 'Begin the Beguine,' " I said. "I always loved that song."

"I told you I brought joy."

Three steps to the left, then back. Three steps to the right, then back. "And that was that," she said. "And oh, I was just devastated. I thought my life was over, you might as well plow me under. But a poet once said, 'Time is the root of all evil.' So I pulled myself off the floor. I said to myself, *Roz,* I said, *when skies are cloudy and gray, they're only gray for a day,* I said, *so wrap your troubles in dreams, and dream all your troubles away.* (Beat.) And I've been dreaming ever since."

### WESLEY FROM KANSAS

IT WAS SIX O'CLOCK. ACROSS THE STREET WAS A SIGN FOR Delicate Touch, Topless Shines. For many years, it had been a Times Square staple. You climbed a long, darkened stairway to a corridor lined with shoeshine stands, polish tins, and chamois rags but no topless shinists. An old black man—"My name is my own"—sat behind a wooden barrier and spelled out the deal: $5 for a girl and a room for fifteen minutes, all extras negotiable. Or if you preferred, you could stay out front and have a girl shine your shoes. That had happened one time, the counterman said. But he did not recall what year.

Now the old man had vanished, and the shoestands with him. In their place was a girl called Wesley, knocking stolidly at a locked and bolted door. She was seventeen, stark white with flaming-red hair; she sought a man named Smiling George. "He said be here by six. Now it's six," she said, "and he's not here."

THE WAY

Smiling George explained it, the role required a unique gift. What he was looking for was freshness.

ON BROADWAY

We walked out together on the Deuce. The shifts were changing, the old men going home, the young coming out for the night. Fresh crowds surrounded the three-card-monte games. Cops in their prowl cars oozed by, but did not bother the monte men. What was the use? Cut off one and two reappeared. "I heard they cheat," Wesley said.

She came from Concordia, Kansas; she had been in New York five days. "But I only ate the first three," she said, her face chalky white, her eyes red-rimmed and swimming. At Nedicks, where I bought her a snack, she inhaled four hamburgers and four large orders of fries, four large Cokes, four ice-cream sundaes. "Four is my lucky number. Smiling George told me so," she said.

She wore a green miniskirt with bubble-gum-pink tights, a navy-blue boy's shirt. That was the reason she was called Wesley, her father had wanted a boy. But her red hair flowed gleaming on her shoulders; it smelled fresh of coconuts. She was an actress, or she was going to be, and actresses did not go sloppy in public. "They wash all the time, every day. They have to," Wesley said. Her gray eyes were painted purplish blue, shaped to slant like a Siamese cat's. "In this business, your personal attractions are your blue-chip stock, the one asset you never sell short," she said. "George told me that."

She'd only met him the night before. The way they found each other, it was so strange, it seemed like fate happening. Wesley had been standing on the corner of Broadway and 44th. It was getting dark, and she was starving hungry; she hadn't slept in her bed for a week. To be honest, she felt lost. The only reason she'd come to New York, there was a boy she knew. His name was Martin; he was older. She'd met him at Easter, up in South Dakota, the Badlands National Park. She was touring with some girlfriends, they stopped at a picnic ground, and Martin had borrowed their salt. He was into acting, just like her, but he was way ahead of her. He already had a room in Long Island City, a steady job waiting tables. He took breathing lessons, he could tap-dance and primal-scream. He wore Obsession by Calvin Klein.

The first time they made love, they were inside Martin's Rambler, and he kept inching their bodies sideways, raising them up, till his left profile was caught in the rearview mirror. "He was just so dedicated," Wesley said. In the morning, she told him she was planning on coming to New York, the Big Apple. Which was kind of a lie in a way, the thought just jumped in her head. But Martin did not blink. *Awesome,* he said. *Mi casa es su casa.* So here she was. Only Martin had moved to Marblehead.

"What's that phrase? Something horny dilemma?" Wesley asked. She couldn't go crawling home, that wasn't her way. "I was brought up to be a Marine," she said. But even Marines could get hungry, feel lost. She'd spent the past two nights in Penn Station, getting hustled from bench to bench; she still had a $10 bill tucked in her shoe, but that was her suicide fund. So what to do? "I started to cry," she said. "Well, not cry. Sort of sniffle." And Smiling George happened by.

It was unreal. Just when she was fresh out of hope, she heard this man's voice crying *Jennifer! Jenny! Jenny Feffer!* A white hand grasped her bare arm, and she smelled Obsession by Calvin Klein. But when she turned, the man was old, maybe 50, and looked close to tears. "You're not my daughter," he said.

HE MADE IT SOUND LIKE HER fault. People always did. Maybe it was her aura, maybe just her red hair. She'd had a friend in high school, Marianne Tibbs, who was kind of a mystic, and Marianne told her once that all redheads were fated to burn, consumed by their own flame. Elemental fire, they symbolized witchcraft, the forbidden unknown. "The siren's song. Irresistible, yet deadly," Marianne had said. But Wesley did not feel like a witch. She felt like a miscalculation. "Somebody that should have been somebody else," she said. A boy or some nice girl, a lush tan blonde, a cool mysterious brunette. Anything but this carrot-topped white thing, all arms and legs and an ass as flat as Kansas, who was not this man's daughter, never would be.

At Broadway and 44th, the man kept walking round her in slow circles, inspecting her from every angle, checking and rechecking. "I can't understand it," he said. He hadn't been gone a moment. He had popped into La Primadora for one fat cigar, and when he came out, Jennifer had simply vanished, gone up in smoke. She was sixteen, just a child. If she fell among thieves, she wouldn't have a prayer. "I am beside myself," the man said.

Wesley looked in his face; it was the saddest face out. Every part of it drooped, the eyes, the ears and jowls, the long hook snout. It put her in mind of a beagle she found once. The beagle's name was Trigger, and it had been abused. "I'm sorry," she said.

"You're not to blame," said the man.

That was nice of him to say; but Wesley didn't believe him. His look was full of hurt, a wordless accusation, and it made her feel so guilty, so rotten deep inside. "I'm sorry," she kept on saying. "Sorry, sorry, sorry." Still he stood and drooped; he would not disappear. "My only daughter," he said.

"Yes," said Wesley, and surrendered. "Yes, I will, yes."

His office was a darkened room beyond Eighth Avenue, where Hell's Kitchen used to be. The doorman wore a green cap trimmed with gold braid, and when he saw them coming, he clicked his heels, he winked. "How's Smiling George?" the doorman asked.

"I am beside myself," said George.

He was a movie producer. Though he was just George to his friends, his professional name was Federico Fellini. "That's the game you have to play. In this business you'd better be Italian or some Jew, or you're dead in the water," he explained. He shook his head, flapped his jowls. "It's sick, but what can you do?" he said. "This is a sick, sick world."

Posters of his old films covered the office walls. Wesley could not remember the exact names—they were all in a foreign language—but George said they had been megahits. "Blockbusters. Global monsters," he said. Still he was not satisfied. True artists never were. He had a new project in the works, guaranteed to tear the roof off the sucker. It was not a total package yet. It didn't even have a title. But every detail was clear in his head. Plot, dialogue, publicity angle: "I even got the advertising slogan. 'You've Seen the Rest, Now Catch the Best,' " George said. Only the casting remained. "The lead actress," he said. "A movie like this, it could be *Gone With the Wind* or it could be *Blood Sucking Freaks.* It all depends on the star."

The way he explained it, the role required a unique gift. "A Hollywood actress couldn't cut it. She'd be too jaded, too shopworn," said George. What he was looking for was freshness. "An incandescence," he said.

The word was not familiar. Wesley was too shy to say so out loud, but George just seemed to sense it. "*Incandescence,*" he explained, "an inner heat, banked fires, just waiting to ignite. A raw sensual flame like paint stripper, all it takes is one stray match and every red-blooded male in America goes down with scorched eyeballs."

Smiling George had been seeking that look for years. Perhaps the vision he sought did not exist, perhaps it was just a mirage. "An impossible dream," he said. But he could not help himself. "It is my Holy Grail," he said. "The artist's eternal quest for the divine."

As he talked, he paced his office floor, chain-smoking. Windows black with grime blocked out the light; there seemed no air to breathe. "Smoldering. Sizzling. Simmering. Seething," said George, his face growing longer and more doglike with each adjective. "Sexsational," he said. "Like you."

**WESLEY**

had been the March Hare in 'Alice.' That was in the eighth grade, and her stagecraft had grown rusty.

ON BROADWAY

WESLEY WAS SUNK IN AN armchair, so deep and soft it felt like squatting in quicksand. Right above her was a hooded standard lamp. When George hit the switch, the glare blinded her. "Like you could be," he said. "If only you'd dare to try."

She was not naïve. She watched TV like anyone else, so she knew about movie producers. They were not to be trusted. They took young girls' hearts and threw them away like broken toys. But the light in her eyes paralyzed her. "Sexsational," George kept saying. She felt him moving somewhere above her, but she could not see. "Raw sensual flame," he said.

Telling it now, she felt foolish. A stray fleck of ketchup clung to the corner of her mouth; she buried herself in ice-cream sundae. "I was not born yesterday, if that's what you think. I've been around the block," she said. Two bright-red spots like pinlights burned on either cheek. "I just felt I had no choice," she said. "No say."

When Smiling George switched the light back off and she could focus again, the first thing she saw was the wall full of old movie posters. One of them showed a blonde with big breasts in a skintight dress, sort of crawling on all fours like an animal, a jungle beast of prey. *La Dolce Vita,* the poster read. "One of my biggest," said George.

By some bizarre coincidence, there was a similar scene in his next film. If Wesley liked, they could run it through. "Let's see how you take direction," said George. But now he seemed not to care. Suddenly, it felt as if Wesley was canvassing *him.* "Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a shot, see how the cookie crumbles," he said. "What have I got to lose?"

Riffling through his shooting script, he pinned down the scene in question. It called for Wesley to take off her clothes, climb up on the office desk, and, crouching on all fours, bark like a dog. But not just any dog. "A pedigree poodle," said Smiling George. "Miniature. Female. French."

Wesley was not properly prepared. Her only previous speaking part had been the March Hare in *Alice in Wonderland.* That had been in the eighth grade, and her stagecraft had grown rusty.

When she started to undress, she seemed all thumbs. There was a vase full of plastic wildflowers on the desk. Crawling up, she knocked it over, sent the flowers flying. Stale smoke and dust choked her lungs, brought on a coughing fit. "But I did not freeze," she said. As Smiling George directed, she took up her position, awaited her cue. Then she shut her eyes tight, and she barked till she was hoarse.

THE TAKE SEEMED TO GO ON FOREVER. In the darkness behind her, she could feel George watching her, judging. But he did not reach out to touch; he never made a move. At the end of forever, he just clapped his hands once. "Cut," he said. Wesley climbed down again, began to put on her clothes. Smiling George was standing by the window, still watching her, black on black, but he did not say what he thought; he did not say anything.

"Imagine," Wesley said. There she'd been, bent double, pulling up her new pink tights by L'eggs, and somehow the tights had got snarled, twisted tight in a knot. So she'd knelt down to unravel them; she bowed her head. And when she looked up, George was standing right above her.

Up close, the smell of Obsession by Calvin Klein was so strong, it made her eyes sting and water. George's hand fell on her shoulder, it felt cold and rigid like wax. "You want to be somebody in this business? A serious actress?" he asked. She did not reply, just nodded her head. Her tights were ripped at the gusset. "You want to be a superstar?" said George.

"Yes. I will. Yes."

"Then you better learn Rule One."

Fatherly, he cupped her chin in his hand, raised her up. "When the director says French poodle," said Smiling George, "don't give him a damn Pekingese."

She had felt just dreadful then. She'd thought that she was a total failure. But George must have seen something in her, *raw sensual flame,* after all. He had promised her a second chance, a proper screen test: "With cameras and everything," Wesley said. On the strength of that, she had saved $3.30 by missing dinner, $2.45 from lunch, and spent it on fresh makeup, a sachet of coconut-oil conditioner.

"He promised," Wesley said. The last lick of sundae had been consumed; the tabletop was piled high with debris. "I wouldn't treat a dog like that," she said. Then she heard what she had said. Her face split and crumpled, she looked about to bawl, but she got the giggles instead. "Smoldering. Sizzling. Simmering. Seething," she said. Among the ruins of her meals lay plastic packets of mustard and tomato ketchup. Grabbing up a fistful at random, she scrunched them tight. Red and yellow glop squirted over her hand, ran together. "Sexsational," said Wesley. "Like me." ▬

# A THEORY

## Could it be that the Palm Beach sa
## that later felt like rape t

GOING PUBLIC: BOWMAN ON *PRIMETIME LIVE.*

Photoreporters

THERE IS SOMETHING INcurably randy about Florida. The state's own tourism advertising presents it as little more than one long expanse of scalding sand, turquoise water, sweat-beaded bodies, and ruby-red grapefruit, a place where lurid tropical drinks are sucked through striped straws and tanned blondes in white thong bikinis strut past men who slap their jaws in disbelief at the parade of flesh. Almost everyone in Florida is randy, "lustful, eager for sexual gratification," and almost all who go there—vacationing Toyota dealers, liver-spotted codgers pedaling their oversize tricycles along the canals, undergraduates on spring break, even Pee-wee Herman—become randier than they were before they arrived.

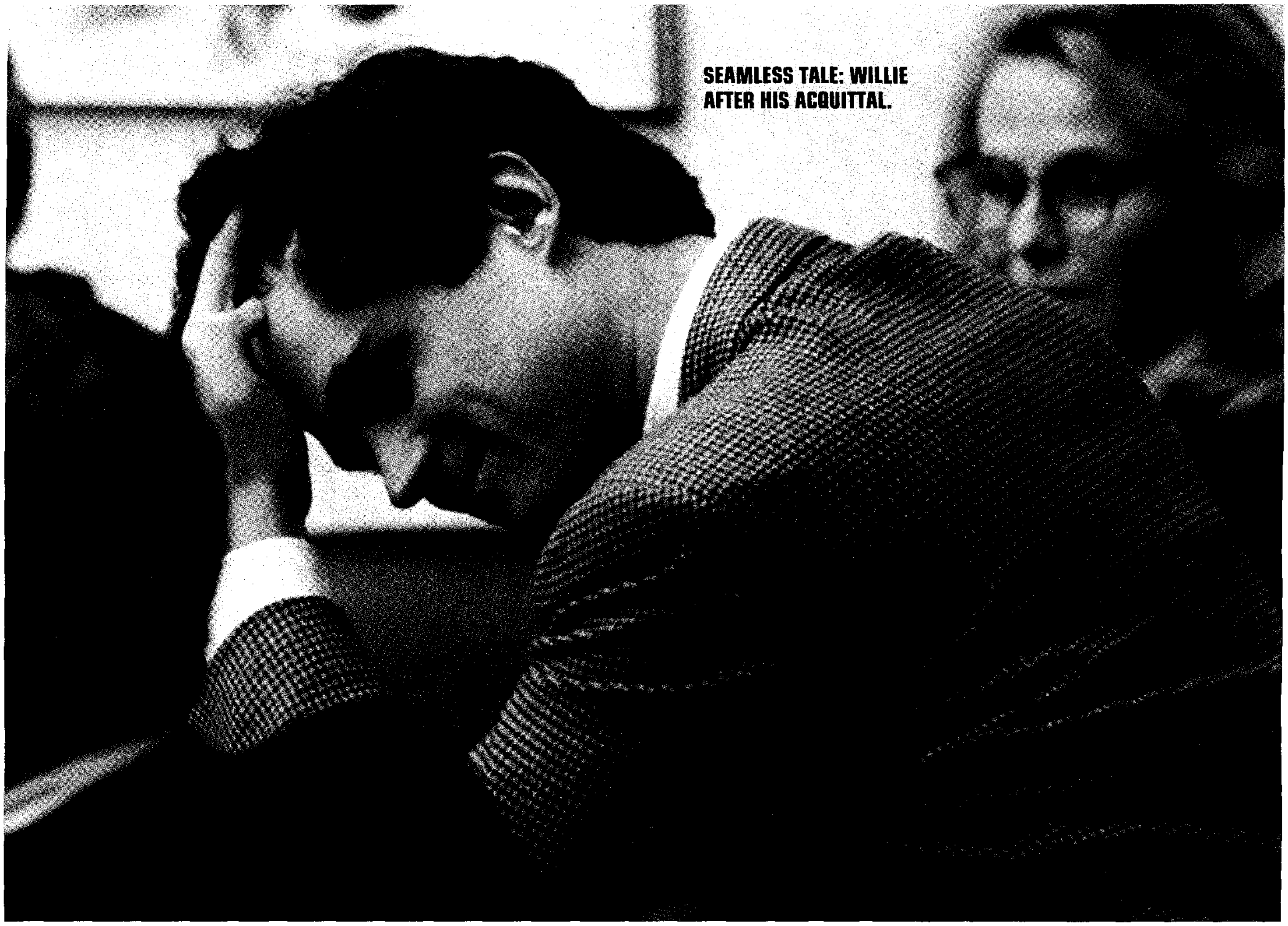
It is no coincidence that Florida is the state with topless car washers. Different kinds of odd topless operations open there all the time. As a matter of fact, during the final week of the William Kennedy Smith trial, a topless coffee shop opened in Lake Worth, a few miles south of Palm Beach, so randy guys on their way to work could stop in for a cruller and an early-morning ogle.

Also that week, only a few miles farther to the south, Kathy Willets was preparing for her appearance on the *Donahue* show, which took place the very day after the verdict in the Smith trial. Willets had been invited by the show to explain how the drug Prozac had so enhanced her libido that she needed seven or eight sexual encounters a day and how, to satisfy this overwhelming urge for sexual release, she opened a prostitution service, copulating with various men in her bedroom while her husband secretly watched—and sometimes taped—these performances from the closet.

# F THE CASE

## as just another randy Florida evening
## ty Bowman?

## By John Taylor



SEAMLESS TALE: WILLIE AFTER HIS ACQUITTAL.

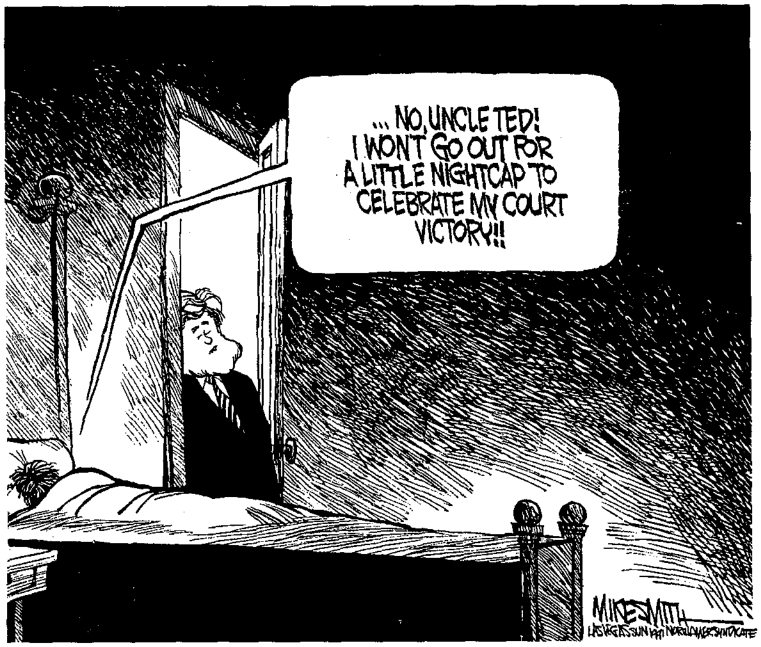
Photoreporters

Florida is just a randy place. It infects everyone, or almost everyone. Moira Lasch, the prosecutor in the Smith trial, is one of the few people in Palm Beach County who seem utterly untouched by Florida's unique brand of randiness and who seem to find randiness in others not just repugnant but flat-out inconceivable. During her cross-examination of Smith, she repeatedly and sarcastically reiterated her disbelief that a woman would be willing to have sex with a man less than two hours after she met him. "We're all amazed at your animal magnetism," she told Smith. "We're captivated that on that night, you danced, she rubbed against you, and you kissed—all in an hour."

Lasch came back to this theme in her closing argument. "These two people were only together at Au Bar an hour, an hour and a half—this isn't date rape; this is stranger rape," she said. "If he tries to tell you that this woman rubbed up against him and relentlessly pursued him in the bar, only to find out she's not using birth control, is that really believable?"

To the jurors it was. They agreed with Smith's attorney, Roy Black, who asked during his closing argument, "In spring break in Florida, is it preposterous that a male and a female would get together a couple of hours after meeting each other?" Indeed, the jurors' decision was so emphatic, so unequivocal, and so quick that they appeared not to have deliberated at all. And according to Lea Haller, a cosmetics executive and jury member who seemed to wear her hair in a different style every day, they didn't. "Everyone was pretty much in agreement all the way along," she told a local reporter after the verdict came in.

There was a feeling that if the jurors had at least faked it for a little while longer, ordered in dinner, pretended to deliberate, their verdict would not have been such an embarrassing loss of face for the prosecution. The swiftness with which they reached their conclusions supported the contention of people in Palm Beach County who had been saying, even before the trial began, that the case should never have come to court. In the view of many who had waded through the more than 3,000 pages of police statements and depositions, the story of Patricia Bowman, as we all now can call her after her less than overwhelming appearance on *PrimeTime Live,* simply didn't hold up.


... NO, UNCLE TED! I WON'T GO OUT FOR A LITTLE NIGHTCAP TO CELEBRATE MY COURT VICTORY!!
MIKE SMITH
LAS VEGAS SUN NORTH AMERICA SYNDICATE

**FAMILY: THERE WAS AN EVER-CHANGING LINEUP OF KENNEDYS.**

Part of the problem had to do with the generally randy circumstances under which people hook up late at night in Palm Beach haunts like Au Bar. Then there was the question of Bowman's reputation and credibility. To the people who had followed the case, those subjects, while quite properly ruled inadmissible at trial, focused attention on the discrepancies in her story: the panty hose in the Mazda, the screaming no one had heard, the unstained and untorn Ann Taylor dress, the fact that though she had said she felt dirty and disgusted, she didn't wash after the alleged rape. And then there was what could be called the theory of anatomical impossibility.

According to this theory, it was anatomically impossible for the rape to have occurred as Patricia Bowman described it. As she told her story, Willie Smith was simultaneously holding her left hand with his right hand, crushing her right arm against her chest with his chest, and pushing up her dress and pulling aside her panties and inserting his partially erect penis into her vagina with his left hand. That meant Smith would simultaneously have had to press down with his chest and thrust upward with his hips, and this was said to be "anatomically impossible."

Jack Cole, the popular talk-show host on WJNO, an area radio station, was the biggest proponent of the theory of anatomical impossibility. At his encouragement, listening couples tried to reenact the position at home, and they reported during call-ins that Cole was right. It just could not be done.

Roy Black clearly should have made more of the theory of anatomical impossibility. Given everything else that went on at the trial, it could hardly have been considered unseemly. And it would have provided yet another opportunity to bring in expensive expert witnesses. After all, Black had hired "co-eds," as Moira Lasch insisted on calling them, to duplicate the screams Patty Bowman claimed she emitted. Black could just as easily have hired "co-eds" to try to reproduce the sexual position Bowman had described. He was paying other expert witnesses up to $300 an hour to perform various experiments and testify about them, experts whose ability to come to the conclusions the lawyers hoped they would reach prompted at least one published comparison to prostitution. Black would certainly have had no trouble finding Kathy Willets–type volunteers to prove the theory of anatomical impossibility.

QUITE A FEW OF THE people who followed the entire case found it equally difficult to buy Willie Smith's account of the events of that night. His story, they thought, was suspiciously seamless. It explained everything (except Bowman's bruises). It explained the sand and Bermuda grass and semen stains in her underwear. It explained the lack of abrasions on her hands. It even provided her, through its scorned-woman scenario, with a motive for making false accusations.

"It's as if somebody knew every bit of available testimony, every scrap of physical evidence, every little gap and flaw in the state's case and then sat down and guided Smith through this maze of fractured remembrances on that full-mooned evening," wrote Frank Cerabino, a columnist for the Palm Beach *Post* and a leading skeptic of the Smith narrative. "Maybe it all fits because he's telling the truth. Then again, maybe it fits because Smith had eight months to fashion this story and color it with those little details that were presented to the jury as part of his portrait of innocence."

But to make this argument is to impeach Smith on the grounds of his credibility, to say he can't be believed precisely because he's so believable. And if Smith did indeed invent his story, he violated the cardinal rule of lying, which is that the lie should always resemble the truth as closely as possible, since every unnecessary elaboration merely provides another opportunity for the liar to be contradicted and caught. If Smith were going to invent a story about what happened that night, he would greatly reduce his vulnerability during cross-examination if his story deviated as little as possible from Patricia Bowman's story.

**Willie seemed to want t**

Instead, Smith's story contained a detailed account of a sexual episode on the beach that was entirely missing from Bowman's testimony. If he was lying, why would he complicate his story with these unnecessary details? The only reason is that his explanation—the second-ejaculation explanation—restored the myth of Kennedyesque virility that had been so seriously damaged by Bowman's description of a partial erection. That, it could be argued, was a sufficient motive for a Kennedy to lie, and, if his story was a fabrication, the account of the second ejaculation ranks among its crowning achievements. Smith's version of events transformed him from someone of questionable virility to someone of superhuman virility—at least in the eyes of Moira Lasch, who acted as if the proposition that a 31-year-old man could have two ejaculations within half an hour was utterly fantastic. "What are you, some kind of sex machine here?" she asked Smith during cross-examination. "Do you think this is a real believable story here?"

The question was left hanging in the air. Again, it was hard to understand why the defense hadn't hired experts to testify to the validity of the second-ejaculation explanation. It would have been a logical extension of their strategy if Kathy Willets, or someone like her, had conducted an experiment and then told the jury that, based on her wide experience, a second ejaculation on the night of March 30, 1991, was possible "within a reasonable degree of scientific certainty," to use the language with which the opinions of the other experts were elicited.

My own feeling is that neither Bowman nor Smith accurately described what hap-

Illustration by Mike Smith/Las Vegas Sun 1991 North America Syndicate. Reprinted with special permission of N.A.S.

pened that night. That does not mean both or either of them was consciously lying. Their stories may well reflect what each of them remembers having happened or what each has subsequently convinced himself or herself happened. My guess is that there was much more drinking than both would admit; that there was fondling and foreplay, which Bowman denied; that there was consensual intercourse, as Smith testified; and that he called Bowman "Cathy." But what I think then happened is that Bowman "snapped" and demanded that Smith stop; he did not. She struggled, which would account for the bruises Smith was at a loss to explain, but only thought she screamed, which was why no one heard her.

Since Smith ejaculated very quickly after that, what they both were left with was a confusing sexual encounter that each was free to interpret as he or she wished. Feminists become enraged at the suggestion that "rape is when a woman changes her mind afterward," but they promote the same idea, though dressing it up in very different language, when they say that the defining condition of rape is the woman's perception of violation. Perceptions are subjective, and they can change, as illustrated by the cases of women who say they now realize that a particular sexual encounter in the past that they did not at the time consider to be rape (say, reluctantly submitting to pressure to have sex at the end of a date) *was* in fact rape.

What would have prompted Bowman to perceive the confusing sexual encounter with Smith as rape was his behavior afterward. If he had shown any affection or consideration, she might have been willing to forget that the final moments or minutes of intercourse had been against her will. But instead, Smith behaved callously, jumping into the pool, then hustling her out of the house without asking her for her phone number or giving her his when she asked. That solidified her perception of violation.

AND IF THAT IS INDEED what happened, it would to some extent parallel the experience of Michele, one of the three women who gave statements—not allowed in evidence—claiming Smith had also assaulted them. Michele alleged that Smith had had sex with her one night while she was catatonically drunk. When they awoke the next morning, she couldn't decide whether to slap him or forgive him. Again, Smith behaved callously, talking to his girlfriend on the phone and then, much as he did with Patty Bowman, hustling Michele out of the house. Michele's perception of the confusing encounter of the previous night might have been shaped by Smith's insensitivity afterward. And that may have been what happened with Bowman.

Even the most vehement critics of the prosecution held to the view that the debacle wasn't entirely the fault of Moira Lasch. The chief culprit, many thought, was David Bludworth, the state attorney for Palm Beach County and Lasch's superior. Jack Cole and others argued that Bludworth, who is up for re-election next year, felt it was politically necessary to take Willie Smith to trial because Bludworth was widely perceived as having botched the investigation into the death of David Anthony Kennedy from a drug overdose in Palm Beach's Brazilian Court Hotel on Easter weekend in 1984. Instead of aggressively investigating the death, it was often said, Bludworth caved in completely to the Kennedys.

According to his critics, Bludworth made the opposite mistake this time; he was overzealous. Bludworth did indeed proceed to charge Smith without a grand-jury investigation, and it is possible but not likely that a grand jury would have dismissed the case. But if that had happened, Bludworth would no doubt have been criticized just as harshly for pandering to the Kennedys by failing to bring Willie to trial as he is now being criticized for pursuing a case he had no chance to win simply because he hoped to reap political capital. Which only proves that since Willie Smith is a Kennedy, Bludworth was in an impossible situation from the beginning.

But though it is true that Moira Lasch was asked to prosecute a weak, perhaps hopelessly weak, case, she herself did make a number of astonishing mistakes. For example, only at the very end of the

**estore the damaged myth of Kennedyesque virility.**

**FLORIDA LIBIDO: KATHY WILLETS—WITH HUSBAND—SAID SHE NEEDED SEVERAL SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS A DAY.**

ASTONISHING MISTAKES: PROSECUTOR LASCH ALMOST PROVOKED A MISTRIAL.

state's case did Lasch ask the judge if she could call an expert witness to testify about the general effects of rape on women, such as confusion, disorientation, selective memory loss. It could have been a critical piece of testimony. A rape expert could have generated sympathy for Bowman by detailing the brutal effects of rape and at the same time explained how such trauma could be responsible for the inconsistencies in her statements. Oddly enough, Lasch told the judge that she had decided to call a rape expert only after the witness list given her by the defense made her realize that Black's team would try to attack Bowman's credibility.

The defense quickly objected on the grounds that they had not been given sufficient time to conduct discovery in order to cross-examine and rebut the rape expert. Lupo sided with the defense and then clearly indicated her amazement that it had occurred to Lasch only two weeks before the trial began that Black's team would try to impeach Bowman's credibility. As with the majority of date-rape cases, Lupo told the court, "it was obvious to any layperson that credibility was the issue from the beginning." She added that "whether the failure to anticipate this is negligence is not for the court to decide."

**The judge called the media corps a "barracuda**

Then, after the state rested and the defense began its case, Lasch, apparently recognizing that her chances of a conviction were dwindling by the minute, launched into a series of questions during her cross-examination of Willie Smith about whether Kennedy-family members and friends would lie to protect him. The questions, concerning subjects previously ruled inadmissible, seemed to be asked with such calculated awareness of that fact that Lupo thought Lasch might be deliberately trying to produce a mistrial. "It's difficult for me to believe you are not acting intentionally," Lupo admonished Lasch in open court after sending the jury out of the room. "If you ask one more question along these lines, you will not get away with it."

JUDGE LUPO ENFORCED AN iron discipline throughout the proceedings. A slight woman whose spanieled raven hair and pleated black gown framed a long, pale, expressive face, she began each day's session at eight-thirty in the morning (except on Sunday, when she started after lunch) and ran until six, even if that meant bringing in new witnesses with only minutes left. No one who left the courtroom was allowed to return. Before the verdict was announced, Lupo declared that anyone who displayed any emotion, whether booing or cheering, would be cited for contempt. She was unfailingly self-disciplined herself; her one eccentricity was to drink large quantities of water. Samuel Celaya, an alternate juror, later told a reporter that the jurors had discussed the judge's thirst: "One juror said she must have a commode under there."

The judge was particularly disparaging of the press. During the first days of jury selection, she had a video camera mounted on a third-floor window of the courthouse and trained on the crowd of photographers waiting outside to monitor their behavior. She called some of them "unscrupulous" and referred to the entire media body as a "barracuda." She became particularly irritated with Spencer Reiss, the Miami-bureau chief of *Newsweek*, on whom she inflicted a special indignity. Reiss, a tall, rangy man who dresses in rumpled clothes, wears canvas shoes with no socks, and has a manner that is at once sarcastic and excitable, was in the courtroom during the testimony of Dr. Raphael Good, a gynecologist and psychiatrist brought in by the defense to explain that Bowman could not have been raped if, as she claimed, Willie Smith had been only partially erect.

At the urging of defense lawyer Mark Seiden, Good launched into a strange lecture on sex, comparing the labia to a "set of swinging-door shutters" and saying of intercourse, "It's like trying to put a thread through a needle. As you know from common experience, you wet the end and twist it a little." Extending the analogy to a woman's resistance during rape, he said, "If the needle is jiggling around a little bit, if you will, it is very, very difficult."

Reiss began to grin during this disquisition. Judge Lupo gave him a warning stare. Reiss responded by widening his eyes and clamping his hand over his mouth in mock horror. At that, the judge passed a note to one of the marshals, and Reiss was summarily ejected from the courtroom. "It was, in my opinion, a juvenile response to the testimony," the judge told the court a short while later, when the jury had stepped outside so the lawyers could argue a legal point.

Lupo was afraid that Reiss's reaction would influence the jury, since, although Dr. Good's testimony had its amusing side, the issues and the stakes in the trial were extremely serious. The jury remained uninfluenced, however, just as it seemed uninfluenced by the changing lineup of Kennedy-family members and friends who paraded into the courtroom each day and sat with their famous or at least recognizable faces behind the defendant.

The most shameless of these attempts to pander to the jurors, half of whom were Catholic, came on the last day of the trial, when a pudgy young seminarian who was a friend of the family's showed up in his clerical collar and took a seat immediately in back of Willie, as if, at any moment, he might reach out and make the sign of the cross above his head. The presence of the seminarian led to the joke that all that was left for the Kennedys to do now was to wheel in matriarch Rose.

That proved unnecessary. The jury was simply unable to overcome the doubts raised by the gaps in Bowman's anguished narrative of sexual assault. Willie Smith's story—of another randy Florida evening that ended, as they often do, in misunderstanding—was scarcely more believable. But in the end, there was insufficient evidence to prove that what he said had happened had not. ■

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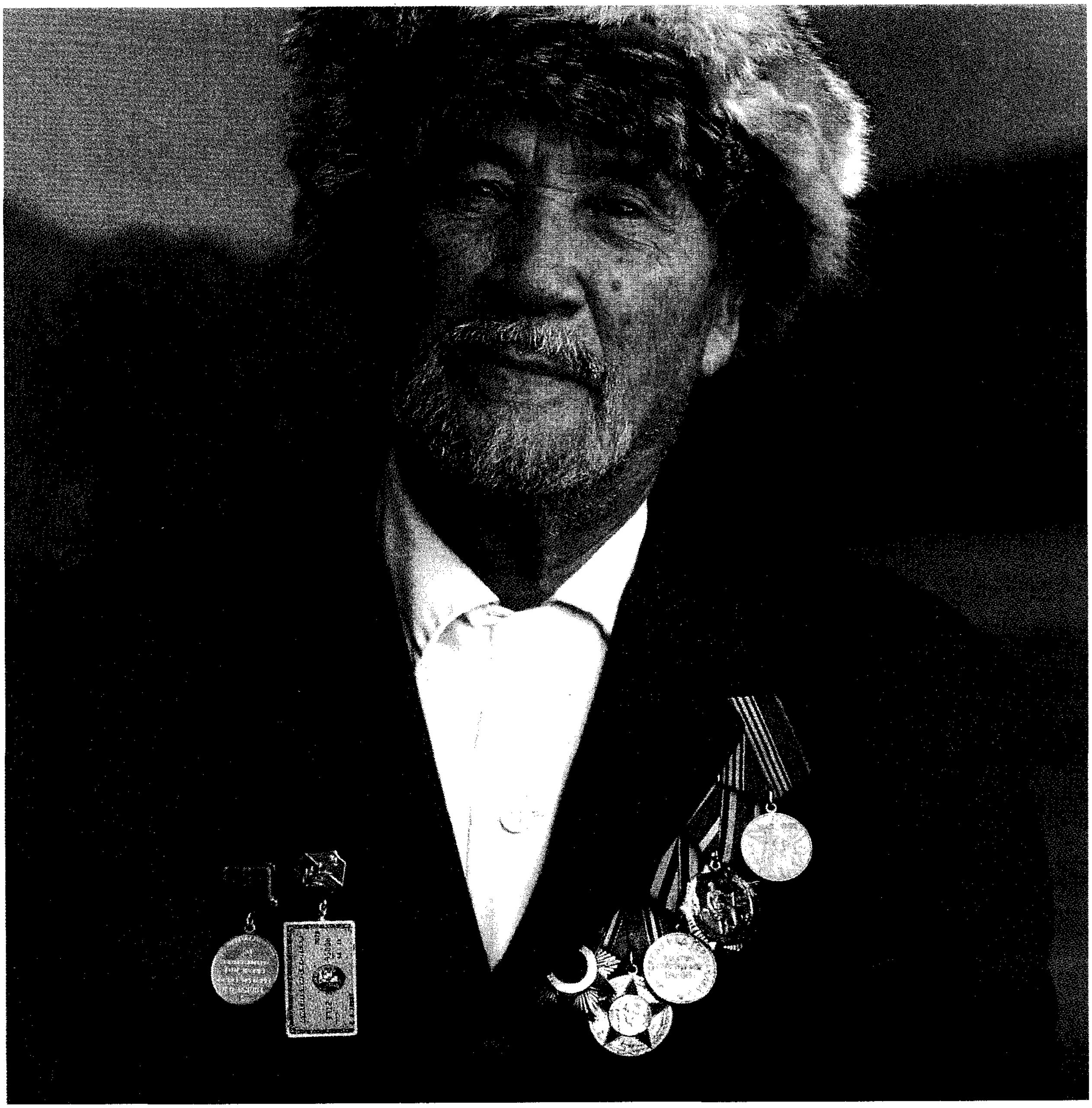

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# *The* HAPPY HAWKER

## *Tyro Publisher Steven Schragis's Genius for Promoting Schlock*

### *By Dinitia Smith*

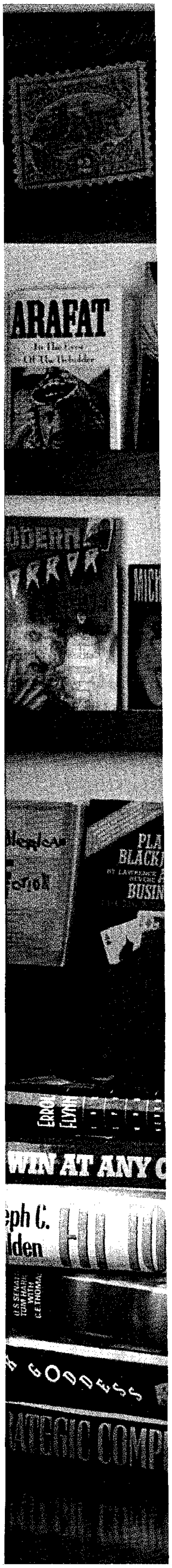
"I wouldn't know good literary fiction if it hit me over the head," publisher Steven Schragis says. "But if you said, 'Who can sing the theme song to *The Brady Bunch* and *Gilligan's Island*?,' *there* I might come in *very* high!" Schragis looks at me ingenuously, bits of light sparking off his glasses, a little smile on his round face. Is he going to start singing? I wonder. Now? I wait. There is a moment of silence. We are sitting at the rosewood conference table in Schragis's office at the Carol Publishing Group. Like so many of Schragis's business arrangements, the lease on the office has been guaranteed by his family's company, Carol Management, a privately held hotel-and-real-estate-firm. The family is listed in the *Forbes* 400 as being worth $400 million.

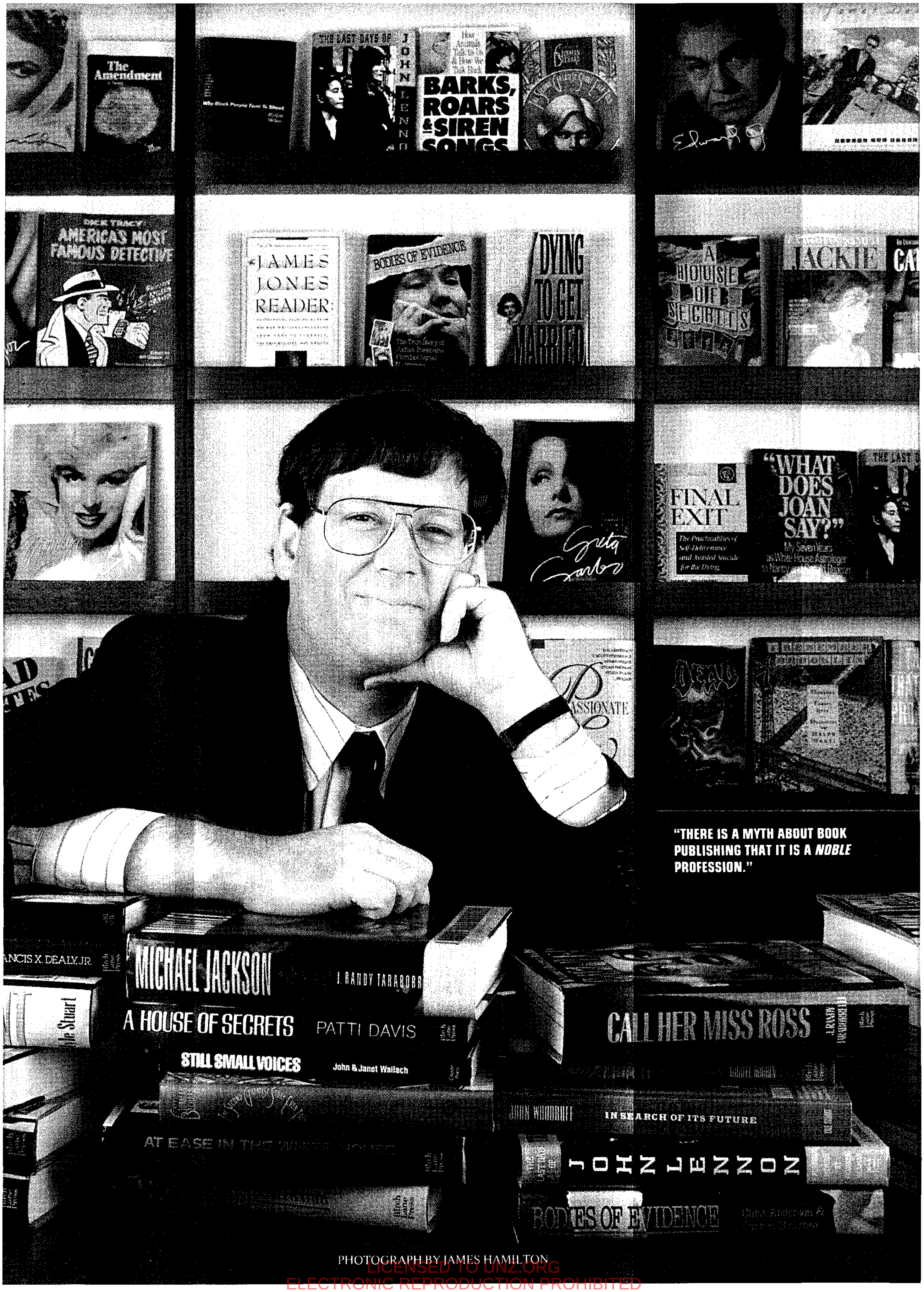
Depending on who you are, Steven Schragis is an innovative new publisher, a master public-relations man who knows how to position books so the press will write about them; or he is some kind of publishing Antichrist, the publisher with more press agents than editors in the house, the man who, it seems, will publish almost anything, as long as it will sell.

In 1989, Schragis borrowed money from his parents, his aunt Anita Roe, and Carol Management to buy the Lyle Stuart publishing company for $12 million, and renamed it Carol Publishing, after his mother. Since then, he has published, under the Lyle Stuart imprint and his new imprint, Birch Lane Press, a series of controversial—and sometimes awful—books such as C. David Heymann's *A Woman Named Jackie* (No. 1 on the New York *Times* nonfiction best-seller list in 1989), *Call Her Miss Ross: The Unauthorized Biography of Diana Ross*, by J. Randy Taraborrelli, in 1989, and *Michael Jackson: The Magic and the Madness*, also by Taraborrelli, in 1991.

This year, Schragis was the distributor—he is often, mistakenly, called the publisher—of the book *Final Exit*, a detailed guide on how to kill yourself. "Should you use a clear plastic bag or an opaque one? That's a matter of taste," author Derek Humphry writes in the jolly tone that permeates the book.

Schragis also puts out "plenty of books




The Amendment
THE LAST DAYS OF JOHN LENNON
BARKS, ROARS & SIREN SONGS
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVE
JAMES JONES READER
BODIES OF EVIDENCE
DYING TO GET MARRIED
A HOUSE OF SECRETS
JACKIE
FINAL EXIT
"WHAT DOES JOAN SAY?"
Greta Garbo
MICHAEL JACKSON
J. RANDY TARABORRELLI
A HOUSE OF SECRETS
PATTI DAVIS
STILL SMALL VOICES
John & Janet Wallach
CALL HER MISS ROSS
IN SEARCH OF ITS FUTURE
AT EASE IN THE WHITE HOUSE
JOHN LENNON
BODIES OF EVIDENCE

"THERE IS A MYTH ABOUT BOOK PUBLISHING THAT IT IS A *NOBLE* PROFESSION."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HAMILTON

The HAPPY HAWKER

that could have been published by *anyone*, even upscale books," he says. He cites *Out of the Shadows*, a picture book on Jewish life in Central Europe since the Holocaust, and *The Death & Life of Sylvia Plath.* For years, too, Lyle Stuart has published the books of Kahlil Gibran, "important philosophical works," says Schragis. "But only a small percentage get all the attention and generate publicity."

By publishing books that are sure to get press attention, and paying relatively low advances for them, Schragis has been widely regarded in the publishing industry as a success in hard times. He says he has increased Carol Publishing's revenues from $4- or $5 million in 1988 to about $21 million in 1991. But just how much Schragis is really making isn't clear. His expenses have also increased—to about $20 million, up from about $3- or $4 million, he says. And last year, just as the *Times* printed a story with the headline PUBLICITY OBSESSION PAYS OFF FOR SUICIDE-BOOK PUBLISHER, Schragis was forcing his workers to take a 5 percent pay cut. Some workers protested, and the cuts have been restored. "We've done well, but it gets overstated," says Schragis.

Scratch most publishers and there's an idealist underneath—most at least *say* they love good writing, the *feel* of a well-published book. But Schragis is unique for his outspoken—and almost determined—*absence* of ideals. For Schragis, who comes from the real-estate business, books seem to be commodities like rental apartments that can be converted into co-ops. "There is a myth, or an aura, about book publishing that it is a *noble* profession, an honorable and distinguished thing," says Schragis. "The fact is, it's part of the entertainment business."

HARD SELL

*"When we consider book proposals, we don't ask, 'Is it a wonderful book?,' " says Schragis, "but 'Will journalists write about it?' "*

And what might make another publisher recoil in horror from an author—the fact that the author has a track record of potentially catastrophic factual errors, like C. David Heymann, whose previous book, *Poor Little Rich Girl: The Life and Legend of Barbara Hutton,* was subject to one of the biggest recalls in publishing history; or that a writer might have *stolen* some of his material or violated a confidentiality agreement, like Frederic Seaman, the author of *The Last Days of John Lennon*, who pleaded guilty to grand larceny after filching Lennon's diaries; or the fact that a book might actually cause a person's death, as in *Final Exit*—Schragis just sees as an opportunity for publicity.

Henry James once wrote that "publicity [is] the vital medium" of American life. And Schragis has proven he has a near genius for it. "When we sit down to consider book proposals, we don't ask, 'Is it a wonderful book?,' " says Schragis, "but rather, 'Will journalists write about it?' It's sad that publishing's coming to this," he says, looking a bit sad. Sometimes Schragis doesn't even completely trust his editorial board, which includes Hillel Black, former publisher of Macmillan, to make the decisions. Most of his music books, for instance, are judged by Suzanne Brogna, the 22-year-old baby-sitter for his children. It was she who suggested the title for his book *Madonna Revealed* (by Douglas Thompson, published in October).

In fact, Schragis may be the wave of the future in publishing, aiming his books toward a more youthful audience and shrieking for attention in a crowded and difficult market. "We are suffering from a delicate economy," says Stuart Applebaum, senior vice-president and director of public relations for the Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, who is regarded as one of the best "spin doctors" in the business. "People are more selective and need to be motivated to buy books. The hardcover books that have taken off recently have all been publicity-driven books—Katharine Hepburn's *Me,* Oliver North's *Under Fire,* Susan Faludi's *Backlash.*"

"THE LAST BOOK EVERYBODY wanted to know about was a month ago, with the Madonna book," Schragis says to me. "It's embarrassing to say it's been a whole month since everybody wanted to talk to me. Your presence here is the opportunity of a lifetime."

There is a little-boy quality about Schragis, 35, almost a kind of innocence. He smiles at me shyly, his hair hanging in little tufts on his collar. He's a bit rumpled. The voice is soft.

Unlike most CEOs of publishing companies, Schragis courts journalists personally. "I can't tear myself away from it," Schragis says. Indeed, almost as soon as Schragis bought Lyle Stuart, he began inviting writers to lunch at his family's restaurant, Time and Again, in the Doral Tuscany. At the end of each lunch, a cake would appear with a marzipan top in the form of a reporter's publication and byline. Edwin McDowell of the New York *Times* was one who found his byline in boldface. Liz Smith got not only her byline but a facsimile of her column, complete with three-dot breaks. When Meg Cox, publishing correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal,* got a cake, she was offended. "It was embarrassing and turned me off," she told the New York *Times.* And she adds now, "He came on like gangbusters. He bugged me all the time."

"I don't do the cake anymore because Meg Cox seemed so insulted by it," Schragis says.

But there is a method to Schragis's antics. In the past three years, he has created one of the most efficient publicity departments in publishing. He was the first publisher to make a video catalogue of his authors so television producers could see what they looked like. He was also the first publisher ever to place a major item about a book on *Entertainment Tonight.* Traditionally, publishers have gone to the *Today* show first, but, says Schragis, "the *Today*-show audience is groggy. We go to *ET* before the *Today* show *always.*"

Schragis now spends about $2-million a year for promotion. Advertising costs are going up, and in the end, publicity is cheaper. Anyway, Schragis says, "most book advertising is a waste of money. In general, you wonder why people are spending money for advertising. I think the public is conditioned not to believe in advertising. They *do* believe journalists, however."

In many ways, Schragis is simply extending a tradition in publishing begun by Jacqueline Susann. Before Susann published *Valley of the Dolls* in 1966, book publicity was perceived as women's work. "Publicity was a frivolous duty," says Applebaum. "Women were perceived as better at social teas and book-review palaver." But when Susann went on the talk-show circuit, on Johnny Carson and *game* shows, and made a huge success of a mediocre product, publishers began to take publicity more seriously.

In the past five years, there has been a proliferation of gossip columns in newspapers and magazine-format shows like *Inside Edition, A Current Affair,* and *Hard*

FOREWORD BY
BETTY ROLLIN
FINAL EXIT
The Practicalities of Self-Deliverance and Assisted Suicide for the Dying
DEREK HUMPHRY
A WOMAN NAMED JACKIE
MADONNA REVEALED
THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY
DOUGLAS THOMPSON
MICHAEL JACKSON
The Magic and the Madness

**SCHRAGIS'S HIGH-PROFILE BOOKS.**

*"There's not a publisher who doesn't respect how* Final Exit *got across," says a rival. "It's folklore."*

*Copy*. Schragis is an avid consumer of mass media—he reads the *National Enquirer* regularly. He understands instinctively that these outlets need material and that they can drive a book to success. "Steve is the only CEO who pays as much attention as I do to TV sweeps periods," says Applebaum.

"He appears to be as excellent a publicist as any who practice it full-time," Applebaum adds. "He can lobby with the best of them. There's not a publisher who doesn't respect how *Final Exit* got across. It's part of modern publishing folklore."

THE LEGEND GOES LIKE THIS. IN 1988, Schragis and his wife, Donna, discovered that their unborn child was hopelessly brain-damaged and unlikely to survive. Nonetheless, doctors told them that when the child was born, they would be bound by law to keep it alive by all means possible. Schragis and his wife didn't want their child to be hooked up to a machine, and went abroad to deliver the baby, which was born dead. The experience provided Schragis with one of the driving ideals of his life. "People should have the right to determine what they do medically with their own bodies," he says. "Doctors should work with them to accommodate *their* wishes, not to thwart their intentions."

Schragis became a supporter of abortion rights and joined the Hemlock Society, the organization in Eugene, Oregon that helps people commit suicide. In the spring of 1990, Schragis called the society's president, Derek Humphry, and suggested that Carol distribute the Hemlock Society books. Humphry had a new book ready, *Final Exit,* more explicit than any he had ever written before. "The book is really creepy," Schragis admits. "It's one thing to talk about the concept of killing yourself; it's another to read a book that says, 'Take this many pills, put a bag over your head.' It was sitting on our bed at home. I showed it to my wife. I considered not doing it. Ultimately, I decided yes. The good this would do for people outweighed the bad."

*Final Exit* was released in April of this year. At first, it sold virtually no copies. Schragis sent out 27 personal letters to journalists and television stations, trying to get them to write about it, but there was almost no coverage. One of the writers Schragis contacted was the *Journal*'s Cox. Schragis also wrote her boss, Norman Pearlstine, the paper's executive editor. Schragis insisted there was a story there—the mere fact that such a book was being published was news. Not only that, but bookstores were carrying it. Also, Schragis added, some stores *weren't* carrying the book. Any of these angles could make a story, Schragis said. "I pitched it three ways," he says now.

Pearlstine suggested to Cox that she look into the story. The result was an article on the front page of the second section of the *Wall Street Journal* on July 12. Suddenly, Schragis was besieged by the media. Television shows that had refused to book Humphry were begging Schragis for him. "Because the *Wall Street Journal* thought it was newsworthy, it *was* newsworthy," says Schragis. "If Norman Pearlstine had been in a bad mood that day, or if it happened during Gorbachev, it's possible the story wouldn't have been written. Society can only get obsessed with one thing at a time."

Then came another piece of luck. *The New York Times Book Review* best-seller list put *Final Exit* in its "Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous" category, where its chief competition was *The Great Waldo Search.* Soon, *Final Exit* was a best-seller. "If it had been on the nonfiction list," says Schragis, "it would have been 5 or 6." So far, the book has sold 550,000 copies and made a profit of about $800,000 to $900,000 for Carol.

STORIES OF HOW SCHRAGIS HAS parlayed the most insignificant books into successes are told throughout the publishing business. Take his Madonna book. Last spring, Schragis got the manuscript, which was going to be published in England. "It was a mediocre book," he says. "I read it on the beach. It was a clip-and-paste job. . . . I can't say you'd be totally proud to say you published it." Nonetheless, he offered Douglas Thompson, the author, a $5,000 advance.

Schragis knew that Simon & Schuster was publishing a book about Madonna, too, called *Madonna: Unauthorized,* by Christopher Andersen. Simon & Schuster had paid $225,000 for its Madonna book. Schragis decided to publish his *Madonna Revealed* first. What followed, says Schragis, "became a classic absurdity for journalists to write about. The fact we had to be first was a way of having fun." Ben Petrone, a publicity director for Carol Publishing, read in Richard Johnson's column in the *Daily News* that Simon & Schuster had moved *its* Madonna book up in order to beat Schragis. So Schragis changed his publishing date.

As the race heated up, according to Schragis, the *Daily News* said the paper would give big play to whichever book reached the paper first. Petrone arranged for *Madonna Revealed* to be sent from the printer straight to the *News.* "The New York *Post* finds out. They don't want to be scooped," says Schragis. "So they ran the excerpt from England. Both papers write about it on the same day. S & S

**SCHRAGIS, RIGHT, AT A *SPY* PARTY WITH KURT ANDERSEN, GRAYDON CARTER, MALCOLM FORBES, AND TOM PHILLIPS.**

goes nuts. They're three days away from publishing the book."

In an effort to beat Carol Publishing, Simon & Schuster began shipping books. As it turned out, *New York* had bought the first serial rights to *Madonna: Unauthorized* from Simon & Schuster. The contract provided that no books would be distributed before *New York*'s excerpt appeared on October 7. Nonetheless, at two o'clock on October 3, delivery trucks full of books began arriving at Shakespeare & Company at 81st Street and Broadway, along with television crews. "Imagine the scene!" says Schragis, his voice becoming excited. "It was like *Dog Day Afternoon*. All hell breaks loose; hundreds of people are gathered. One truck starts unloading *Madonna: Unauthorized*, another *Madonna Revealed*. The TV cameras were taping *other* TV crews taping it."

Soon, newspapers all over the country were writing about the "Madonna Wars." The film critic Janet Maslin wrote a disapproving piece in the New York *Times:* "The fine art of keyhole-peeping is out of control. . . . When it comes to the sleaze factor, maybe we've had enough." But despite Maslin's caustic tone, Schragis was thrilled by her article. "Of the 2 to 300 books we've published in three years, the only book that got attention from Maslin was a book about Madonna. It was a fantastic opportunity for a book."

Schragis's book sold 25,000 copies—"for a book for which we paid this little! The phones were ringing constantly. We had a lot of fun. It was hard for me to believe this silly little manuscript I almost passed on got all this attention." The book made a profit of between $60,000 and $70,000, Schragis says.

IN FACT, THIS FALL WAS ONE OF the best periods of Schragis's career. In October, "in the same week, I was on *ET* talking about the public's insatiable demand for Madonna, and on Geraldo Rivera's *Now It Can Be Told*, saying that we weren't invading Yoko's privacy with the John Lennon book." (Frederic Seaman's *The Last Days of John Lennon* had been turned down by two other publishers who were concerned that it might contain material from the stolen diaries and that Seaman had signed a confidentiality agreement with Lennon and Ono; Schragis says his lawyers carefully vetted the book, and it did not contain any stolen material.) And just before, in September, Schragis had been interviewed on the PBS book show *The Open Mind*, whose host is Richard Heffner, "as upscale as you can get," says Schragis.

Not all of Schragis's publicity strategies pay off. In November 1989, Schragis got a book proposal from Joan Quigley, who had been Nancy Reagan's astrologer in the White House. Schragis gave Quigley a $35,000 advance. Quigley wrote *"What Does Joan Say?"* in three months. "Humpty Dumpty suffered a Uranus loss," Quigley writes in the book about the planet Uranus, "and all the king's horses and men couldn't put Humpty back together ever. This is often true of broken relationships or the sudden unexpected losses that can be caused by adverse Uranus. . . ."

"I shouldn't have rushed it," says Schragis now about the book, which came out on March 15, 1990. "I should have sent a professional writer out there." The Quigley book was a disappointment. Schragis printed more than 100,000 books; sales were about 35,000. "If you know someone who wants 150,000 copies of this book, call me."

Quigley blamed the book's failure on the date of publication. She had insisted that the planets would be in the perfect alignment astrologically on March 1.

"I was really very disappointed," she says. "When I pick my times, everything goes more smoothly." However, Quigley holds no bitterness toward Schragis. "I've also done *his* horoscope," she says. "In 1994–1995, his business will expand greatly. His publishing planets will be in a good position. He's going to be meeting all *sorts* of exciting people."

"I LIKE JOURNALISTS," SCHRAGIS says. "I'm glad I'm not in real estate. I like having access to journalists. The media are all-powerful. My big sister says, 'Who would have thought that my little brother would become a *celebrity*?' "

"Steven has never been as excited about a book as he must be about this article," says Daniel Levy, a former editor at Carol who was fired by Schragis and is now a senior editor at Dell.

Schragis's love of writers is an irony, considering that he comes from a family that has always disliked publicity. The family company, Carol Management, was founded in 1930 by Schragis's grandfather, Alfred Kaskel, who had come to the United States from Russian Poland in the twenties. Kaskel saved his money and was able to buy an apartment building in Brooklyn. He reinvested the profits and rose to prominence in New York real estate in the postwar period—as did Donald Trump's father, Fred, and Sam LeFrak—by securing low-cost government loans to build housing for returning GI's.

At one point, Kaskel owned large tracts of Forest Hills and Rego Park and apartments in Riverdale, Stamford, and Greenwich. "There was a time when I could

Photograph by Marina Garnier.

drive in Queens and see nothing but buildings named after my relatives," Schragis says.

In 1961, Alfred Kaskel built the Doral Country Club on 2,400 acres of swampy land in Miami. The project was known around Miami as "Kaskel's folly," in part because the land was right on the flight pattern for the Miami International Airport. But Kaskel built five golf courses there and a hotel, the Doral Country Club. Over the years, the resort has been the site of the Doral Open Golf tournament (now known as the Doral-Ryder Open).

Steven Schragis's mother, Carol, was the oldest of the Kaskel children, and Alfred named his company after her. When Alfred Kaskel died in 1968, the business was taken over by Carol's younger brother, Howard, now chairman of Carol Management. Carol's husband and Steven's father, Alvin Schragis, the son of a storekeeper from Peekskill, New York, is executive vice-president of the company.

The Kaskels have always been shrewd investors. During the eighties, they rode the co-op-conversion trend, sold most of their rentals, and put the profits into the hotel business. Today, the family owns about 2,000 co-oped and rental apartments in the metropolitan area, and concentrates mostly on the hotel business. In Manhattan, the family owns the Doral Inn, the Doral Court, the Doral Tuscany, the Doral Park Avenue, and a 41-floor skyscraper, 90 Park Avenue. In Miami, the family's properties include the Doral Saturnia Spa, one of the most expensive in the country. They also own office buildings in Miami, Chicago, and Boston. This year, Doral will open a $90-million resort in Telluride, Colorado.

AT 'SPY'

*"He was polite and solicitous," says Graydon Carter, "but I think beneath the surface, he had a boiling desire to run things."*

Steven Schragis was the first grandson in the family, and it was expected he would go into the business. He grew up in New Rochelle and Scarsdale, a shy, plump child who loved television. After graduating from Tufts, he married Donna Keservitz, a doctor's daughter from Lexington, Massachusetts. Today, they live with their two young children in a building on the West Side owned by Carol Management. Four years ago, the couple was offered a large space and invited to design it to their specifications. The apartment has glass walls on all sides and views extending from the George Washington Bridge to the Statue of Liberty.

SCHRAGIS WENT TO LAW SCHOOL at American University, and afterward practiced at Finley, Kumble, which is now defunct. At Finley, Kumble, he started in real estate, then began doing corporate litigation. But Schragis says he has always hated conflict. "I hated litigation, because there was a lot of fighting," he says. "Really good lawyers are tough, often obnoxious people. I'm not that tough. And I hope I'm not that obnoxious." Schragis didn't win a single case.

In 1984, he went into the family business, co-oping rentals. It was yet another field where people fought. "Animosity between sponsors and tenants is natural," says Schragis. "I didn't like it."

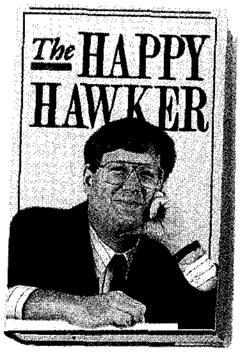
Schragis wanted the family business to expand, maybe to go public, possibly into the media. "He was a closet admirer of Donald Trump," says his cousin Richard Kaskel, who works for Carol Management. "My father"—Howard Kaskel—"was more of a low-key investor." But most of all, Schragis wanted to be someone in his own right, his "own boss."

One morning in 1986, he had breakfast with Jay Kriegel, now a senior vice-president of CBS, who was then a media consultant. Schragis told Kriegel he was unhappy with his life, that he wanted to get into "the media." Kriegel told Schragis about a group that was putting out a magazine modeled on the British publication *Private Eye.* The new magazine was called *Spy.* Schragis invested $200,000 in the enterprise. Later, he says, he increased his stake to $1.5 million.

Though Schragis owned nearly 40 percent of the company, under the rules of the partnership he had to share authority with *Spy*'s editors Graydon Carter and Kurt Andersen, and with its publisher, Tom Phillips. From the beginning, it was a relationship fraught with tension. The *Spy* people were a suspenders crowd. Their humor had a mean edge. Schragis was like "a lone matzoh ball in the Yankee-bean soup," according to an article in *GQ.* Schragis was known as a *zhlub.* He was a little overweight, and he didn't care about haircuts.

Schragis had hoped to meet writers; he wanted to have contact with the media. He wanted to be like an editor, signing off on copy. But Carter and Andersen kept him at arm's length, naming him publishing director. "It takes more than merely an interest in a magazine to be an editor," Graydon Carter has explained. "He was polite and solicitous," Carter says today, "but I think beneath the surface, he had a boiling desire to run things and ultimately to boss everybody around."

Andersen got along better with Schragis, and they remain cordial to this day. "One of his great charms is he's transparent," says Andersen, now the sole editor of *Spy.* Andersen and Carter let Schragis write one piece, on love songs involving couples who eventually broke up—"Hearts and Bones," for instance, written by Paul Simon for Carrie Fisher. Meanwhile, the *Spy* staff littered Schragis's desk with their coffee cups, and some of them made fun of him behind his back—although Schragis was helping to pay their salaries and entertained them on his family's 80-foot yacht, the *Doral.*

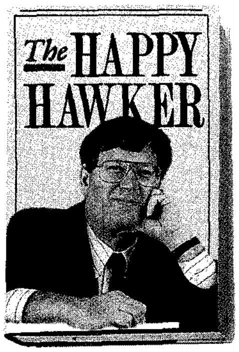


"I felt things should be funny, should be sarcastic," he says. "They didn't have to be *mean.*"

Schragis clashed with Carter when *Spy* did a vitriolic piece on Eric Breindel, the editorial-page editor of the New York *Post,* ridiculing his social aspirations and resurrecting tales of an old drug problem. Schragis didn't know Breindel, but the piece made him angry. He also hated it when *Spy* did an article on James Toback and detailed his woman-chasing. There was an unflattering portrait of an architect who had built buildings for Schragis's family company. He was having a hard time explaining it all to his mother.

Then came the recession. *Spy* suffered, losing ad pages and laying off staff. In 1991, Charles Saatchi and Jean Pigozzi, an heir to the Simca fortune, made an offer to buy the magazine. This time, Schragis held the power—there would be no sale unless he got cash for his part of the magazine. To this day, Schragis and Graydon Carter disagree about the sale. Schragis says he is the only one of *Spy*'s four principal partners who made a cash profit on the sale. "Absolutely untrue," says Carter, who says he and the other two also made a profit. Recently, Schragis repurchased a small stake, "less than one percent," in the magazine.

Though Schragis's experience at *Spy* was unpleasant, it aroused his appetite for the media. But he wanted to own something in which he could have *power,* something that was, as he says, "you and



not your family's history."

Schragis's parents had been upset when they learned that their son was leaving the family business. Yet along with other family members, they lent Schragis the money he needed to get started. Since then, he has paid some of it back. "I'm not too worried about my parents' suing me," says Schragis, who paraphrases Malcolm Forbes: "The key to wealth is to pick who your parents are."

SCHRAGIS HIRED AN OLD FRIEND from seventh grade at the Riverdale Country School—Paul Wachter, who worked for Kidder, Peabody & Company—to find a media company that he could run on his own. Wachter came up with Lyle Stuart, started in 1956 by the *Variety* reporter for whom the company is named. Stuart was a contentious, flamboyant figure, famous for publishing terrible books like *The Sensuous Woman,* by "J," and *Ordeal,* by Linda Lovelace, and books nobody else wanted to publish, like *Fit to Print: A. M. Rosenthal and His Times.*

Lyle Stuart was an odd choice for Schragis. American wealth has its own particular trajectory. Often, the money is made in some sooty occupation, like mining or railroad-building. As the money moves down through the generations, the pursuits of its heirs become more and more refined. Usually, when wealthy people buy their way into publishing, they go upscale. But with Lyle Stuart, Schragis was moving decidedly down. Schragis says that when he bought Lyle Stuart, "I didn't really understand its image. I didn't realize it had this negative cachet. It would've helped me to be aware of it."

LIMITS

*What wouldn't Schragis publish? "Anything with sexually graphic material," he says. "And anything against abortion rights."*

What he *did* see was that Lyle Stuart was a well-run company with an excellent computer-and-distribution system. (Today the company is run by its president, Bruce Bender, the treasurer under Lyle Stuart.) Lyle Stuart also had a strong backlist of 2,000 books. The only one Schragis dropped was *The Anarchist Cookbook,* which had detailed instructions on how to blow up people and buildings. "I'm a pretty nonviolent person," he says. Schragis started a new hardcover imprint, Birch Lane Press, and began making book/video packages that he markets under the company's paperback imprint, Citadel, to video stores. The Citadel Film Line brings in $4 million a year to Carol.

In many ways, Schragis is carrying on Stuart's tradition as the *National Enquirer* of publishing. "There has always been a market for that kind of stuff," says Jason Epstein, vice-president and editorial director of Random House. "Look at P. T. Barnum. I don't mind whores—they serve a useful function. There is nothing wrong with it. I wouldn't do it myself. But then I wouldn't sell pink flamingos," says Epstein.

BUT, OF COURSE, UNLIKE PINK flamingos, books do have *consequences.* So far, at least nine suicides have been connected to *Final Exit,* though Derek Humphry says there may be more. "I counsel people in the book to keep quiet because you might get prosecuted" for aiding and abetting a suicide, he says.

Some people have pointed out the irony in Schragis's turning down *The Anarchist Cookbook,* a book about killing people, but taking on *Final Exit,* which is, after all, a book on how to kill *yourself.* "There *is* an irony, certainly," says Schragis. "But *Final Exit,*" he says, "*does* serve a positive social purpose. There *was* no positive purpose in *The Anarchist Cookbook.*"

Indeed, there seem to be only two kinds of books that Schragis *wouldn't* publish. "Anything with sexually graphic material," he says. "I'm a pretty prudish person. And I know I wouldn't publish anything against abortion rights. *That* transcends everything."

Does a publisher have different responsibilities to the public than does, say, a shoemaker?

"A publisher *does* have responsibilities," Schragis says. "That's why I stopped publishing *The Anarchist Cookbook.* But I don't want to go overboard and say the publisher is the watchdog of society. I do believe in the First Amendment."

Among the deaths attributed to *Final Exit* are those of two young people who were not known to be terminally ill. In September 1991, 29-year-old Adrian Adelman killed himself by swallowing a lethal dose of barbiturates and alcohol. His mother and brother claimed he had followed instructions in *Final Exit.* In the Bronx, 25-year-old George Vulpe gassed himself with car exhaust. A copy of *Final Exit* was in the car next to him.

Some people have worried that *Final Exit* may make *murder* easier. And researchers and therapists have complained that *Final Exit* could provide a means of suicide for terminally ill people who might otherwise "cast aside" their despair and be able to live out their lives peacefully. No one contests the First Amendment, but some wonder whether *Final Exit* should be available in every bookstore in the country to every depressed adolescent. Or should it be hard to get—like strychnine—available in a limited way to those who are terminally ill and have a rational purpose in seeking it out?

THIS YEAR, SCHRAGIS IS SCHEDULED to publish yet another book sure to bring him notoriety. The book is *The IQ Debate,* by Daniel Seligman, a senior editor at *Fortune.* The book argues, among other things, that blacks test lower than whites for intelligence, that this may be due largely to genetic differences, and that remedial programs don't improve IQ. Some of the book's conclusions are based on the work of Arthur Jensen, a Berkeley professor whose work has been dismissed by most mainstream psychologists.

Seligman's book was originally commissioned by Whittle Communications, but when Whittle's editors saw the manuscript, they turned it down. (Whittle wouldn't comment.) Seligman sent the manuscript to other publishers, who also rejected it.

Schragis has already told *New York* that he thinks some people will consider the book "racist," a characterization that has put him at odds with Seligman. (Schragis has since said he misspoke.)

I asked Schragis if he was concerned about publishing a book in the era of David Duke that claims superior intelligence for some races.

"I feel uneasy," says Schragis. I can feel him groping for a response.

"I don't know *how* I feel about the whole thing," he says. "But I'm not sure that it matters. When that book comes out, all sorts of people will write about it. It's highly controversial. That type of attention is good for a book.

"The only bad thing," he says, "is no attention." ■

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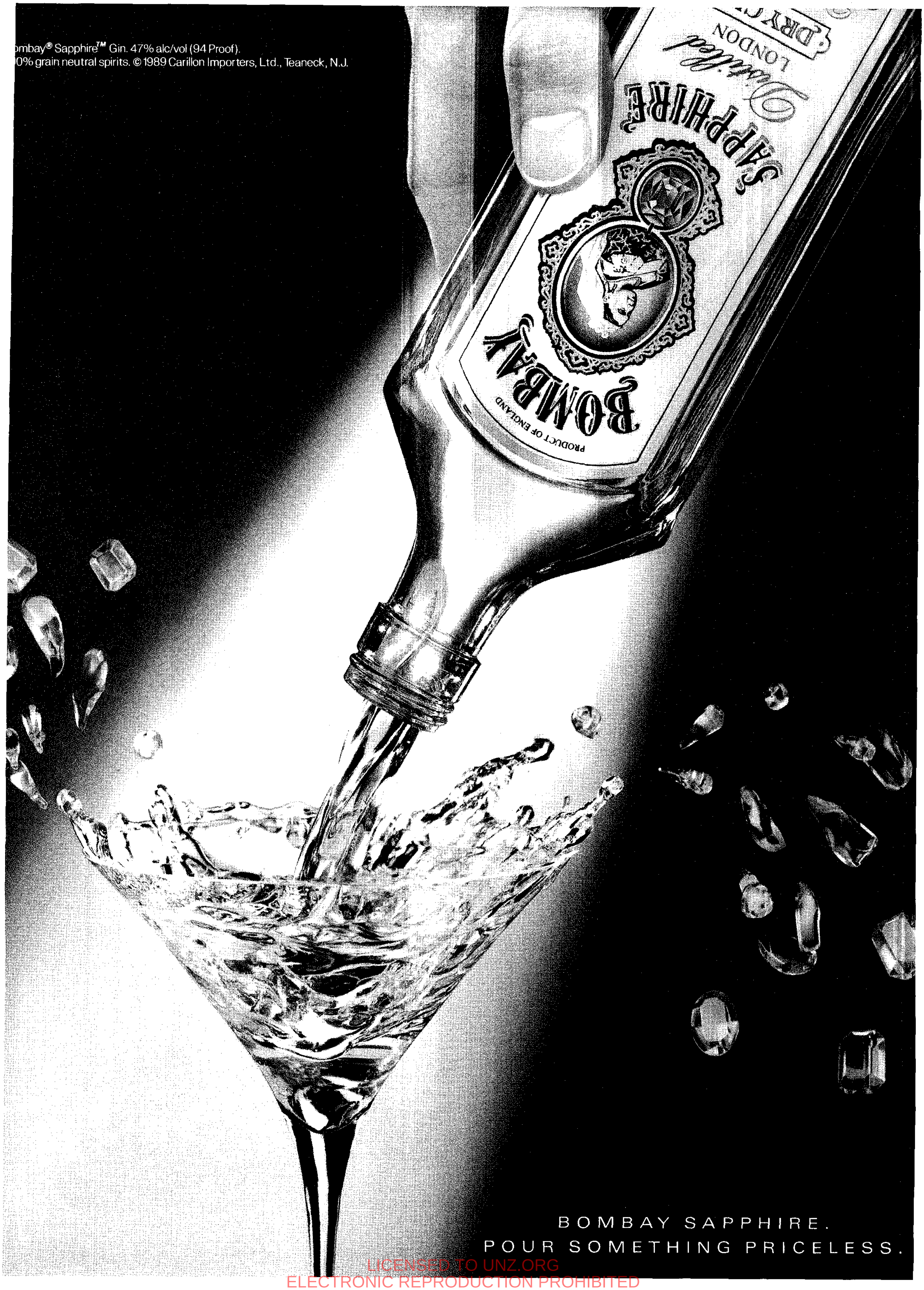
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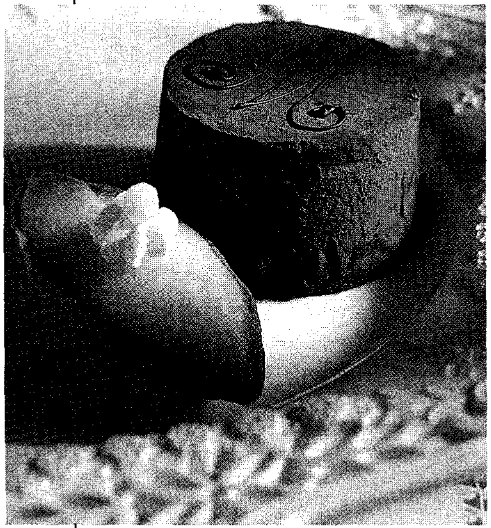
# BEST BETS

*The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities*

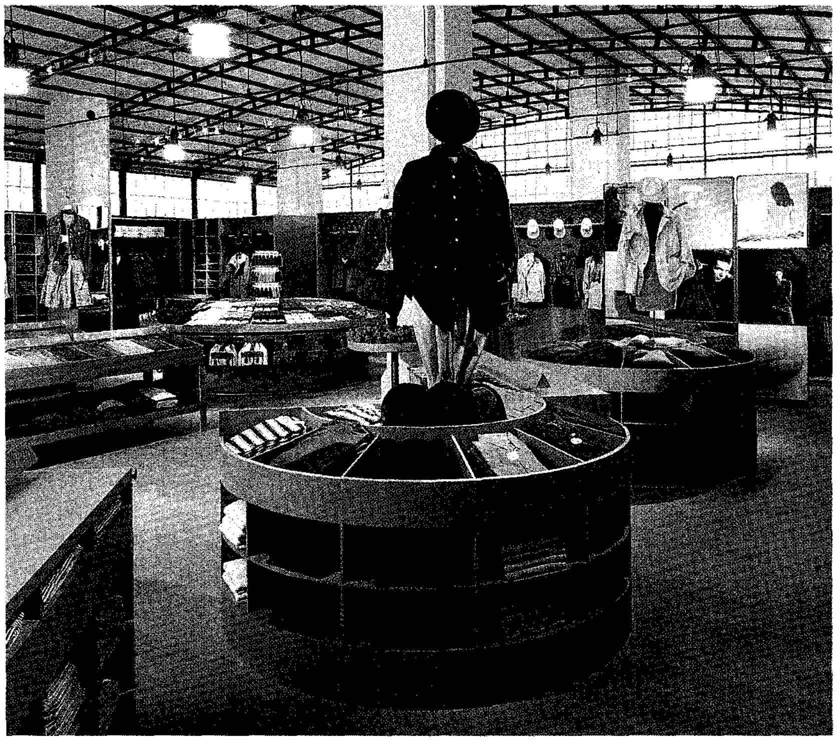
*By Corky Pollan*

## Sweet Wave

Tomorrow's New Year's Eve and Wednesday's a holiday, so we can celebrate till Sunday—yahoo! Declare an open house: Fill the ice buckets with bubbly and wait for the knock at the door. Caviar's not the only companion to champagne—there are mini-sweets to enjoy, like Les Friandises's Desirée cake, a diamond-shaped blend of almond ganache and chocolate genoise ($3.70). The lemon barquette is filled with tart lemon curd and trimmed with rosettes of whipped cream ($1.95.) The mocha mixes coffee genoise and coffee buttercream, all dusted with bittersweet cocoa ($3.15). Give 24 hours' notice for orders of seven or more.—**Barbara Costikyan**



PATISSERIE LES FRIANDISES/*972 Lexington Avenue, near 70th Street/988-1616; and 665 Amsterdam Avenue, near 92nd Street/316-1515*



## An Exchange of Heart

We've seen the ads for months—the stark image of a nut and bolt and the words "Armani. Store. Clothing. Basics. Period." At last, the A/X: Armani Exchange is here, and it's filled with jeans and casualwear that are faded, relaxed, and sure to be addictive. Like the clothes, the store—designed by Naomi Leff & Associates in collaboration with Armani—is uncluttered and uniquely utilitarian. Vaulted ceilings suggest the airiness of a military P/X (Armani's inspiration for his new shop), and such basic materials as oxidized steel, corrugated metal, and bleached wood are used throughout. Shirts, gloves, socks, and caps are stacked by color on gridded tables like vegetable bins, allowing for quick self-service. Though A/X may seem a far cry from the elegance we associate with the name Giorgio Armani, the man himself is most often seen in denim—so this new emporium may indeed be the one closest to his heart. (T-shirts, $28 to $65; jeans, $58 to $99; dresses, $95 to $225.)

A/X: ARMANI EXCHANGE/*568 Broadway, at Prince Street/431-6000*

## Kit Parade

Tired of listening to your offspring whine, "But there's nothing to do," now that all those TV-advertised Christmas toys they begged for lie in pieces on the floor? Then consider these Curiosity Kits. They encourage youngsters to make everything from authentic-looking American Indian beaded moccasins to Early American–style needlework samplers to folk-art rabbits. Each kit comes complete with tools, materials, and step-by-step instructions. Best of all, they'll keep your brood happily occupied for hours (from $8.75 to $13.95).

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Photographs: left, Mary Ellen Bartley; plate courtesy of Wolfman-Gold & Good Company; top, Andrew Garn; bottom, Peter Ardito.

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### Movies/David Denby

# THRILL OF FEAR

"... *JFK* is appalling and fascinating—unreliable, no doubt, but an amazing visual and spiritual experience nonetheless..."

**BULLDOG:** *Jim Garrison (Kevin Costner, left) argues his case against Clay Shaw in* JFK.

ALTHOUGH YOU'RE NOT MUCH GIVEN TO mysticism, and perhaps possess no more than a New Yorker's normal dose of paranoia, you have had, I would bet, the following weird experience:

Walking down a busy street, you are suddenly overcome by the alarming notion that the random flux around you—the people going to work or walking dogs, the guy selling franks on the corner, the buildings, the garbage cans—are all part of some sinister and portentous design. The life around you is not casual, discontinuous, and inert but unified by a single purpose. You dismiss the mood with a laugh; nevertheless, you're haunted for an instant by the possibilities of connection among the many moving and still parts of what you experience—haunted by what this glance or that open window might mean. Usually it means nothing.

But not always. This intimation of the uncanny—the design in the seeming randomness of life—is what Oliver Stone has captured so brilliantly in **JFK.** The movie is appalling and fascinating—unreliable, no doubt, but an amazing visual and spiritual experience nonetheless, an experience of dread in the flux of life. Stone, recounting the questionable investigations of Jim Garrison (Kevin Costner), the New Orleans district attorney in the sixties, fleshes out Garrison's belief in a vast conspiracy of forces to kill John F. Kennedy; he traces the movements of Lee Harvey Oswald and a variety of other figures. The movie is an amalgam of facts and speculations, but at its core—a core that no amount of ridicule in the *Times* can convince me is less than great—Stone re-creates, from many points of view, what might have happened in Dealey Plaza in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

Stone displays the assassination of John F. Kennedy in the cataclysmic home movie of Abraham Zapruder, dissects it, shows the event again in simulated form from the vantage point of different witnesses and possible participants. He gives alternate versions, works out suppositions—demonstrating, for instance, what Oswald would have done on that day if the Warren Commission were right about him. As witnesses describe a variety of odd occurrences—the phony Secret Service men, the "man with the umbrella"—we see them, and their implications are explored and tied together. After strategically placing these many pieces of visual information within the story of Garrison's investigation, Stone gathers them at the end so that they link up and comment on one another. Once again the motorcade rounds the corner of Dealey Plaza; only this time, we see a concerted plot involving three teams of trained shooters. The effect of this reconstructed assassination is emotionally devastating.

But, you ask, is the reconstruction *true*? Let's say that Stone has pushed certain fragmentary bits of information to their limits: The movie is a projection of what *might* have happened. Other people, including the British producers of a recent series on the A & E network, have offered different theories. I'm not convinced, as Stone apparently is, that the assassination was a coup d'état backed by Lyndon Johnson and executed by the upper levels of the Defense Department, the CIA, and the FBI. All these men, according to Stone and co-scenarist Zachary Sklar (who have based their speculations on Garrison's *On the Trail of the Assassins* and Jim Marrs's *Crossfire*), wanted to stop Kennedy from winding down America's commitment to fight Communism in Vietnam. Two problems with this: On the subject of Vietnam, Kennedy was highly ambivalent, leaning this way and that in the weeks before his death; and such a conspiracy, if it existed, would necessarily have involved hundreds of important people, some of whom, overcome by remorse at what the assassination of Kennedy and the ascension of LBJ eventually led to in Vietnam, would surely have come forward by now. Even unremorseful Americans don't keep secrets very well.

I understand the initial hostility to the subject that many of you must feel: The CIA, the Cuban exiles, the Dallas police force.... Oh, God, *that* stuff again? *JFK* is a monomaniac's treasure trove. In its ceaseless piling up of detail, it will give the untiring "conspiracy community"—American nuts of the highest salt!—enough to argue over for years. But saying that *JFK* isn't always convincing is hardly to dismiss it, as many overly literal types, blind to the powers of film, have already done. Stone has established a dense web of contingency, "coincidence," and design. He has made, if you insist, a fiction of the assassination, a counter-myth, though I hasten to add that his version, at least as an account of the events in Dealey Plaza, is a lot more convincing in its physical details than the Warren Commission's. There was, I believe, *some* sort of conspiracy to kill the president.

Perhaps Stone would have seemed more convincing in general if he had shown Garrison as he was, a figure of uncertain temperament and doubtful method. But instead, Stone the moral realist gave way to Stone the Capraesque hero-worshiper. This Garrison is a true-blue American patriot, a mild-mannered man of conscience victimized by many forces both large and small, including his nagging, petty-minded wife (Sissy Spacek). At the end, standing virtually alone in his beliefs, Garrison makes an endless grandstanding speech about patriotism, the Constitution, and what it means to be an American. Throbbing at the temples, the movie congratulates itself on its own moral commitment, as if no one but Jim Garrison and Oliver Stone *cared* who shot Kennedy. Costner, wearing a remarkably ugly pair of horn-rimmed glasses, gives an uninventive, monochromatic performance that leaves us with the awkward question of how such a dull man could entertain so many extreme ideas.

Yet if Garrison is a bore, the bunch of New Orleans citizens he investigates are as lively as water bugs. In the months after the assassination, Garrison grabs wildly at the frayed corners of the event. There are Cuban exiles and embittered ex–FBI agents; David Ferrie (Joe Pesci), a manic bewigged homosexual who hangs out with the Cubans and who may have driven Oswald around; and Clay Shaw (Tommy Lee Jones), a wealthy gay businessman with a possible CIA connection. As Oswald, Gary Oldman, speaking in an odd, halting way, as if his brain short-circuited between words, passes in and out of the movie, a shadow of a shadow. Re-creating this obscure, hapless stuff—a corner of oblivion that just may have meant something—Stone relaxes for a change, allowing Tommy Lee Jones, for instance, to hold the camera long enough to savor Clay Shaw's elegant intonations.

A streak of mournful love for the president softens *JFK*. At the same time, Stone has restored the shock of the assassination—the autopsy photographs, for instance, strike us like stab wounds. What Stone is saying is that this event has been taken away from us, that the government is using our discomfort as fake justification for locking up evidence well into the twenty-first century.

This is undoubtedly true, but high-level conspiracy, as a movie subject, is very difficult to bring to life. Donald Sutherland shows up as a Deep Throat type (a character based on L. Fletcher Prouty, former aide to the Joint Chiefs of Staff), and as Sutherland outlines the plot against Kennedy, *JFK* collapses into shadowy narrated scenes of powerful old men pursing their lips evilly. The movie becomes vague and self-important. The assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy are thrown into the pot as further proof that "they" are controlling everything.

Yet all is not lost: Stone returns to the nuts and bolts of Dealey Plaza. Robert Richardson's cinematography is a miracle of spontaneous-seeming chaos and fleeting glimpses of trouble, and the editing by Joe Hutshing and Pietro Scalia stitches everything together brilliantly. As the new version of the assassination came together at the end, I felt a sickening thrill of dismay and fear, an intimation of mortal design in the flux, malignity revealed. Even God would be frightened.

*JFK* is a true adventure for the viewer. So plunge in, and for heaven's sake ignore such warnings as Tom Wicker's stuffy New York *Times* piece. Wicker sounds like a Victorian policeman in a whorehouse: He's shocked that a *movie star* and *film techniques* were used to deal with reality. He implies that you can't make a movie about an actual event unless you know the absolute truth. But that is nonsense. Whatever its flaws, *JFK* is a haunting and powerful piece of work, just possibly the jolt that a jaded and cynical American public needs.

IN **Hook,** PETER PAN ENTERS A NEVERLAND that is a cross between your local Burger King and a particularly congested page of *Where's Waldo?* That Steven Spielberg could produce such a dull mess is amazing. Spielberg, after all, created a lot of the big-movie visual panache of the seventies and eighties—the low angles and rapid cutting of *Duel*; the premonitory white light of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind;* the eccentric whirling blades of *Raiders of the Lost Ark.* But now Spielberg appears to have lost his sense of timing. *Hook* has physical movement without physical excitement. At times I thought I was stuck in Disneyland's Jungle Cruise, complete with rubber apes and wraparound vines.

Like a lot of other people, I've blown hot and cold on Spielberg, but this is the first time I've ever been bored. *Hook* is awfully long—135 minutes, which means, if you take your kids, one trip to the bathroom during the film and two to the candy stand. For a plot the movie comes furnished with a convoluted, meaningless high concept, propelled by enough climaxes and epiphanies to choke a locomotive. Robin Williams is touching as the grown-up Peter, a leveraged-buy-out king who has lost touch with his children. There is a moving moment when his wife, played affectingly by Caroline Goodall, turns to him and says he is blowing the few years he has with his little kids. But after Captain Hook snatches the children away and Julia Roberts shows up as a grinning, hotpants Tinkerbell, the movie becomes an embarrassment.

**EX-BOY:** *In* Hook, *Robin Williams (center) is an aging Peter Pan.*

When he gets to Neverland to find his kids, Peter discovers he can't fly, and in a remarkably unpleasant scene, he is indoctrinated in buoyancy by a multicultural group of Lost Boys, a skateboarding crew who seemed to have spent the recent years in the jungle watching *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.* As Hook, Dustin Hoffman chews on his ratty black wig and displays his teeth and nose and painted eyebrows with theatrical relish. His professionalism is a relief. And Bob Hoskins, as Smee, Hook's obsequious partner in larceny, does a great double-pump windup in the pirate baseball game, the one truly funny thing in the movie. But the rest is painful. The battles go on forever; Spielberg repeats everything over and over.

Peter, of course, needs to recover his ideals, to shed his obsession with success and big money. There he is, wedded to his cellular phone—always anxious, always guilty. *Hook* is another post-Reagan movie, in the same pathetic genre as *Regarding Henry* and *The Doctor* and *The Fisher King.* But this fantasy of a "cure" for Peter is so overproduced that it seems a product of the very corporate calculation that has brought Peter low. How can you make a $70-million movie about recovering your innocence? The sick joke about all these breast-beating movies, of course, is that they have reached the public in a recessionary period when people are worried about holding on to their jobs. At the moment, the spiritual dangers of having too much money hardly rank high among the audience's preoccupations. People just want to survive. Kids may love parts of *Hook*, but grown-ups will sit there grimly, thinking of moral vanity and waste. ■

Photograph by Murray Close/Tri Star.

### Art/Kay Larson

# HIGH-WIRE ACT

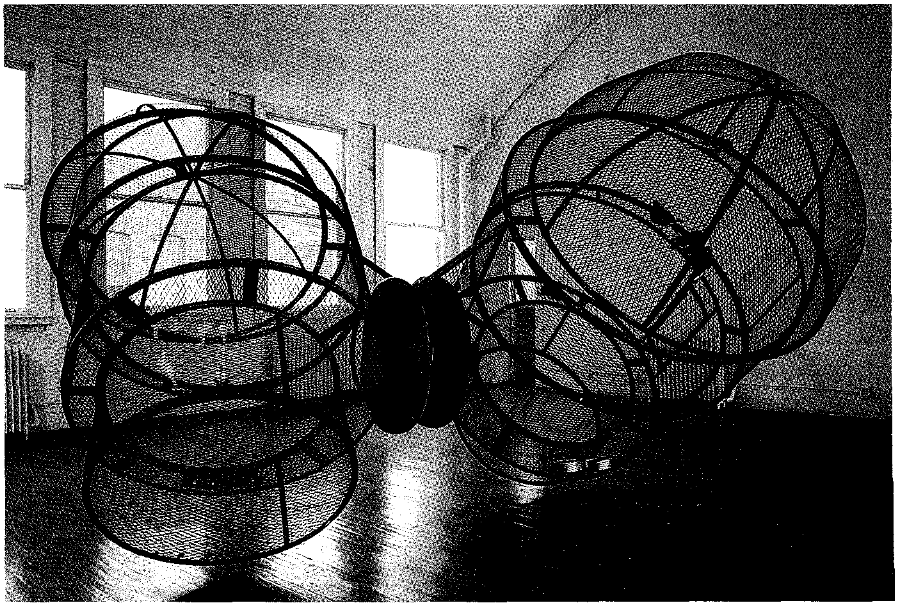
“. . .Oppenheim’s ‘And the Mind Grew Fingers’ is best at resurrecting risk—unfashionable art-making without a safety net. . .”

DENNIS OPPENHEIM’S NAME DOESN’T ROLL off many tongues now, but more than twenty years ago, he was one of the artists who set loose an American art revolution. A few trigger events in earth art, body art, conceptualism, and performance belong to him, though his friends Vito Acconci and Robert Smithson ended up better known. This postminimalist period has enormous historic significance—it created the alphabet for the language the art world speaks today. It’s also the work that turned audiences off, alienated museum trustees and major curators, and caused the rise of alternative spaces—the only places that would gladly show it.

P.S. 1, founded by Alanna Heiss nearly twenty years ago, is the oldest surviving alternative space. It’s where **“Dennis Oppenheim: And the Mind Grew Fingers”** looks best and makes the most sense. Both artist and art space are relics, in a way, and both are also busy rejuvenating themselves. You could say Oppenheim’s now a sculptor, though that’s like calling the Red Queen a patron of card games. Funding cuts have forced P.S. 1 to chop staff and temporarily close its adjunct space, the Clocktower; the good news is that Heiss has taken on more curating. For this show, she has drawn on an archive of memories that, she must have realized, could be useful now.

For all their importance, the late sixties have had a perishability problem. The photo-documentation is never exhibited, and the books that could have preserved it are out of print. Only a few people were both old enough and prescient enough to have caught it fresh in New York. Younger artists repeat these ideas by rote. Oppenheim’s show, then, offers urgent resurrection. The halls are lined with legendary early earth projects: the rings cut in the ice of a frozen river on the U.S.–Canadian border, the *X* “cancellation” mark mowed in a Holland wheat field. Some equally legendary installations are re-created: the one at the Whitney in 1976 of a marionette giving a lecture on the future year 1990. And the seated puppet who, at one-minute intervals, bangs his head against a temple bell with a shocking violence that seems to be a self-mocking parody of the artist’s hell-bent search for enlightenment.

At their debut, these works were tough, unnerving, and often metaphorically if not actually dangerous—as when Oppenheim hung himself across two parallel rows of cement blocks until his body couldn’t bear the strain. They were also disturbingly antivisual. They evolved directly out of minimalism (which stressed the literal nature of experience) mixed with a strong Vietnam-era arousal about issues of confrontation and death. (In *Two Right Feet for Sebastian,* 1970, two empty boots bang ceaselessly against the wall near a photograph of Sebastian, an amputee.)



**CAGE WITHOUT A KEY:** *Dennis Oppenheim’s* Kiss, *1991.*

Now that conceptualist language is familiar, if not hackneyed, Oppenheim seems less a dry metaphysician than a spacey romantic. His most obvious talent is for haywire surprise—what maniac, you wonder, could have thought of *that*—with an overlay of lyricism, especially in works concerning his family. His earth art was flavored less with backhoe-mentality macho than with star-struck giddiness, as when he scattered wooden stars across a Montana mountain—the sky presumably having fallen—and called it *Wishing the Mountains Madness*. He has “painted” on the landscape with flares and fireworks, drawn whirlpools of smoke in the air, and sprayed asphalt onto the earth in the pattern of his and his son’s intertwined fingerprints.

For all its importance, Oppenheim’s career never quite seemed to gel, and that’s probably his salvation. Smithson is dead; Acconci has lately crystallized his old habits into “motifs” in sculpture that is distressingly toylike. Oppenheim has quit making roomsize (or larger) machines from the seventies that looked like industrial assembly lines from E.T.’s home planet and “did” very little. Analogues to the mind’s conceptualizing systems, the machines suffered what amounts to an intellectual breakdown: They didn’t have a reason for existing; they were better as drawings, perhaps best just as titles. (Such as: *Impulse Reactor. A Device for Detecting, Entering, and Converting Past Lies Travelling Underground and in the Air.*) In the early eighties, as though to explode this line of thinking, Acconci set the machines off in spectacular fireworks bursts.

In the last decade, Oppenheim has settled on sculpture, which can be as uncanny as the herd of fiberglass deer hooked to propane tanks so their antlers spout tongues of flame, like Rudolph candles, or the teacup that flies apart into purple balls, like disintegrating atoms. Themes of dispersal, transformation, and exaltation alternate with a desire to make contact, to touch down, to mark the earth itself.

Oppenheim seldom stays for long on the

Photograph by David Sundberg.

planet's surface. Twelve major new works here suggest Walt Disney with a screw loose. Waist-high black coffeepots and pans mumbling in amplified voice-over were described to me as "the pots calling the kettles black." Less kitschy and more unnerving, *Kiss* is a pair of cages joined by two tire-mouths and housing black or white birds; hints of Duchamp and Brancusi, of empty-headed couples, of antagonisms between the sexes give *Kiss* a vampire's bite. While nobody was looking, Oppenheim has become an important sculptor.

But the show is best at resurrecting a spirit of risk—unfashionable art-making without a safety net. These days, it's pathetically easy to let conceptualism parody itself, as you know if you ignored my advice and went to the Jeff Koons show. Koons's simplistic, pseudo-Duchampian analysis parrots the real thing—but that's irritating only if you know what the real thing is like.

There is a real parrot in Oppenheim's show, and as though to complete this metaphor, it refuses to speak. It is caged next to a tape machine that repeats a child's voice (Oppenheim's daughter, Chandra) saying "yellow." But the parrot won't take instruction. Koons closes his mind and shuts down risk. Oppenheim's art is funny, ironic, rambunctious, and nearly unmarketable. Compare Koons's cold, unimaginative, hard-core porn with this new Oppenheim piece: Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls hooked up to reciprocating saws, fornicating madly. Koons gets rich off the obvious. But a mind that holds nothing back blasts away the tired limits of the world. (46–01 21st Street, Long Island City; through February 9.)

SHE'S BEEN AROUND ALMOST AS LONG—1971 to now and still charging—but **Alexis Smith** has made her terrain within the territorial limits of Southern California, which means that nostalgia and pastiche are the substance of her style. The Whitney's retrospective is mild, poetic, and riddled with high-school humor (bananas hanging off Tarzan's crotch) that often harbors a bite of female rage in the guise of wit. If you want the fun stuff, it's here: pungent lines transplanted from Raymond Chandler and what you might call *pulp noir*, plus media trivia, garage-sale junk, found images that prove the absurdity and insanity of what passes for "civilization." Most of Smith's work shares in the silliness of its parts and sometimes stops there.

Overall, though, it's vital to recognize that she is a closet imagist-novelist and someone who has been crucial to the California art climate. She was a pioneer of narrative art—urgently important to women who needed a vehicle that could hold the content of their lives. For that: four stars. (Madison Avenue at 75th Street; through March 1.) ■

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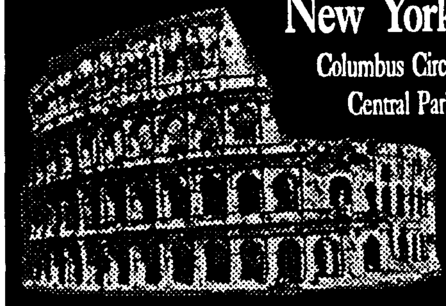
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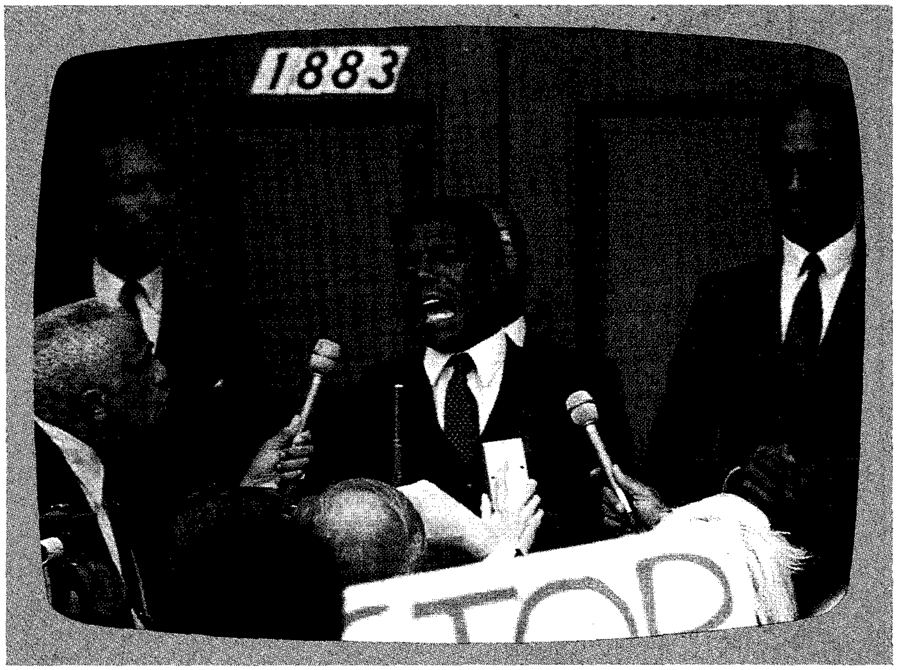
### Television/John Leonard

# YOUNG, GIFTED, BLACK—AND DEAD

"...The people involved with the Edmund Perry story try hard and feel bad, but they can't think their way out of the waste..."


**RAGE IN HARLEM:** *C. Vernon Mason (Vondie Curtis-Hall) protests Perry's shooting.*

IF EVER THERE WAS A MADE-FOR-TV NEWS event—high-concept and liberal-guilty—it was the death of seventeen-year-old Edmund Perry. Young, gifted, and black, Perry had graduated from the streets of Harlem to the honor roll at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire to a summer job on Wall Street with a scholarship at Stanford in the fall. Then he was shot to death by a plainclothes cop in Morningside Heights on June 12, 1985. The story made the front page of the New York *Times;* Perry's Exeter classmates were shocked; his hardworking nuclear family was grief-stricken; the usual cast of Tom Wolfe characters assembled for the nightly news; and Robert Sam Anson wrote a book, *Best Intentions,* which has now—inevitably, given these property values—been adapted into a television movie that tells us it was dangerous for Edmund Perry to go home again, if he any longer had a home.

Serious people made **Murder Without Motive: The Edmund Perry Story** (Monday, January 6; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC). Richard Wesley (*Native Son*) adapted Anson's book; Kevin Hooks (*Heat Wave*) directed; old pro Leonard Hill is one of the executive producers; and you will recognize Anna Maria Horsford (*Amen*) as Perry's mother; Taurean Blacque (*Hill Street Blues*) as his father; Georg Stanford Brown (*Vietnam War Story*) as the teacher who urges him out of the ghetto; Cuba Gooding Jr. (*Boyz N the Hood*) as his street buddy gone bad; Christopher Daniel Barnes (*Day by Day*) as his Exeter roommate; Carla Gugino (*Troop Beverly Hills*) as his white girlfriend; and Curtis McClarin (*The Hard Way*) as Eddie himself. They try hard and they feel bad, but they don't know how to think their way out of the waste.

*Law & Order* actually got there first, with an episode last season based loosely on the Perry case, which it gussied up with too much filigree and some heavy breathing about drug traffic. *Murder* sticks to the troubling facts. From various pressures attendant upon his upward mobility, his migration through the American caste system, Edmund Perry cracked in Morningside Heights, striking out against ghosts and vampires. He mugged himself. If the Tom Wolfe characters immediately blamed his death on a racist and trigger-happy N.Y.P.D., *Murder* wants us to see the caste system for the complicated fraud it really is, even when it puts on its prettiest Exeter face. But the *invisible thinking* of a caste system is hard to dramatize.

On the street, Edmund Perry knew who he was. At Exeter ("I can't even get a haircut in this town!"), he is somebody else, symbolic even to himself: "Every time somebody's got a question, I've got to answer for the whole black race." He is expected, of course, to be a whiz at basketball. Maybe worse, he expects the same of himself, among such Wonder Bread losers. But he can't even make the team. His white girlfriend decides her parents aren't ready to meet him yet; on his junior year abroad, a Spanish waiter gives him some lip; a faculty monitor at curfew doesn't believe he's been in the library; and he is invited to join another sort of team at Exeter, the languid delinquents, the "burnouts" and deadheads—but only because they think he can "score some serious drugs," with their serious money, back in Harlem. Whereas, back in Harlem, his oldest friend is dealing crack and tells him to move his "Oreo ass."

All of this makes sense, but it doesn't add up to murderous rage, not in a bright kid who had probably read about worse things in Exeter's library. We need to get inside Perry's head the way we got inside Lorene Cary's in *Black Ice,* her memoir of her years in a New England boarding school after growing up in Philadelphia. We need to hear the cognitive dissonance of the Neighborhood and the Canon. We need to know exactly what it feels like to enter, on a pass, into the music and literature of the sons and daughters of the ruling class; to see, at compulsory chapel, the grim face of their local Druid. That's what we got from Richard Wesley's adaptation for the screen of Richard Wright's *Native Son,* and from Baldwin and Ellison, and from contemporaries as various as Jamaica Kincaid, V. S. Naipaul, and Salman Rushdie—a double vision of the *colonial* and the *untouchable,* imperfectly alchemized, like a torture of metals.

Otherwise—and this certainly can't be what the movie intended—we're left with not only the bad faith, benign neglect, and gentlemanly bewilderment of Exeter but also the impression that "best intentions" ineluctably have tragic consequences, that certain kinds of children are better off on mean streets than in private schools, that affirmative action is dangerous and destruc-

Photograph by Andrew Semel/ABC.

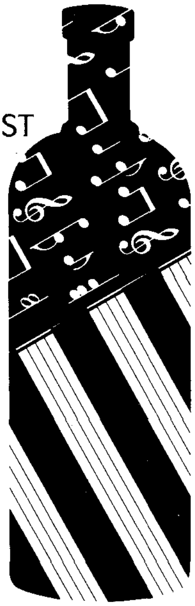
tive and so are those ambitious mothers who push their clever sons too hard. We are left, in other words, with the caste system still intact and the ruling class feeling just bad enough to be able to congratulate itself on feeling anything at all.

THERE WAS A FALL MADE-FOR-JACLYN Smith TV movie, and there will doubtless be another in the spring. **In the Arms of a Killer** (Sunday, January 5; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is her winter vehicle, an above-average thriller in which she's a widowed rookie police detective who falls in love with a rich surgeon (Michael Nouri) who happens to be a suspect in the murders of a dope-dealer and a prostitute that Jaclyn, between visits to Lincoln Center, Times Square, Great Jones Street, and Mario's Pizza in Mob-connected Little Italy, happens to be investigating with her tough-guy sergeant partner (John Spencer). We know there is something wrong about this handsome doctor, not only because there's usually something wrong about characters played on television by Michael Nouri but also because he makes breakfast (mushrooms and shallots), and lifts weights, and says things like "Sometimes you just have to throw the switch—*but the current is still flowing!*"

However, there seems to be something wrong with everybody else in the movie, too, excepting maybe the singers in *La Bohème.* And Jaclyn Smith will discover what—from labels on bottles of prescription drugs and messages left on answering machines and follicles left on hairbrushes. There are more red herrings than at the Fulton Fish Market, but New York looks nice, and Spencer throws himself above and beyond the call of duty into the quick-witted script by Robert Collins, who also enjoys himself directing.

SUSAN (DANIELLE VON ZERNECK) IS THE only smart member of the Carpenter family, staying safely ashore so she doesn't have to **Survive the Savage Sea** (Monday, January 6; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC). Her father (Robert Urich), for reasons known only to himself, Ernest Hemingway, and Thor Heyerdahl, insists on selling the family farm, flying to Australia, and shipping out on a 50-foot schooner with Susan's mother (comeback kid Ali MacGraw) and her three siblings, plus a permanently seasick crewmate (David Franklin). They'll never make it to New Zealand.

Urich tells his oldest son, "You've been a real man." His oldest son tells Urich, "Just trying to be like you, Dad." MacGraw leaks, like their raft. Kevin James Dobson directs with so much enthusiasm that, for a while anyway, I'd rather not take a bath. Though we don't see the whales that knock over this Swiss Family Carpenter, we do see the sharks that follow their dinghy; and a turtle; and lots of weather, at least half of it wet. ■



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Music/Peter G. Davis

# 'GHOSTS' BUSTED

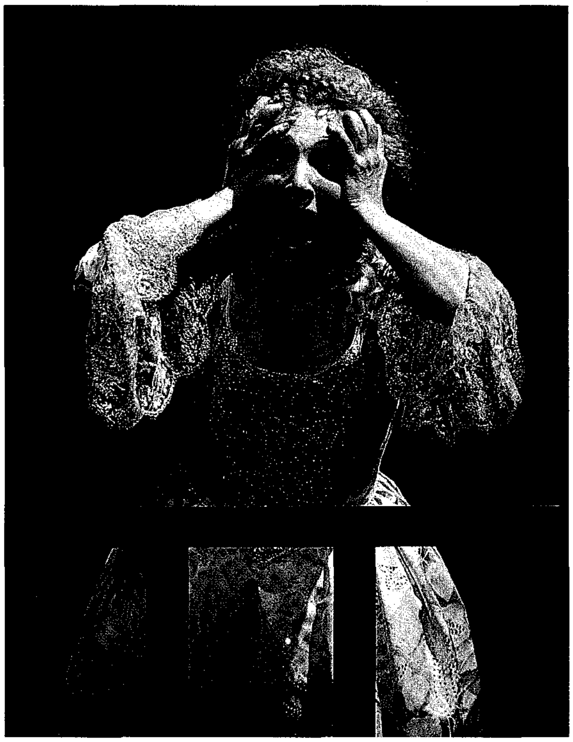
"...It's very clever, but *The Ghosts of Versailles* is finally hobbled by too many words, too many notes, and spotty inspiration..."

INDULGE THIS FANTASY FOR A MOMENT. THE Metropolitan Opera's recent world premiere of **The Ghosts of Versailles,** music by John Corigliano and text by William M. Hoffman, launches an exciting new Met initiative: a long-term program, generously funded and vigorously company-supported, to present a wide spectrum of important operas written over the past 50 years, all deserving the Met's attention and considerable resources. Works by Henze, Tippett, Weisgall, Argento, Ligeti, Britten, Berio, Harbison, Bernstein, Birtwistle, Stravinsky, Davies, Matthus, Bolcom, Stockhausen, and many others will be presented—more than enough worthy material to take us into the next century.

Sheer madness, of course. Nothing of the sort is about to happen, although *The Ghosts of Versailles,* commissioned by the Met way back in 1979 and the company's first premiere since 1967, might have cleverly launched such a project, despite the work's flaws. If Met audiences are so resistant to newer operas—can we really be sure, I wonder, having been offered so few?—here, at least, is one that is unthreatening, determined to please, and crammed with instantly recognizable operatic paraphernalia from the past.

Suggested by Beaumarchais's *La Mère Coupable,* the plot traces the further adventures of Figaro, Susanna, and the Almavivas, now caught up in the French Revolution and older, if no wiser, than when Rossini and Mozart introduced us to them long ago. Hoffman embellishes the tale by inventing a phantasmagorical world inhabited by ghosts of the French aristocracy. Among them is Beaumarchais, in love with Marie Antoinette, who still mourns her tragic destiny. To cheer her up, the dramatist stages his new Figaro opera, eventually entering into the piece himself in a futile attempt to save the queen's life and rewrite "history as it should have been."

Corigliano has provided a score that in itself virtually rewrites the history of opera, from Monteverdi to Strauss, and anyone conversant with the standard repertory will have a grand time identifying the allusions. Act I is mostly pastiche, from Figaro's opening opera-buffa patter aria to the madcap Turkomania finale à la Rossini, complete with a mile-high clockwork pasha and Marilyn Horne singing an elaborate cavatina and cabaletta. When things turn more serious in Act II, Corigliano responds with sweet strains to suit every romantic occasion before we reach the final visionary aria for Marie Antoinette, no longer a bitter shade, thanks to Beaumarchais's love and art. True, the ghostly music traffics in slithery postmodern instrumental effects, but the score contains nothing to offend tender ears, and the first-night audience gave the opera a warm reception.



**VERSAILLES ENTREATY:** *Teresa Stratas haunts.*

It's all very clever, but *The Ghosts of Versailles* finally evaporates, hobbled by too many words, too many notes, spotty inspiration, and possibly by the very system that made its twelve-year germination so tortuously protracted. The paradox of the piece is that a work of such surface complexity—a libretto of labyrinthine theatrical machinery wedded to a score crammed with stylistic references spanning four centuries—should ultimately seem so thin and superficial. The text's homely poetic language is partly to blame, but the main disappointment is the music, lightly sprinkled over characters and situations rather than made to dig deeply, illuminate, and add an expressive dimension of its own.

After so many copycat parodies in Act I—capped by that interminable, joyless, and irritatingly campy Rossini finale—one soon begins to wonder: What kind of operatic music can Corigliano write? The discouraging answer comes in Act II: instrumental lines that meander aimlessly over suspended diatonic chords, banal melodic invention, musical padding that neither paces the action efficiently nor nourishes the drama, a weak apotheosis that never finds the eloquent tone it seems to be searching for. After three and a half long hours, listeners yearning for substance are left empty-handed.

What went wrong? As the authors' first operatic effort, *The Ghosts of Versailles* would surely have emerged a healthier and stronger piece had it evolved under workshop conditions rather than festering in a hothouse for twelve years before reaching the reality of the Met stage. Perhaps, to return to fantasy, the Met might one day establish a creative department to develop and test new works. Impractical? Hardly. The Metropolitan Opera can apparently pay for anything that it perceives as truly vital to its interests.

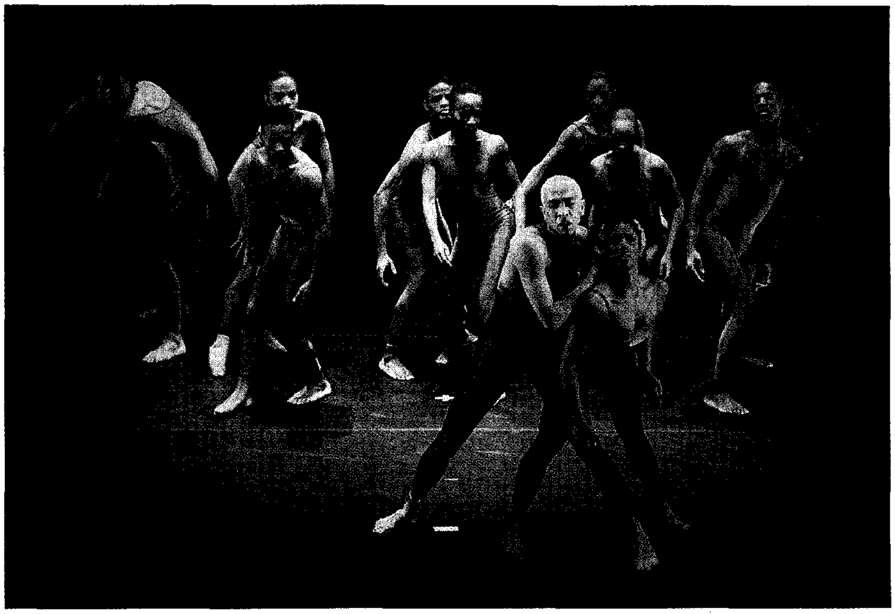
The important issue on this occasion was to make *The Ghost of Versailles* look like $3 million, which it did. No conductor of comparable international stature has paid less attention to the music of his time than James Levine, and a coup in this area was vital to his prestige. He has succeeded. The musical execution is flawless; Colin Graham's direction is theatrically vivid and a model of clarity; John Conklin's sumptuous sets ingeniously combine the worlds of theater, ghosts, and revolution; and the huge cast—led by Teresa Stratas's haunting Marie Antoinette and Håkan Hagegård's elegant Beaumarchais—is perfect. How wonderful to see the power and resources of the Metropolitan giving a new opera such a stunning send-off. How sad to see such an expensive token gesture thrown on barren ground. ■

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Dance/Tobi Tobias

# BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

> ". . .Jamison's *Rift* shows a terrifying underworld. Fagan offers haunting images. Benítez's dancing is an incendiary event. . ."



**INNER PITY:** *Dwight Rhoden and Sarita Allen in Jamison's* Rift.

THE MONTHLONG SEASON OF THE **Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater** at the City Center featured three new works. Not one of them was as significant as what Judith Jamison, who succeeded Ailey as leader of the company, has achieved with the dancers. Although, as a star performer with Ailey, Jamison appeared to be a relaxed, instinctive artist, the small troupe she founded when she retired from the stage suggested she was a demon director. The crispness of technique coupled with go-for-broke expressiveness she got from the performers of that company now characterizes the Ailey troupe. Surprisingly, the vigorous discipline hasn't operated repressively; it enhances the individuality of these exceptionally warm and vivid dancers.

Of the new ballets, Jamison's own, *Rift,* to intense music by Nona Hendryx, offers the most substance. As in her earlier choreography, Jamison appears to have something specific, even urgent, to say but can't quite find the structure and the movement language with which to articulate it. Her scene here is a terrifying underworld that might be a ravaged inner city or a deranged psyche. Her protagonist, played by Dwight Rhoden, who capitalizes on his magisterially strange looks, is a soul pushed far past the point of endurance—one manifestly beyond rescue. A helpmate of sorts (Sarita Allen) does her futile best, while an ensemble, dressed in anonymous gray, fluidly shifts its role: now a pack of voyeurs, now fellow sufferers, now the undefined but remorseless enemy. While no narrative lurks in the wings, this is by no means an abstract dance. Clearly, Jamison wants to represent something, someone. My baffled guesses ranged from the down-and-outs of contemporary urban existence to the tormented Christ. My companion, more aptly, suggested the damned heroes of William Blake.

By way of contrast, the company has acquired Louis Falco's *Escargot,* a mindlessly cheerful frolic that looks as if it had been made 30 years ago, not merely 10. It's built on the feelin'-good material of sixties dance: fluent torsos, endless high-flung extensions, and couple work that's all no-tension floating and tumbling. It's an LSD high. Ralph MacDonald's percussive score and the dancers' own rhythmic acuity anchor the stuff some, though not enough to keep you from feeling lobotomized long before the party's over.

Donald Byrd's *Dance at the Gym* brings us right back to today, an era in which art sees fit to glamorize the hostility and violence between the sexes. This is a senior prom from hell, the prevailing conduct as mean and erotically brazen as you can get without attracting police attention. Maintaining a cool distance and staring each other down like rival cats, the sexes flaunt their respective wares. The message: Reach out and touch me if you dare. The women's getup and behavior (a repeated one-two punch of provoke and reject) is sleekly whorish without a trace of the ingenue for irony. The men react as you might expect. As you might not expect—and here's the spin on the piece: They also turn to each other for comfort.

Halfway along, Byrd thinks better of that idea and segues into a spate of forlorn heterosexual cuddling, along the lines of *West Side Story*'s innocent lovers versus the hostile world. Byrd, a true child of our times, has no vocabulary for this, so the choreography goes all limp, climaxing in pure insipidity: The main guy removes his girlfriend's barrette so that her long hair tumbles free; vague smooching; mild groping; merciful curtain. Characteristically, the Ailey dancers do their elegant, spirited best with awfully flimsy material.

**Garth Fagan** CALLS HIS LATEST, GRAND-scale work—shown at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—*Griot New York.* "Griot" means storyteller, the custodian of a culture's oral history, a conveyor of its fecund tradition and human texture. With the collaboration of the jazz composer and trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and the sculptor Martin Puryear, Fagan showed contemporary New York a faithful portrait of itself, juxtaposing its multicultural beauty with the infernal horrors of its decay.

The music, played live, nearly ran away with the show. Its vitality, range, and wit invigorated the audience to fever pitch. Some passages found a successful symbiotic relationship with the dancing; others shrugged off the accompanying choreography as irrelevant. Puryear's striking set pieces never quite meshed with the goings-on, since their central concern—bold manipulation of scale and perspective—isn't one of Fagan's interests.

Fagan is busy with sociological ideas, not all of which he's able to translate into dancing. One segment gives us a

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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lone male derelict—homeless, crazed, or both—who is eventually joined by a whole crowd of wraiths: the desperate have-nots, abandoned by the still-functioning, who constitute a growing proportion of our society. Added to this melancholy scene is a floor-bound couple—one member near death, his succoring partner numb with illness and despair—that obviously represents another stricken population, those with AIDS. The furthest Fagan can go with this highly relevant material, set with deliberate irony under Puryear's surreal stairway to the stars, is to render it in haunting images. Unfortunately, it's never made visceral in any significant way. While the successive stage pictures are meaningful visually, they don't add up to yield dance structure, patterns that appear to be the logical reordering of a living organism as it moves through time.

More successful is an ebullient section that begins with a group unitarded for art dance but instead doing touch dancing, not only cheek to cheek but without a hair breadth between couples. In the course of the proceedings, at least a dozen schools of motion have their fifteen seconds in the spotlight: flamenco, Graham floor work, Broadway chorus lines, Harlem-style lindyhopping from the forties, yuppified aerobics, a mitteleuropäisch polka, undulating animal-inspired work from Africa. It's the gloriously checkered heritage of every cosmopolitan dancer today, professional or amateur.

A slow-motion duet for a New Age inner-city Adam and Eve, creating a paradise out of their solitude and intimacy, begins imaginatively and then settles for dumb literalism. Fagan is a fertile beginner but not—yet—a satisfactory developer.

ANYONE IN CHARGE OF THE UPBRINGING of a young, impressionable girl couldn't do better than take her to see the Spanish dancer **María Benítez**—recently with her company at the Joyce. In performance, Benítez is a terrific female role model: a fusion of strength and feeling.

She moves from a center that seems to be equal parts steel and silence; everything—even her most raucous, impulsive outbursts of action—is sprung from that indomitable, mysterious core. (It's perhaps not irrelevant that her ethnic heritage is American Indian and Latino.) As for eroticism—one of the twin pillars of Spanish dance, along with the proud defiance of death—Benítez doesn't so much act it as embody it. She is intrinsically so sensual, you can imagine her transforming the neutral task of mailing a letter into a voluptuous experience. These factors make her dancing an incendiary event; combining them with the evidence of a multilayered interior existence, she puts you in touch with life.

The ambitious new work in her recent program, *Aires de Silencio,* is one of those bastard affairs Spanish dance companies are always attempting, amplifying the abstract solo and duet work that is their province with narrative playlets dependent on the strategies of old-fashioned ballet and modern dance. This example, choreographed by Joaquín Ruíz (real Spanish dancing is improvisatory within a generic framework and doesn't need choreographers), has an unusual and striking subject. Benítez, its heroine, plays a woman more than old enough to have daughters disporting themselves with lovers. As in real life, the young arrogantly assume they are the sole custodians of romance and sex. Thus, they remain willfully innocent not only of the relationship that shaped the elder woman into the person she has become but of the rich range of the personality itself.

The idea is outlined suggestively, not literally (the central incident is played out in smoke-clouded flashback), yet in a fashion simple enough to make its point clear. The supporting players—especially the junior women, lush and disdainful—add style, and Benítez gives the whole business a complex and moving psychological truth. You'd think she was in a play by García Lorca.

All told, Benítez's show is a handsome package, well balanced and running without a hitch—to a point where it will seem too sleek to those who've experienced flamenco more authentically: as a raw, spontaneous act performed in a gritty café. Benítez offers a sanitized, theatricalized presentation—no crude Rioja at the bar in the Joyce lobby—that is excellent of its kind. If the lighting is melodramatic to a fault, the stunning costumes are at once lavish and tasteful: Benítez's limp-ruffled opening ensemble suggests blood and flowers; in *Aires de Silencio,* she wears a claret velvet number effectively cut to excite lust and envy; her apotheosis—young again, in a solo of damn-it-all gaiety—takes place in subtly draped slate silk, the traditional shawl of her trade reduced to a fringe of flame slanting over her hips.

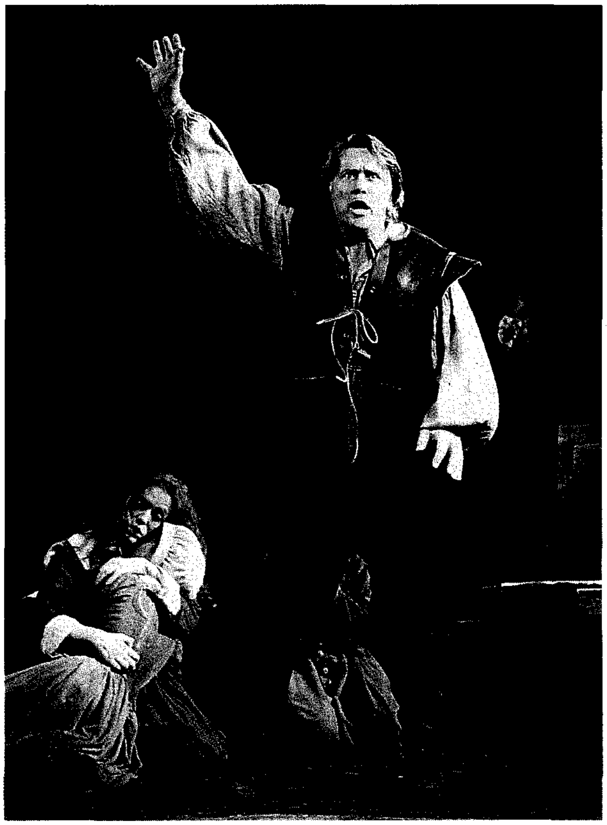
Every performer in her chamber-size group is able and distinctive. Ruíz isn't successful as Benítez's partner in *Aires de Silencio* because he's an elf of a dancer, not the macho type needed to match mature female passion. But elsewhere, alone in an extended display of Alegrías, he's wonderful in his own maverick fashion—sharp, swift, and full of crazy tricks. Angel Atienza, featured in a Taranto, is even more satisfying, emphasizing the contrast between the bluntly muscular work of the thighs and the fleet agility in the lower legs and feet. He may not have Benítez's meditative dimension, but he's her equal in matters of incisive shape and smoldering fire. ■

Theater/John Simon

# MISSES UNDER THE MISTLETOE

## ". . .For a repertory company like the National Actors Theatre, Miller's *The Crucible* is no way to start—maybe the way to end. . ."

SOMETIMES I THINK WITH SYMPATHY OF MUSIC critics, especially those on the dailies. How painful it must be to review the same works over and over again, what with the cautiously unimaginative programming of most musical organizations. What do you say about the tenth *Eroica,* the twelfth *Rigoletto* of the season? It is with similar feelings, or lack of them, that I accost Arthur Miller's **The Crucible** once again. It was done only a couple of years ago, which seems like yesterday. True, it is Arthur Miller's best play, alas; even so, couldn't they switch to an alembic once in a while? Well, not Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre, yet another institution without an apostrophe or common sense.



**DUNKED:** *Martin Sheen (center) in* The Crucible.

The notion of a highly professional repertory company offering classics with Broadway savvy and pizzazz is a lovely dream, but, unlike other dreamers, Randall was able to implement it, partly with his own money. Partly with prestige and enthusiasm, too, he assembled a company from which we could expect much. The one thing he forgot was a dramaturge, someone to tell him that *The Crucible* is no way to start—maybe the way to end. And what kind of repertory company mounts one play at a time for a limited run (this one ends January 5), with the intention of transferring it to another house if it is a success? How then do you keep your company together and rotate the actors? By staging only flops? And why import Yossi Yzraely, an Israeli director, to direct such a showily American play? Especially *this* Israeli director?

*The Crucible*'s problems are evident enough. Having proved himself bereft of a good ear for contemporary American speech in *Death of a Salesman,* Miller, in his next play, proceeded to prove an even greater lack of ear for Colonial American speech. I suppose it was only fitting, God having given him two ears to have no ear with. And there is certainly something to move you to tears upon hearing a 1692 Salem teenager say, "I only hope you will not speak so sarcastical to me no more," even if it's only a case of laughing till the tears well up. And please don't think this an isolated lapse (Puritanically speaking) from Grace; do you find "It were a grand sneeze" any better? But Miller has trouble even with basic grammar, as when the learned Reverend Hale proclaims, "God damns a liar less than he who . . ." etc.

Ah, well, what is language, anyway? No more than a mere four fifths of a play. So what did Miller do with his remaining fifth? He constructed an elaborate parallel between the Salem witch-hunts and McCarthyism. For this, he was promptly accused of faulty analogy: Whereas there were no witches, Communists did exist. True, but unimportant; an analogy does not have to be total. If you say someone carries on like a bunny rabbit, it is not mandatory that the person have long ears.

The problem lies elsewhere: The numerous characters are too superficially and crudely conceived. Abigail Williams is too glaringly evil, and people who can't see through her are too perilously close to idiots. The noble (and quasi-autobiographical) John Proctor must—as everyone who has taken Playwriting 101 knows—have a tragic flaw. So Miller gives him lechery: He has had carnal knowledge of Abigail while his wife was sick. But where is Miller's artistic knowhow to make that carnal knowledge believable? Between Proctor and Abigail there is none of that love-hate that might make these ex-lovers, however mismatched and transient, complex and credible. Only Elizabeth Proctor, the wife, has some dimensionality, but even this Miller must spoil by having the tragedy hinge on a bit of dramatic irony that has DEVICE written all over it. The little white lie with which the upright Elizabeth tries to save her husband is precisely what dooms him. That little white lie has as much artistic depth as the black silk stockings that Willy Loman bestows on a hotel-room concubine, thereby sealing his family's doom.

Or take Proctor's recantation, which is both derivative (*Saint Joan*) and absurd: If a man is willing to sign a fake confession, he must expect it to be made public. You don't make Proctor either heroic or human by making him an ass. In retrospect, I am forced to admire Jed Harris's original production of the play; Harris was able to stage, indeed choreograph, the work so as to take away your breath, and with it your discrimination. In Yzraely's mounting, you get neither the sense of various in-groups battling one another (the young girls, for instance, are a soggy lot) nor what Jules Romains called *unanimisme,* the feeling of a whole society in the grips of artificially induced hysteria.

I have had ample opportunity to admire some members of this cast on previous occasions, but here most efforts miscarry. Martin Sheen, of the now frazzled voice, is good enough as Proctor the *homme moyen sensuel,* but fails utterly as Proctor the tragic hero. John Beal and Martha Scott look and sound right as a couple of involved elders, but are unable to act much. As Deputy-Governor Danforth, Fritz Weaver looks and sounds as mighty

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

# “. . .Hammett’s Nick and Nora were acerb, witty, charming. Arthur Laurents turned them into rubes, more like Dick and Dora. . .”

as Niagara Falls, but behind the waterfall there is nothing. Indeed, there is no feel of New England about most of the goings-on. As Reverend Hale, Michael York, in a fright wig, gives a matchingly frightful performance: marionettelike movements, pedestrian speechifying, and an accent that could at best pass for Irish. Madeleine Potter does everything conceivable and inconceivable to make Abigail a villain short of sporting a mustache to twirl. Jane Adams, as Mary Warren, looks and sounds New Yorky; Danielle Ferland, as another of the girls, makes you believe in witches, though not by her performance.

The extremely unfelicitously named Genia Sewell Michaela at least has the right quality for Betty Parris; George N. Martin, although a bit of a loudmouth, has the makings of a Giles Corey; and Maryann Plunkett gives the one noteworthy performance, as Elizabeth. The gifted David Jenkins has designed an interesting and money-saving indoor-outdoor unit set; but why any outdoor in a piece that is meant to be as enclosed and claustrophobic as possible? Patricia Zipprodt’s scarlet cloak for the austere Danforth looks like leftover upholstery material for the throne room at Versailles. And the electronically amplified solo cello moanings John Kander has devised by way of background score merely attest to the gap between musical-comedy writing and writing music.

**DOGGED:** *Riley, Bostwick, Gleason in* Nick & Nora.

WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THE ONLY MAJOR new musical of the season, **Nick & Nora,** which, modish ampersand and all, died of crib death? If you are going to base your show on Hammett’s *The Thin Man,* it behooves you to stick to the source—or at least to the now mythic William Powell–Myrna Loy movies it engendered—rather than let Arthur Laurents, no specialist in mystery or sophistication, write his own book. Nor does it help to superimpose contemporary feminism: Nora’s attempt to outsleuth the patriarchally smug Nick creating a marital rift. Low and high genres do not mix; you cannot start out, say, with *Rosemary’s Baby* and end up with *Rosmersholm.* Moreover, mysteries do not make good musicals.

If *City of Angels* works, it is because the mystery aspect is ancillary; the spoof’s the thing. In a real thriller, suspense must grow inexorably, the vise tighten, the menace accumulate. A musical, on the other hand, must take time out for song and dance, for production numbers, even if it is as supposedly serious as, say, *South Pacific,* which must provide chances for GI’s to impersonate dames, and Mary Martin to wash a man out of her hair. A detective story marches to a different drummer; there is no Muzak in a mousetrap.

Further, Hammett, Chandler, and the rest could write dry-martini dialogue: Nick and Nora were acerb, witty, charming. Laurents’s dialogue turned them into rubes, more like Dick and Dora. Jokes based on placing Montevideo in Guatemala? Lines like “Don’t play a Barbara Stanwyck heroine, not with Jean Harlow’s hair”? A crooked detective with a shoe fetish, but whose lust for high-heeled pumps never even reaches stiletto-heel heights? Conjugal squabbles between partners who never establish an initial easy rapport? There was something seedy, even hayseedy, about this *Nick & Nora.*

Douglas W. Schmidt’s set design was serviceable though plodding; Theoni V. Aldredge’s costumes took unusually long to warm up. Tina Paul’s dances, not much to begin with, were executed by a basically non-Terpsichorean team, Joanna Gleason and Barry Bostwick, and always interrupted by bits of dialogue and plot before they could resume and try to register; instead of on stardust, the pair danced on choreographic splinters. The biggest mistake was allowing the book writer, Laurents, to be his own director; it was rather like a relay race in which a single runner keeps passing the baton to himself. Charles Strouse can compose fine scores; here his only memorable song was “Men,” memorable all the way back to 1905, when it first appeared as the Pavilion Duet in *The Merry Widow.* Richard Maltby Jr.’s lyrics were merely workmanlike where nothing short of genius could have saved the day.

As Nick, Barry Bostwick, a likable performer but not a cosmopolitan smoothie, was passing the champagne as if it were ginger ale (which, in fact, it was). As Nora, Joanna Gleason exuded no more sex appeal than Asta, not even a spark in her scenes with Chris Sarandon, as a sleazy labor leader, who at the time was her much publicized offstage lover, and who was certainly wooden enough to catch fire. As a character based on Max Reinhardt, Remak Ramsay was about as Austrian-Jewish as George Brent, and with an accent suggesting that his native language must have been Esperanto. As a film producer’s jealous wife, Debra Monk registered more like the man’s mother-in-law. Christine Baranski, as a movie star on the skids, came across more like the star’s secretary or dresser. The one shining exception in all this pallor was Faith Prince as a bookkeeper, producer’s girlfriend, and murder victim; I would have had her doing all the parts, like Gielgud in the otherwise god-awful *Prospero’s Books.*

Asta, a bitch, is portrayed in a bit of nontraditional casting by Riley, a male wirehaired terrier who, though very well trained, was just another pretty snout. Like masters, like dog.

IN THE YULETIDE EDITION OF GERARD ALESsandrini’s *Forbidden Broadway,* **Forbidden Christmas,** the main novelty is an overlong and rather unfunny skit, “A Broadway Christmas Carol,” in which Dickens’s most mawkish tale is turned into a screed against a wicked critic called John Simon Scrooge, giving rise to the rumor that he is based on your reviewer. Unlikely, because this Scrooge is short, ugly, and without accent; because he pans *Annie,* which I praised; and because he is completely witless. More likely, Alessandrini submitted *Forbidden Christmas* with an application for a John Simon Guggenheim Foundation fellowship and was (understandably) turned down.

**Erratum:** IN MY LAST COLUMN, I MISTAKENly described Scott McPherson, the author of *Marvin’s Room,* as being HIV–positive and his lover as dead. Actually, both are alive, but suffering from AIDS. Sorry. ■

Photograph by Nathaniel Kramer.

# SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

## FLOOR PLAN

IN JANUARY, OLD HANDWOVEN TURKISH KILIM rugs and pillows are 30 percent off here. Runners (from 2½ ft. by 10 ft. to 3 ft. by 12 ft.), were $400–$1,400, now $280–$980; Obruks (4 ft. by 6 ft. and 5 ft. by 7 ft.), were $600–$1,200, now $420–$840; kilims from Kayseri, Konya, and Sivas (all 3 ft. by 4 ft. and 3 ft. by 5 ft.), were $300–$500, now $210–$350; scattered sizes (approx. 2 ft. by 3 ft.), were $100–$200, now $70–$140; kilim pillows from 12 sq. in. to 2 ft. by 3 ft., were $45–$350, now $31–$245; and more. A.E., M.C., V.; no checks; all sales final; exchanges possible. *Beyond the Bosphorus, 79 Sullivan St., near Spring St. (219-8257); Tues.–Sun. noon–6 p.m; 1/3–31.*

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## THE GREAT CALL OF CHINA

A RARE SALE AT THIS SHOP BRINGS PRICES down by 20 percent and more on Royal Copenhagen, Dahl-Jensen, and other lovely porcelain. For example, Royal Copenhagen 1972 collectors' Christmas plates, list $45, here $35; 1990 collectors' Christmas plates, list $69.95, here $56; only one Royal Copenhagen 1955 plate, list $285, here $228; Royal Copenhagen figurines, including "knitting girl," list $430, here $344; Royal Copenhagen stoneware hippo from the fifties by Knud Kyhn, list $1,500, here $1,200; only one pair of Georg Jensen heavy sterling-silver candlesticks, ca. 1959, list $12,000 the pair, here $8,000; Royal Copenhagen one-of-a-kind signed and dated 21-in. vase from 1921, list $8,500, here $6,800; and more. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C., V.; checks accepted as deposits only (merchandise held until they clear); all sales final. *Niels Bamberger, 1070 Madison Ave., near 81st St. (737-7118); Mon.–Thurs. 9 a.m.–5 p.m. and Fri. till 3 p.m.; 1/2–20.*

## SMALL'S FAIR

FAMOUS-MAKER CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN IS half-price here, including Flapdoodles cotton sweats in solid colors (sizes 6–24 mos.), were $17 for tops and $15 for pants, now $8.50 and $7.50, respectively; in sizes 2–8, were $20 and $22 for pants and tops, now $10 and $11, respectively; down vests in bright colors (sizes 1–8), were $42, now $21; English-wool coats with velvet hats (sizes 2T–6X), for girls, were $164, now $82; Mulberri bush long-sleeve printed cotton T-shirts (sizes 6 mos.–4T), were $15, now $7.50; Dogmatic hand-painted long-sleeve cotton T-shirts (6 mos.–8 years), were $27, now $13.50; many items from Big Enough, including mock turtlenecks in bright colors (sizes 2/3–8/9), were $39, now $19.50; thinsulate-lined reversible outerwear jackets (sizes 2/3–8/9), were $120, now $60; No Kidding sweatpants with star or buffalo patterns (sizes 2–7), were $24, now $12; down snowsuits for infants, were $85, now $42.50; Cary cotton floral dresses (sizes 2–6X), were $53–$70, now $26.50–$35; and more. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Monkeys & Bears, 506 Amsterdam Avenue, near 84th Street (873-2673); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–7 p.m. and Sat. till 6 p.m.; starts 1/2; while stock lasts.*

## THE MANE EVENT

THIS BRIGHTLY RENOVATED SALON IN THE Hilton Hotel serves men and women and is offering its services for half-price (manicures 20 percent off). For men, haircut and finish, was $50, now $25; permanent wave, was $100, now $75. For women, hairstyle and finish, was $80, now $40; permanent wave, was $150, now $75; one-process coloring, was $80, now $40; highlight painting, was $130, now $65; manicure, was $15, now $12; European facial, was $60, now $43; waxing, includes full leg, was $50, now $25, half-leg, was $35, now $17.50. M.C., V.; appointment necessary. *Scopello Hair Salon at the New York Hilton, 1335 Sixth Ave., at 53rd St., lower level (246-3751); through 1/31.*

## A SUIT POINT

SUSSEX MANUFACTURES ITS OWN SUITS (men's sizes 36–50R, 36–44S, 38–50L, and 40–46XL) in traditional single-breasted 2-button styles or double-breasted Italian styles. The suits are made of fine wools, including wool crêpe, bird's-eye, gabardines, cavalry twills, and tropical worsteds: camel-hair blazers, were $250, now $187.50; 3,000 single-breasted suits, were $300–$330 here, now $240, or two for $450; single- and double-breasted Euro-style suits, were $345, now $269. Also, 500 wool suits are now half-price (were $310 and $320, now $155 and $160); cashmere-blend overcoats, were $494, now $321. Alterations additional. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Sussex Clothes, Ltd., 302 Fifth Ave., at 31st St., fourth floor (279-4610); Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7:30 p.m., and Sun. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ■

## A Complete Entertainment Guide for Seven Days Beginning

# JANUARY 1

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# MOVIES

## THEATER GUIDE

COMPILED BY KATE O'HARA

In this listing of movie theaters in the greater New York area, the Manhattan theaters are listed geographically; those in the other boroughs, alphabetically; and those elsewhere, by county. The number preceding each theater is used for cross-indexing the capsule reviews that follow.

Schedules are accurate at press time, but theater owners may make late program changes. Phone ahead and avoid disappointment and rage.

## MANHATTAN

### *Below 14th Street*

1. **FILM FORUM—209 W. Houston St.** (727-8110). #1—*Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America* (1991); *Life in the Time of the Roosevelt* (1990); *Backyard Movie* (1991).12/30–1/2: *The Three Ages* (1923); *Hard Luck* (1921); *One Week* (1920); *The Balloonatic* (1921). 1/3–6: *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* (1928); *The Boat* (1921); *My Wife's Relations* (1922); *Day Dreams* (1922). 1/7: *Free and Easy* (1930); *The Hollywood Revue* (1929). #3—*Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse* (1991).

2. **ESSEX—Grand St. at Essex St.** (982-4455). *The Addams Family.*

3. **ANGELIKA FILM CENTER—18 W. Houston St.** (995-2000). #1—*Until the End of the World.* #2—*Prospero's Books.* #3—"National Film Board of Canada's Animation Festival." #4—*Black Robe.* #5—*My Own Private Idaho.* #6—*Madame Bovary.*

5. **WAVERLY—Sixth Ave. at W. 3rd St.** (929-8037). #1—*My Girl.* #2—*The Addams Family.*

6. **8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE—8th St. east of Sixth Ave.** (674-6515). 12/26–1/7: *Inspecteur Lavardin.*

7. **MOVIELAND 8TH STREET—8th St. east of University Pl.** (477-6600). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Naked Lunch.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

8. **THEATRE 80—St. Marks Pl. bet. First and Second Aves.** (254-7400). 12/31–1/1: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *All About Eve* (1950). 1/2: *The Big Sleep* (1946); *The Kennel Murder Case* (1933). 1/3–4: *Beauty and the Beast* (1946); *Black Orpheus* (1960). 1/5: *Lost Horizon* (1937); *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* (1933). 1/6: *This Strange Passion* (1952); *Nazarin* (1961). 1/7: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971); *Brazil* (1985).

9. **LOEWS VILLAGE THEATRE VII—Third Ave. at 11th St.** (982-0400). #1—*JFK.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*The Prince of Tides.* #5—*Star Trek VI.* #6—*High Heels.* #7—*The Prince of Tides.*

10. **VILLAGE EAST—Second Ave. at 12th St.** (529-6799). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Rush.* #3—*Rush.* #4—*Antonia & Jane.* #5—*Young Soul Rebel.* #6—*Father of the Bride.* #7—*La Belle Noiseuse.*

11. **CINEMA VILLAGE Third Ave.—Third Ave. bet. 12th–13th Sts.** (505-7320). *Wings of Desire.*

12. **ART GREENWICH TWIN—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.** (929-3350). #1—*For the Boys.* #2—*Cape Fear.*

13. **CINEMA VILLAGE 12th St.—12th St. east of Fifth Ave.** (924-3363). *Golden Braid.*

14. **QUAD CINEMA—13th St. west of Fifth Ave.** (255-8800). #1—*My Father Is Coming.* #2—*Europa, Europa.* #3—*Overseas.* #4—*Life Is Sweet; City of Hope.*

### *14th–41st Streets*

18. **LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST—Broadway at 19th St.** (260-8000). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*Metting Venus.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*My Girl.*

19. **CHELSEA—23rd St. bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves.** (691-4744). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*Cape Fear.* #4—*Rush.* #5—*The Prince of Tides.* #6—*The Prince of Tides.* #7—*Bugsy.* #8—*JFK.* #9—*At Play in the Fields of the Lord.*

20. **23RD STREET WEST TRIPLEX—23rd St. bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves.** (989-0060). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #2—*The Fisher King.* #3—*For the Boys.*

21. **GRAMERCY—23rd St. at Lexington Ave.** (475-1660). *Father of the Bride.*

22. **BAY CINEMA—Second Ave. at 31st St.** (679-0160). *Cape Fear.*

24. **LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE—34th St. at Second Ave.** (532-5544). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

25. **34TH STREET EAST—34th St. at Second Ave.** (683-0255). *The Prince of Tides.*

26. **MURRAY HILL CINEMAS—34th St. west of 3rd Ave.** (689-6548). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*Bugsy.*

### *42nd–60th Streets*

31. **NATIONAL TWIN—Broadway bet. 43rd–44th Sts.** (869-0950). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*For the Boys.*

32. **LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA—44th St. west of Broadway.** (869-8340). *The Addams Family.*

33. **CRITERION CENTER—Broadway bet. 44th–45th Sts.** (354-0900). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Hook.*

"★★★★

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—Rod Lurie, LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE

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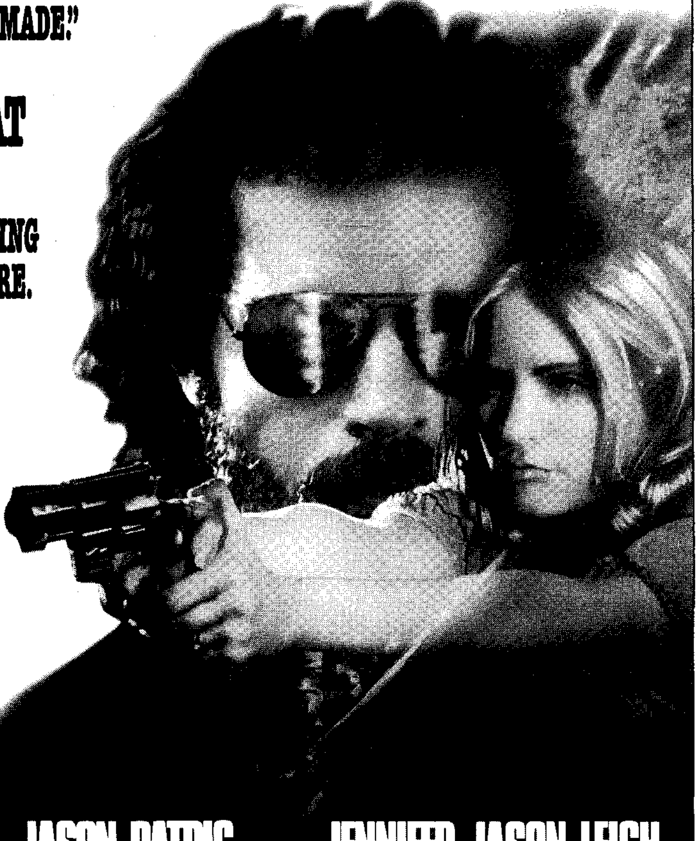

JASON PATRIC JENNIFER JASON LEIGH

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**34. EMBASSY 1—Broadway bet. 46th–47th Sts.** (302-0494). *Father of the Bride.*

**36. EMBASSY 2—Seventh Ave. bet. 47th–48th Sts.** (730-7262). *Star Trek VI.* **EMBASSY 3—***Star Trek VI.* **EMBASSY 4—***My Girl.*

**38. WORLDWIDE CINEMAS—49th–50th Sts. bet. 8th and 9th Aves.** (246-1583). *#1—An American Tail: Fievel Goes West. #2—My Own Private Idaho. #3—The Fisher King. #4—Frankie & Johnny. #5—Black Robe. #6—Homicide.*

**40. GUILD 50TH STREET—50th St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves.** (757-2406). *Beauty and the Beast.*

**41. ZIEGFELD—54th St. west of Sixth Ave.** (765-7600). *The Prince of Tides.*

**42. EASTSIDE CINEMA—Third Ave. bet. 55th–56th Sts.** (755-3020). *The Fisher King.*

**43. CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA—Seventh Ave. at 56th St.** (265-2520). *#1—Madame Bovary. #2—Madame Bovary.*

**44. SUTTON—57th St. east of Third Ave.** (759-1411). *#1—Father of the Bride. #2—Father of the Bride.*

**45. FESTIVAL THEATER—57th St. west of Fifth Ave.** (307-7856). *Until the End of the World.*

**46. 57TH STREET PLAYHOUSE—57th St. west of Sixth Ave.** (581-7360). *Naked Lunch.*

**48. CROWN GOTHAM—Third Ave. bet. 57th–58th Sts.** (759-2262). *Grand Canyon.*

**49. PLAZA—58th St. east of Madison Ave.** (355-3320). *Let Him Have it.*

**50. LOEWS FINE ARTS—58th St. west of Fifth Ave.** (980-5656). *The Inner Circle.*

**51. 59th STREET EAST—59th St. west of Second Ave.** (759-4630). *My Own Private Idaho.*

**52. MANHATTAN TWIN—59th St. bet. Second and Third Aves.** (935-6420). *#1—Cape Fear. #2—Cape Fear.*

**53. BARONET—Third Ave. at 59th St.** (355-1663). *Fried Green Tomatoes.* **CORONET—***Hook.*

**54. CINEMA 3—59th St. west of Fifth Ave.** (752-5959). *Meeting Venus.*

**55. CINEMA I—Third Ave. at 60th St.** (753-6022). *Rush.* **CINEMA II—***Beauty and the Beast.* **CINEMA THIRD AVE.—***Prospero's Books.*

### *61st Street and Above, East Side*

**59. FIRST & 62ND ST. CINEMA—62nd St. Bet. First and York Aves.** (752-4600). *#1—For the Boys. #2—For the Boys; American Tail: Fievel Goes West. #3—Naked Lunch. #4—Star Trek VI. #5—Star Trek VI. #6—My Girl.*

**60. UA GEMINI TWIN—Second Ave. at 64th St.** (832-1670). *#1—Bugsy. #2—The Last Boy Scout.*

**61. BEEKMAN—Second Ave. at 66th St.** (737-2622). *At Play in the Fields of the Lord.*

**62. LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN—Second Ave. bet. 66th–67th Sts.** (744-7339). *#1—The Addams Family. #2—The Prince of Tides.*

**63. 68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE—Third Ave. at 68th St.** (734-0302). *Black Robe.* Opening 1/3: *The Station.*

**64. LOEWS TOWER EAST—Third Ave. bet. 71st–72nd Sts.** (879-1313). *JFK.*

**65. UA EAST—First Ave. at 85th St.** (249-5100). *Star Trek VI.*

**66. 86TH STREET EAST—86th St. east of Third Ave.** (249-1144). *#1—Father of the Bride. #2—Beauty and the Beast.*

**67. LOEWS ORPHEUM—Third Ave. at 86th St.** (876-2400). *#1—My Girl. #2—Bugsy. #3—The Prince of Tides. #4—The Addams Family. #5—The Last Boy Scout. #6—The Prince of Tides. #7—Hook.*

**68. 86TH STREET—86th St. west of Lex. Ave.** (534-1880). *#1—Cape Fear. #2—An American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

### *61st Street and Above, West Side*

**79. LOEWS COLUMBUS CIRCLE—Broadway at 61st St.** (247-5070). *JFK.*

**80. CINEPLEX ODEON 62nd AND BROADWAY—62nd St. at Broadway** (265-7466). *The Prince of Tides.*

**81. LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS—Broadway bet. 62nd–63rd Sts.** (757-2280). *#1—The Double Life of Véronique. #2—Rhapsody in August. #3—High Heels.*

**83. REGENCY—Broadway bet. 67th–68th Sts.** (724-3700). *The Prince of Tides.*

**85. LOEWS 84TH STREET SIX—Broadway at 84th St.** (877-3600). *#1—Star Trek VI. #2—The Last Boy Scout. #3—My Girl. #4—Hook. #5—Bugsy. #6—The Addams Family.*

**87. METRO CINEMA—Broadway bet. 99th–100th Sts.** (222-1200). *#1—Beauty and the Beast. #2—Beauty and the Beast.*

**89. OLYMPIA CINEMAS—Broadway bet. 106th–107th Sts.** (865-8128). *#1—Father of the Bride. #2—Father of the Bride.*

**91. NOVA—Broadway bet. 147th–148th Sts.** (862-5728). *#1—The Addams Family. #2—The Last Boy Scout.*

## MUSEUMS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE—35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria** (718-784-0077). $5; senior citizens $4; students and children $2.50; members free. 11/29–1/5/92: "Play This Movie Loud: A History of Rock on Film." 1/2: *Saturday Night Fever* (1977), dir. John Badham. 1/3, 5: *Truth or Dare* (1991), dir. Alek Keshishian. 1/4: *Wattstax* (1973), dir. Mel Stuart; *The Harder They Come* (1973), dir. Perry Denzell; *Stop Making Sense* (1984), dir. Jonathan Demme. 1/5: *Sign O' The Times* (1987), dir. Prince; *Rock My Religion* (1983–84), dir. Dan Graham.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES—32 Second Ave. at 2nd St.** (505-5181). $6; students and senior citizens $5; members $4. Call for times. 1/2–3: Essential Cinema: Kenneth Anger. 1/2–5: *Dandy* (1988), dir. Peter Sempel, with Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeld, and Nina Hagen. 1/4: Essential Cinema: Bruce Baillie and Robert Bresson. 1/5: Essential Cinema: Belson/Baillie/Crockwell.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM—200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn** (718-638-5000). Free with museum admission. 1/4–2/29: "Luchino Visconti Retrospective." Including *Obssessione* (1942), *La Terra Trema* (1947), *Death in Venice* (1971), and *Bellissima* (1951). 1/4: *Ludwig* (1973). 1/5: *Death in Venice* (1971).

**FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Walter Reade Theater, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza** (875-5600). Through January 1992: "Great Beginnings: First Films by Great Directors." 1/1, 3, 6: *Take the Money and Run* (1969), dir. Woody Allen. 1/1, 2: *The 400 Blows* (1959), dir. François Truffaut. 1/1: *Applause* (1929), dir. Rouben Mamoulian. 1/1–3: *Un Chien Andalou* (1928), dir. Luis Buñuel; *Le Sang d'une Poete* (1930), dir. Jean Cocteau; *Meshes in the Afternoon* (1943), dir. Meys Deren. 1/2–3: *The Maltese* (1941), dir. John Huston. 1/4–5: *Shadows* (1960), dir. John Cassavetes. 1/4–5: *Next of Kin* (1985), dir. Atom Egoyan. 1/6–7: *The Householder* (1962), dir. James Ivory. "Five Films by Alexander Sokurov." 1/2, 7, 8: *Mournful Indifference* (1983). 1/3, 7: *The Lonely Voice of Man* (1978–87). 1/4, 6: *Days of Eclipse* (1988). 1/5, 9: *Save and Protect* (1989). 1/2–6, 7–8: *The Second Circle* (1990). *Jour de Féte* (1948), dir. Jacques Tati; *Targets* (1967), dir. Peter Bogdanovich.

**JAPAN SOCIETY—333 E. 47th St.** (752-3015). $6.50; members, senior citizens, and students $5. 12/6–2/14/91: "Hiroshi Shimizu: A Retrospective." Showing 12/13–2/14 at the **Dag Hammerskjold Auditorium, United Nations, 42nd St. and First Ave.**

**JEWISH WOMEN'S RESOURCE CENTER FILM FESTIVAL—Council House, 9 East 69th St.** (535-5900 ext. 10) 12/2–1/6: "The 1991–92 Annual Jewish women's Film Festival." 1/6: *Voices From the Attic.* Director Eva Folgelman will be present.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.** (879-5500; 570-3949). Free with museum admission. Ongoing series: "Documentary Films on Art": 1/2–4: "Twentieth Century American Art." 1/7–10: "Georges Seurat." "Saturday Evening Films": Tickets are available one hour before each screening at the Uris Center information desk. Through January: "Jazz in Feature Films." Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at 3:30: *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte - 1884.*

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—11 W. 53rd St.** (708-9490). Free with museum admission. Ongoing series: Through 1/14: "Yiddish Film Between Two Worlds." 1/3: *Giveaway* (1983), dir. Alfred Steinhardt. 1/3–4: *Let It Be* (1989), dir. Henry Broder and Frans van der Meulen. 1/5: *A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden* (1987); *Moving Mountains* (1990), dir. Ina Fichman; *Everything's for You* (1989), dir. Abraham Ravett; *Yiddish Folksingers on Miami Beach* (1991), dir. Joel Saxe. 1/6: *Brussels Transit* (1980); *Yosl Cutler and His Puppets* (1935), dir. Unknown; *Urban Peasants* (1930–75). 1/7: *Everythings for You* (1989), dir. Abraham Ravett; *Yiddish Folksingers on Miami Beach* (1991), dir. Joel Saxe. Through 1/7: "Recent Films From Germany." 1/2: *The Suspect* (1991), dir. Frank Beyer. 1/2, 5: *The Return* (1990), dir. Margarethe von Trotta. 1/3: *The "O" Case* (1991), dir. Rainer Simon. 1/3–4: *Ostkreuz* (1991), dir. Michael Klier. 1/4, 7: *Bronstein's Children* (1990), dir. Jerzy Kawalerowicz. 1/5, 6: *The German Chainsaw Massacre* (1990), dir. Christopher Schlingensief. 1/6–7: *My Lovely Monster* (1990), dir. Michel Bergmann. 1/2: What's Happening: *Trees Cry for Rain: A Sephardic Journey* (1989); *The Yiddish Gauchos* (1990), dir. Mark Freeman.

**THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO (formerly the Museum of Broadcasting)—25 W. 52nd St.** (621-6600). $5; students $4; under 13 and senior citizens $3. Through 4/5/92: 'Jack Benny: The Radio and Television Work." Through 3/15/92: "Perspectives on the Collection: The Artist at Work." Through 3/15/92: "Perpectives on the Collection: From Stage and Screen." Through 4/5: Perspectives on the Collection: Witness to History."

**NEW COMMUNITY CINEMA—423 Park Ave., Huntington, N.Y.** (516-423-7653). $6; members and students $4; senior citizens $3.50; under sixteen $2.50. Call for times unless indicated. Cinema #1: 1/1–6: *My Own Private Idaho* (1991). Cinema #2: 1/1–2: *Rambling Rose* (1991). 1/3–6: *The Miracle* (1991).

**PUBLIC THEATER—425 Lafayette St.** (598-7171). $6; senior citizens and students $5. Call for showtimes. Through 1/2: *Tom & Jerry* (1943–52); *Barocco.* 1/3–9: *Gone With the Wind* (1939). Through 3–9: 'Five From Hungary." 1/3–5, 7–9: *Diary for My Loves* (1988). 1/3–4: *Cry and Cry Again* (1987). 1/4, 5: *The Shooting Gallery* (1990). 1/5, 7: *Never, Nowhere, to No one* (1989). 1/8, 9: *The Philadelphia Attraction* (1985).

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART—945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.** (570-0537/3600). Free with museum admission. Closed Mondays. Ongoing series: 1/7–26: "From Object to Subject: Documents and Documentaries From the Women's Movement." 1/7: *Women's Lib* (1970); *Politics of Intimacy* (1972–73); *Another Look* (1972); *The Fifth Street Women's Building Film* (1971). 1/7, 8: *Three Lives* (1970); *The Woman's Film* (1971). 1/9: *Dyketactics* (1974); *The Amazon Festival* (1974–77). 1/10–11: *Healthcaring: From Our End of the Speculum* (1976); *It Happens to Us* (1972); *Birth Film* (1972).

## BRONX

**150. ALLERTON—Allerton Ave. nr. Cruger Ave.** (547-2444). *#1—Hook. #2—The Last Boy Scout. #3—Bugsy; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**155. INTERBORO—E. Tremont Ave. nr. Bruckner Blvd.** (792-2100). *#1—Beauty and the Beast. #2—The Prince of Tides. #3—The Last Boy Scout. #4—Hook.*

**156. KENT—E. 167th St. nr. Grand Concourse** (538-4000). *The Last Boy Scout.*

**157. LOEWS PARADISE—E. 188th St. at Grand Concourse** (367-1288). *#1—The Last Boy Scout. #2—The Addams Family. #3—Beauty and the Beast. #4—Star Trek VI.*

**158. CONCOURSE PLAZA—E. 164th St. nr. Grand Concourse** (588-8800). *#1—Star Trek VI.; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.#2—Bugsy. #3—JFK. #4—The Prince of Tides. #5—The Last Boy Scout; Cape Fear; My Girl. #6—The Last Boy Scout. #7—The Addams Family. #8—Beauty and the Beast. #9—Father of the Bride. #10—Hook.*

**160. WHITESTONE—Bruckner Blvd. at Hutchinson River Pkwy.** (409-9037). *#1—The People Under the Stairs; American Tail: Fievel Goes West. #2—Beauty and the Beast. #3—Hook. #4—The Last Boy Scout. #5—My Girl. #6—JFK. #7—Hook; Strictly Business. #8—The Last Boy Scout. #9—Father of the Bride.*

*#10—The Addams Family. #11—Bugsy. #12—The Prince of Tides. #13—Cape Fear. #14—Star Trek VI.*

## BROOKLYN

### AREA CODE 718

**200. ALPINE—Fifth Ave. at 69th St.** (748-4200). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Hook.* #5—*My Girl; For the Boys.* #6—*Hook.* #7—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**203. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS—Henry St. at Orange St.** (596-7070). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Cape Fear.*

**204. CANARSIE—Ave. L at E. 93rd St.** (251-0700). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.*

**206. COBBLE HILL—Court St. at Butler St.** (596-9113). #1—*My Girl; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*JFK.* #5—*Father of the Bride.*

**208. COMMODORE—Broadway at Rodney St.** (384-7259). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**210. FORTWAY—Ft. Hamilton Pkwy. at 68th St.** (238-4200). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*Star Trek VI.* #5—*The Addams Family.*

**211. KENMORE—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave.** (284-5700). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**213. KINGS PLAZA—Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U** (253-1111). #1—*Hook.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**214. KINGSWAY—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave.** (645-8588). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*Cape Fear; My Girl; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #4—*The Prince of Tides.* #5—*Bugsy.*

**215. LOEWS GEORGETOWN—Ralph Ave. at Ave. K** (763-3000). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*The Addams Family.*

**216. LOEWS ORIENTAL—86th St. at 18th Ave.** (236-5001). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**217. MARBORO—Bay Pkwy. at 69th St.** (232-4000). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*The Prince of Tides.*

**218. METROPOLITAN—392 Fulton St.** (858-8580). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Cape Fear.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**219. THE MOVIES AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY—Knapp St. off Belt Pkwy.** (615-1700). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Prince of Tides.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Bugsy.* #6—*Addams Family.* #7—*Star Trek VI.* #8—*JFK.* #9—*My Girl; Cape Fear.*

**220. OCEANA—Brighton Beach Ave. at Coney Island Ave.** (743-4333). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*Hook; Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*Father of the Bride; The Last Boy Scout.*

**222. RIDGEWOOD—Myrtle Ave. at Putnam Ave.** (821-5993). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.* #5—*The Addams Family.*

## QUEENS

### AREA CODE 718

**300. ASTORIA—UA ASTORIA—**(545-9470). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Star Trek VI.* #5—*Father of the Bride.* #6—*My Girl; Cape Fear.*

**301. BAYSIDE—LOEWS BAY TERRACE—**(428-4040). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**302. BAYSIDE—THE MOVIES AT BAYSIDE—**(225-7711). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**303. CORONA—PLAZA—**(639-7722). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**304. DOUGLASTON—MOVIEWORLD—**(423-7200). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*The Addams Family.* #5—*Star Trek VI.* #6—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #7—*My Girl; For the Boys.*

**305. ELMHURST—LOEWS ELMWOOD—**(429-4770). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*Star Trek VI; All I Want for Christmas.* #4—*The Addams Family.*

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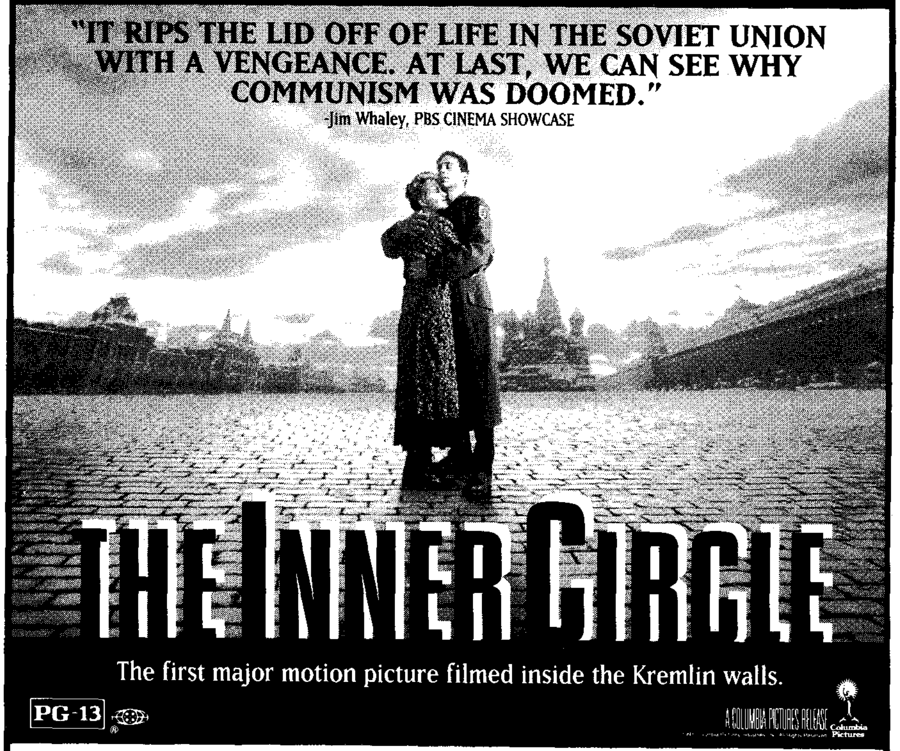
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**306. FLUSHING—MAIN STREET—**(268-3636). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**307. FLUSHING—UA QUARTET—**(359-6777). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*For the Boys; My Girl.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Bugsy.*

**308. FLUSHING—UTOPIA—**(454-2323). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**309. FOREST HILLS—CINEMART—**(261-2244). #1—*My Girl; Beauty and the Beast.*

**310. FOREST HILLS—CONTINENTAL—**(544-1020). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.*

**311. FOREST HILLS—FOREST HILLS—**(261-7866). #1—*JFK.* #2—*JFK.*

**312. FOREST HILLS—LOEWS TRYLON—**(459-8944). *Father of the Bride.*

**313. FOREST HILLS—MIDWAY—**(261-8572). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Hook.*

**314. FRESH MEADOWS—CINEMA 5—**(357-9100). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.* #4—*My Girl; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #5—*For the Boys.*

**315. FRESH MEADOWS—MEADOWS—**(454-6800). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Hook.* #5—*The Prince of Tides.* #6—*Star Trek VI.* #7—*The Prince of Tides.*

**316. JACKSON HEIGHTS—COLONY—**(478-6777). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**317. JACKSON HEIGHTS—JACKSON—**(335-0242). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**318. OZONE PARK—CROSSBAY—**(848-1738). #1—*Hook.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Hook.*

**319. OZONE PARK—CROSSBAY II—**(641-5330). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—*Star Trek VI.* #6—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #7—*The Addams Family.*

**320. REGO PARK—DRAKE—**(457-4002). *For the Boys.*

**321. FLORAL PARK—NORTH SHORE TOWERS—**(229-7702). #1—*For the Boys.*

**322. SUNNYSIDE—CENTER—**(784-3050). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

## STATEN ISLAND

### AREA CODE 718

**400. ELTINGVILLE—AMBOY—**(356-3800). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**401. NEW DORP—HYLAN—**(351-6601). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Bugsy; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**406. TRAVIS—THE MOVIES AT STATEN ISLAND—**(983-9600). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*The Addams Family.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*The Prince of Tides.* #7—*Beauty and the Beast.* #8—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #9—*Star Trek VI.* #10—*My Girl; For the Boys.*

## LONG ISLAND

### AREA CODE 516

### *Nassau County*

**500. BALDWIN—GRAND AVENUE—**(223-2323). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Bugsy.*

**501. BELLMORE—MOVIES—**(783-7200). *Father of the Bride.*

**502. BETHPAGE—MID-ISLAND—**(796-7500). *The Prince of Tides.*

**503. EAST MEADOW—MEADOWBROOK—**(731-2423). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—*For the Boys.* #6—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

**504. FRANKLIN SQUARE—FRANKLIN—**(775-3257). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*Star Trek VI.*

**505. GARDEN CITY—ROOSEVELT FIELD—**(741-4007). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; My Girl; Cape Fear.* #5—*The Addams Family.* #6—*Beauty and the Beast.* #7—*JFK.* #8—*Star Trek VI.*

**506. GLEN COVE—GLEN COVE—**(671-6668). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #3—*Father of the Bride.* #4—*For the Boys; My Girl.* #5—*JFK.* #6—*Bugsy.*

**507. GREAT NECK—SQUIRE—**(466-2020). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*Star Trek VI.*

**509. HICKSVILLE—HICKSVILLE—**(931-6085). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*The Addams Family.*

**510. LAWRENCE—LAWRENCE—**(371-0203). #1—*My Girl.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**512. LEVITTOWN—LOEWS NASSAU SIX—**(731-5400). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*The Addams Family.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Star Trek VI.*

**513. LONG BEACH—PARK AVENUE—**(432-0576). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**514. LYNBROOK—LYNBROOK—**(593-1033). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*For the Boys.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*Star Trek VI.*

**515. MALVERNE—TWIN—**(599-6966). #1—*All I Want for Christmas.* #2—*Curly Sue; Black Robe; My Girl.*

**516. MANHASSET—MANHASSET—**(627-7887). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*For the Boys.*

**517. MASSAPEQUA—THE MOVIES AT SUNRISE MALL—**(795-2244). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—*JFK.* #6—*The Last Boy Scout.* #7—*The Addams Family.* #8—*Star Trek VI.* #9—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

**519. MERRICK—MERRICK TWIN—**(546-1270). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**520. NEW HYDE PARK—HERRICKS—**(747-0555). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**521. OCEANSIDE—OCEANSIDE—**(536-7565). #1—*Curly Sue.* #2—*My Girl; Man in the Moon.*

**522. PORT WASHINGTON—MOVIES—**(944-6200). #1—*Beauty and the Beast; JFK.* #2—. #3—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Black Robe.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—. #6—*Star Trek VI.* #7—*JFK.*

**523. SOUNDVIEW CINEMAS—**(944-3900). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.* #4—*Cape Fear.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Father of the Bride.*

**524. ROCKVILLE CENTRE—FANTASY—**(764-8000). #1—*JFK.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*The Prince of Tides.* #5—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**525. ROCKVILLE CENTRE—ROCKVILLE CENTRE—**(678-3121). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**526. ROSLYN—ROSLYN—**(621-8488). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**527. SYOSSET—SYOSSET TRIPLEX—**(921-5810). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*For the Boys.*

**528. SYOSSET—UA CINEMA 150—**(364-0700). *Hook.*

**530. VALLEY STREAM—SUNRISE—**(825-5700). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Ricochet.* #3—*Father of the Bride.* #4—*Hook.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Star Trek VI.* #7—*Beauty and the Beast.* #8—*Cape Fear.* #9—*Strictly Business.* #10—*The Addams Family.* #11—*The Last Boy Scout.* #12—*House Party 2.* #13—*My Girl.*

**532. WESTBURY—DRIVE-IN—**(334-3400). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**533. VALLEY STREAM—GREEN ACRES—**(561-2100). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*Billy Bathgate; Other People's Money.* #5—*For the Boys.* #6—*JFK.*

**534. WESTBURY—WESTBURY—**(333-1911). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Star Trek VI.*

### *Suffolk County*

**600. BABYLON—BABYLON—**(669-3399). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**601. BABYLON—SOUTH BAY—**(587-7676). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*An American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #3—*Father of the Bride; The Last Boy Scout; Beauty and the Beast.*

**603. BAY SHORE—LOEWS SOUTH SHORE MALL—**(666-4000). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Star Trek VI.*

**606. BROOKHAVEN—MULTIPLEX—**(289-8900). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*Father of the Bride.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*Hook.* #7—*The Prince of Tides.* #8—*Cape Fear.* #9—*For the Boys.* #10—*The Last Boy Scout; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #11—*The Addams Family; My Girl.* #12—*Beauty and the Beast; Hook.*

**608. COMMACK—MULTIPLEX—**(462-6953). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*My Girl.* #4—*Hook.* #5—*The Prince of Tides.* #6—*Star Trek VI.* #7—*Father of the Bride.* #8—*The Addams Family.* #9—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #10—*For the Boys; Star Trek VI.* #11—*Hook; The Last Boy Scout.* #12—*The Prince of Tides; Bugsy.*

**610. CORAM—THE MOVIES AT CORAM—**(736-6200). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Father of the Bride.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*JFK.* #7—*The Addams Family.* #8—*Star Trek VI.* #9—*My Girl.* #10—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

**611. CORAM—PINE—**(698-6442). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**612. EAST HAMPTON—CINEMAS—**(324-0448). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*JFK.* #5—*Father of the Bride.*

**613. ELWOOD—ELWOOD—**(499-7800). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**616. HUNTINGTON—SHORE—**(421-5200). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #4—*JFK.*

**617. HUNTINGTON STATION—WHITMAN—**(423-1300). *The Addams Family.*

**618. ISLIP—ISLIP—**(581-5200). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**619. LAKE GROVE—MALL SMITH HAVEN—**(724-9550). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**620. LINDENHURST—LINDENHURST—**(957-5400). Through 1/2: *The Fisher King.* Beg. 1/3: *Other People's Money.*

**621. MATTITUCK—MATTITUCK—**(298-4405). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*My Girl; For the Boys.* #7—*The Prince of Tides.* #8—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**623. NORTHPORT—NORTHPORT—**(261-8600). Through 1/2: *All I Want for Christmas; The Fisher King.* Beg. 1/3: *Other People's Money.*

**625. PATCHOGUE—THE MOVIES AT PATCHOGUE—**(363-2100). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*JFK.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Hook.* #7—*The Last Boy Scout.* #8—*The Addams Family.* #9—*My Girl.* #10—*Star Trek VI.* #11—*Beauty and the Beast.* #12—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; For the Boys.* #13—*Cape Fear.*

**627. PORT JEFFERSON—TWIN—**(928-6555). #1—*JFK.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**630. SAG HARBOR—SAG HARBOR—**(725-0010). *Black Robe.*

**632. SAYVILLE—SAYVILLE CINEMAS—**(589-0040). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.*

**633. SMITHTOWN—SMITHTOWN—**(265-1551). Through 1/2: *The Fisher King.* Beg. 1/3: *Other People's Money.*

**634. SOUTHAMPTON—SOUTHAMPTON—**(283-1300). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*For the Boys; Cape Fear.*

**635. STONY BROOK—LOEWS—**(751-2300). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Addams Family.*

**636. WEST ISLIP—TWIN—**(669-2626). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**638. WESTHAMPTON—HAMPTON ARTS—**(288-2600). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**639. WESTHAMPTON—WESTHAMPTON—**(288-1500). *Bugsy.*

## NEW YORK STATE

### AREA CODE 914

### *Westchester County*

**700. BEDFORD VILLAGE—BEDFORD PLAYHOUSE—**(234-7300). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**702. BRONXVILLE—BRONXVILLE—**(961-4030). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**703. GREENBURGH—CINEMA 100—**(946-4680). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**704. HARRISON—CINEMA—**(835-9800). *The Addams Family.*

**706. HAWTHORNE—ALL WESTCHESTER SAW MILL—**(747-2333). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; The Addams Family.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*My Girl; Cape Fear.* #4—*Star Trek VI.* #5—*Bugsy.* #6—*The Last Boy Scout.* #7—*JFK.* #8—*The Prince of Tides.* #9—*Hook.* #10—*Father of the Bride.*

**707. LARCHMONT—PLAYHOUSE—**(834-3001). *JFK.*

**708. MAMARONECK—PLAYHOUSE—**(698-2200). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*Bugsy.* #4—*My Girl.*

**709. MOUNT KISCO—MOUNT KISCO—**(666-6900). #1—*An American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.* #5—*Cape Fear; The Addams Family.*

**714. PEEKSKILL—BEACH—**(737-6262). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*Father of the Bride.*

**716. PELHAM—PICTURE HOUSE—**(738-3160). *For the Boys; Cape Fear.*

**718. RYE—RYE RIDGE—**(939-8177). #1—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**719. SCARSDALE—FINE ARTS—**(723-6699). *High Heels.*

**723. YONKERS—MOVIELAND—**(793-0002). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—*Cape Fear.* #6—*The Addams Family.*

**724. YORKTOWN HEIGHTS—THE MOVIES AT JEFFERSON VALLEY—**(245-0220). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Bugsy.* #6—*My Girl.* #7—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

## *Rockland County*

**753. NANUET—MOVIES—**(623-0211). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*My Girl.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**755. NEW CITY—CINEMA 6—**(634-5100). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Hook.* #5—*Beauty and the Beast.* #6—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

**756. NEW CITY—UA CINEMA 304—**(634-8200). #1—*JFK.* #2—*Bugsy.*

**757. NYACK—CINEMA EAST—**(358-6631). *JFK.*

**759. PEARL RIVER—CENTRAL—**(735-2530). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Hook.*

**760. PEARL RIVER—PEARL RIVER—**(735-6500). *Father of the Bride.*

**762. SPRING VALLEY—PIX—**(425-1132). #1—*The Fisher King.* #2—*The Man in the Moon.*

**764. LAFAYETTE—**(357-6030). *The Prince of Tides.*

# CONNECTICUT

### AREA CODE 203

## *Fairfield County*

**800. BROOKFIELD—**(775-0070). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*Hook.*

**801. DANBURY—CROWN CINE—**(743-2200). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**802. DANBURY—CROWN CINEMA—**(748-2923). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*JFK.*

**803. DANBURY—CROWN PALACE—**(748-7496). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Addams Family; My Girl.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**805. FAIRFIELD—COMMUNITY—**(255-6555). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*My Girl; Cape Fear.*

**807. GREENWICH—CINEMA—**(869-6030). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*Cape Fear; An American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**808. GREENWICH—CROWN PLAZA—**(869-4030). #1—*For the Boys.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.*

**809. NEW CANAAN—PLAYHOUSE—**(966-0600). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**810. NORWALK—CINEMA—**(838-4504). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**813. SOUTH NORWALK—SONO—**(866-9202). 12/31-1/6: *My Own Private Idaho* (1991). 1/7–9: *Rambling Rose* (1991).

**815. STAMFORD—CROWN AVON—**(324-9205). #1—*Star Trek VI.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**816. STAMFORD—CROWN CINEMA—**(324-3100). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*My Girl.*

**817. STAMFORD—CROWN RIDGEWAY—**(323-5000). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**818. STRATFORD—UA STRATFORD SQUARE—**(377-5056). #1—*My Girl.* #2—*Beauty and the Beast.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Bugsy.*

**819. TRUMBULL—CROWN CINEMA—**(374-0462). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*The Addams Family.*

**820. WESTPORT—FINE ARTS—**(227-3324). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*JFK.* #4—*Bugsy.*

**821. WESTPORT—POST—**(227-0500). *Hook.*

**822. WILTON—CINEMA—**(762-5678). *Beauty and the Beast.*

# NEW JERSEY

### AREA CODE 201

## *Hudson County*

**900. ARLINGTON—LINCOLN CINEMA FIVE—**(997-6873). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Star Trek VI.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout; Cape Fear.*

**901. JERSEY CITY—HUDSON CINEMA 4—**(435-9110). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast.*

**902. JERSEY CITY—NEWPORT CENTER—**(626-3200). #1—*Hook.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Star Trek VI.* #4—*Father of the Bride.* #5—*The Prince of Tides.* #6—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West; My Girl.* #7—*The Addams Family.* #8—*Beauty and the Beast.* #9—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**904. SECAUCUS—LOEWS MEADOW PLAZA 8—**(902-9200). #1—*My Girl.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Bugsy.* #5—*Star Trek VI.* #6—*Beauty and the Beast.* #7—*JFK.* #8—*JFK.*

**905. SECAUCUS—LOEWS MEADOW SIX—**(866-6161). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #2—*The Last Boy Scout.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Hook.* #6—*Hook.*

**906. GUTTENBERG—GALAXY TRIPLEX—**(854-6540). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*For the Boys.* #3—*Man in the Moon.*

**908. UNION CITY—SUMMIT THEATER—**(865-2886). #1—*My Girl; American Tail: Fievel Goes West; The Addams Family.* #2—*Cape Fear; For the Boys.*

## *Essex County*

**910. BLOOMFIELD—CENTER—**(748-7900). *For the Boys; My Girl.*

**911. BLOOMFIELD—ROYAL—**(748-3555). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Hook.*

**912. CEDAR GROVE—CINEMA 23—**(857-0877). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*For the Boys.* #4—*My Girl.* #5—*The Addams Family; Beauty and the Beast.*

**916. MILLBURN—MILLBURN—**(376-0800). #1—*Cape Fear.* #2—*Bugsy; For the Boys.*

**917. MONTCLAIR—CLARIDGE—**(746-5564). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*Bugsy.*

**918. MONTCLAIR—WELLMONT—**(783-9500). #1—*Star Trek VI.; Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*The Addams Family.*

**919. NEWARK—ALL-JERSEY MULTIPLEX—**(817-8100). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Strictly Business; My Girl.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*JFK.* #5—*The Last Boy Scout.* #6—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #7—*Hook.* #8—*Father of the Bride.* #9—*The Prince of Tides.* #10—*Star Trek VI.* #11—*The Last Boy Scout.* #12—*Bugsy.*

**920. UPPER MONTCLAIR—BELLEVUE—**(744-1455). #1—*JFK.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*Hook.*

**922. WEST ORANGE—ESSEX GREEN—**(731-7755). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*Hook.*

### AREA CODE 908

## *Union County*

**930. BERKELEY HEIGHTS—BERKELEY—**(464-8888). *Beauty and the Beast.*

**931. CRANFORD—CRANFORD—**(276-9120). #1—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #2—*Bugsy.*

**932. ELIZABETH—ELMORA—**(352-3483). *Star Trek VI.*

**933. LINDEN—LINDEN FIVE—**(925-9787). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Bugsy.* #3—*Father of the Bride; Hook.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**934. ROSELLE PARK—NEW PARK—**(241-2525). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Star Trek VI.* #3—*Beauty and the Beast.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.* #5—*Hook.*

**935. UNION—LOST PICTURE SHOW—**(964-4497). *Black Robe.*

**936. UNION—UNION—**(686-4373). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**937. WESTFIELD—RIALTO—**(232-1288). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Hook.* #3—*My Girl.*

**938. WESTFIELD—TWIN—**(654-4720). #1—*Beauty and the Beast.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

### AREA CODE 201

## *Bergen County*

**950. BERGENFIELD—CINEMA 5—**(385-1600). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*Father of the Bride.* #3—*Hook.* #4—*The Addams Family.* #5—*Cape Fear; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**951. CLOSTER—CLOSTER—**(768-8800). *Star Trek VI.*

**952. EDGEWATER—LOEWS SHOWBOAT—**(941-3660). #1—*Bugsy.* #2—*The Addams Family.* #3—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #4—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**953. EMERSON—QUAD—**(261-1000). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*Cape Fear.* #3—*Star Trek VI.; My Girl.* #4—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West.*

**956. FORT LEE—LINWOOD—**(944-6900). #1—*JFK.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.*

**960. PARAMUS—BERGEN MALL—**(845-4449). *American Tail: Fievel Goes West; For the Boys.*

**961. PARAMUS—ROUTE 4—**(487-7909). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*Cape Fear.* #3—*The Addams Family.* #4—*Star Trek VI.* #5—*JFK.* #6—*Hook.* #7—*Beauty and the Beast.* #8—*Bugsy.* #9—*The Prince of Tides; Hook.*

**962. PARAMUS—ROUTE 17—**(843-3830). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*My Girl.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**964. RAMSEY—LOEWS INTERSTATE—**(327-0158). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.*

**965. RIDGEFIELD—PARK 10—**(440-6661). #1—*The Last Boy Scout.* #2—*JFK.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*Bugsy.* #5—*Father of the Bride.* #6—*JFK.* #7—*Hook.* #8—*American Tail: Fievel Goes West; Cape Fear.* #9—*Beauty and the Beast; Star Trek VI.* #10—*The Addams Family.*

**966. RIDGEFIELD PARK—RIALTO—**(641-0617). #1—*The Addams Family.*

**967. RIDGEWOOD—WARNER—**(444-1234). #1—*The Addams Family.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*My Girl; For the Boys.* #4—*Star Trek VI.*

**969. TEANECK—MOVIE CITY—**(836-3334). #1—*Father of the Bride.* #2—*For the Boys; American Tail: Fievel Goes West.* #3—*The Last Boy Scout.*

**970. TENAFLY—CINEMA 4—**(871-8889). #1—*The Prince of Tides.* #2—*My Girl.* #3—*For the Boys.* #4—*Beauty and the Beast; JFK.*

**971. WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP—CINEMA—**(666-8020). #1—*Beauty and the Beast; Bugsy.* #2—*Father of the Bride.*

**972. WESTWOOD—PASCACK—**(664-3200). #1—*Hook.* #2—*The Prince of Tides.* #3—*The Prince of Tides.* #4—*JFK.*

# BRIEF
# MOVIE
# REVIEWS

COMPILED BY KATE O'HARA

This index, arranged in alphabetical order, includes most, but not necessarily all, films currently playing.

The date in parentheses at the end of the capsule reviews refers to the issue of *New York* in which David Denby's review originally appeared; the numbers that follow the reviews refer to the theater numbers in the listings pages immediately preceding this section.

**MPAA RATING GUIDE**

| | |
|---|---|
| G: | **General Audiences. All ages admitted.** |
| PG: | **Parental Guidance Suggested. Some material may be inappropriate for children.** |
| PG-13: | **Parents Strongly Cautioned. Some material may be inappropriate for children under 13.** |
| R: | **Restricted. Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian.** |
| NC-17: | **No children under 17 admitted.** |

## NEW FILMS

★ **New films recommended by *New York*'s critic.**

★ **THE ADDAMS FAMILY—**(1 hr. 42 min.; 1991) A gourmet meal made up entirely of exquisite hors d'oeuvre. The plot is ramshackle at best—Uncle Fester comes back, but is it really Uncle Fester?—yet this gentle graveyard comedy, directed by cinematographer Barry Sonnenfeld, moves confidently from one silky joke to the next. Sonnenfeld and writers Caroline Thompson and Larry Wilson have captured the deadpan ghoulish chic of Charles Addams's great cartoon creation. As Gomez Addams, Raul Julia does his south-of-the-border bravura charm to rotting perfection, and as Morticia, Anjelica Huston, all sharp angles and drooping erotic languor, gives perhaps the most consistently ironic performance since Marlene Dietrich took off her furs. Whispering masochistic nothings into each other's ears, they are preposterously romantic—the last truly happy married couple in America. (12/2/91) PG-13. **2, 5, 18, 24, 32, 62, 67, 85, 91, 157, 158, 160, 203, 210, 215, 216, 219, 220, 222, 302, 304, 305, 305, 315, 317, 319, 322, 406, 505, 509, 512, 516, 517, 519, 524, 530, 534, 601, 606, 608, 610, 617, 618, 625, 634, 635, 638, 704, 706, 709, 723, 755, 803, 816, 819, 820, 900, 901, 902, 905, 906, 908, 912, 918, 919, 934, 936, 950, 952, 953, 961, 965, 966, 967**

**AN AMERICAN TAIL: FIEVEL GOES WEST—**(1 hr. 36 min.; 1991) Go West, young mouse. Fievel Mousekewitz puts on his spurs to tame the wild, wild West. An animated film with the voices of Jimmy Stewart, Dom DeLuise, John Cleese, and Amy Irving. G. **20, 38, 59, 68, 150, 158, 160, 200, 206, 211, 214, 302, 304, 313, 314, 319, 401, 406, 503, 505, 506, 517, 522, 524, 530, 601, 606, 608, 610, 616, 618, 619, 621, 625, 702, 706, 709, 718, 724, 755, 807, 902, 905, 908, 917, 919, 931, 933, 950, 952, 953, 960, 964, 965, 969**

**ANTONIA & JANE—**(1 hr. 17 min.; 1991) The third feature made by the young English director Beeban Kidron is no more than moderately entertaining, but the 30-year old Kidron, whose work bears a strong resemblance to Woody Allen's, has some talent, and she may find her style later on. The film is a comedy about a friendship between two unhappy Londoners, Jane (Imelda Staunton), a neurotic bookshop clerk, and her much-envied buddy Antonia (Saskia Reeves), a beauty with seemingly everything going for her. The two women meet only once a year—for lunch—yet each is supposed to be obsessed with the other, and their lives are seen in parallel as a series of endless mishaps. The movie is open-ended and playful, but some of Kidron's vignettes are rather limp and underdone. (10/28/91) NR. **10**

**AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD—**(3 hrs. 5 min.; 1991) Hector Babenco has preserved the moral intelligence of Peter Matthiessen's 1965 novel but lost much of its adventure-story kick. Aidan Quinn is Martin Quarrier, a nerdy evangelist sent to convert an Amazonian tribe, the Niaruna; yet the Niaruna are also being invaded by another sort of savior: Lewis Moon (Tom Berenger), a half-Cheyenne mercenary pilot who joins the tribe in hopes of protecting it from land-grabbing whites. As missionaries woo Indians and battle one another—John Lithgow has an amusingly creepy turn as a righteous evangelist—Babenco undercuts our routine distinctions between white and Indian, Christian and heathen, Protestant and Catholic, civilized and savage. He also undercuts some of the actors, though he wins Daryl Hannah's best work in years as Leslie's open-minded and emotionally-hungry missionary wife. Perhaps the most passionate actor of his generation, Quinn gives an engrossing, superbly tormented performance—his choked line readings recall the best of Montgomery Clift—and we're ready to follow him as he works through Martin's wrenching spiritual transformation. In the end, he's just another figure caught in a cruelly ironic pattern; whatever their intentions, all the characters wind up destroying what they care about most. Though Babenco sometimes grows ploddingly romantic about the sphinxlike Indians, his movie has emotional force; it shows the tragedy lurking in modernity's fascination with "primitive" cultures we need only touch to destroy. (Powers, 12/9/91) R. **19, 61**

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—**(1 hr. 24 min.; 1991) The new animated version from Disney offers about half of the possible wonder and excitement that lies buried in the great old fairy tale—perhaps the most moving and morally beautiful of the love fables for children. Making the story come to life from the still figures of stained-glass windows is an elegant touch, but most of the movie is more efficient than imaginative. The Beast, for instance, lacks fantasy—he's just a big guy, moderately ugly, with a couple of long incisors—and the songs by Alan Menken (music) and the late Howard Ashman (lyrics) have the familiar, soothing sound of fifties Broadway. Within its utilitarian limits, the movie is lively and well told, though the cynical will note that the heroine, Belle, has been made politically correct—she loves to read and rejects the advances of a handsome, overmuscled El Narcisso who wants to have six sons with her. As in *The Little Mermaid*, the subsidiary characters—the nattering candles and clocks and pieces of crockery—are a lot more fun than the hero and heroine. (11/25/91) G. **10, 19, 26, 26, 40, 55, 66, 87, 87, 155, 157, 158, 160, 206, 211, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 301, 306, 309, 316, 319, 400, 406, 504, 505, 506, 509, 512, 513, 522, 524, 526, 530, 601, 606, 608, 611, 613, 619, 621, 625, 634, 636, 706, 709, 718, 753, 755, 759, 801, 817, 818, 822, 901, 902, 904, 912, 918, 919, 930, 934, 938, 961, 965, 970, 971**

**LA BELLE NOISEUSE—**(4 hrs.; 1991) In French with English subtitles. Jacques Rivette may never come closer to a hit than with this magisterial four-hour film about a once-celebrated painter, Edouard Frenhofer (Michel Piccoli), who, after a decade of timorous inactivity, picks up his brushes and attempts to transform a beautiful young woman, Marianne (Emmanuelle Béart), into a crowning masterpiece. Filmmaking doesn't come purer or more elemental than this, which makes it a sweet irony that one key reason for its popular success isn't Rivette's avant-garde daring but our own dèrriere-garde voyeurism: The gorgeous, violin-shaped Béart is naked for nearly two hours. (Powers, 11/18/91) NR. **10**

**BLACK ROBE—**(1 hr. 40 min.; 1991) In 1634, a Jesuit priest and his apprentice journeyed through the frontier of "New France" to a newly built mission, trading with American Indians in return for safe passage. Their true story in sweeping epic form. Dir. by Bruce Beresford. With Lothaire Bluteau. R. **3, 38, 63, 601, 522, 630, 935**

★ **BUGSY—**(2 hrs. 18 min.; 1991) Suave, romantic, witty. After years of dodging, hedging, and dithering, Warren Beatty plays Benjamin Siegel, the Mafia murderer, dandy, and "sportsman" who founded Las Vegas—a visionary goon who worked on his diction and manners and who hated his buggy nickname—and he gives a complex and rousing performance. The filmmakers have cleaned up their hero a bit, transforming a movie-struck psychopath into a feverish near-genius: Bugsy has become another version of the Great Gatsby (né James Gatz), who, in his creator's immortal words, "sprang from his Platonic conception of himself." Nattily dressed, tanned, a culture lover, Ben (as he liked to be called) enters a room, races around his opponents, surrounding, one-upping, intimidating. He seems to hand his enemy an advantage—a gun or, at one astonishing moment, his member—but the offer is so strange it puts the opponent on the defensive. He is genial, a jokester, but his act is a mix of hustle and menace, and there's murder in his soul. Bugsy falls for Virginia Hill (Annette Bening), a minor starlet and a blunt, critical, and demanding woman, and together, with Mafia money, they build the first big casino in the desert town of Las Vegas. The script, by James Toback, is audacious, at times hilarious; the direction, by Barry Levinson, slightly hyper but with a tragic undertow, is often masterly. With superb performances by Ben Kingsley (as Meyer Lansky) and Harvey Keitel (as Mickey Cohen). Cinematography by Allen Daviau; music by Ennio Morricone. (12/16/91) R. **9, 19, 26, 26, 33, 60, 67, 85, 150, 158, 160, 204, 210, 214, 217, 219, 220, 222, 304, 307, 313, 314, 317, 319, 401, 500, 504, 505, 506, 512, 514, 516, 530, 532, 600, 606, 608, 610, 612, 618, 621, 625, 639, 702, 706, 708, 724, 756, 801, 807, 818, 820, 902, 904, 916, 917, 919, 931, 933, 950, 952, 961, 965, 971**

**CAPE FEAR—**(2 hrs. 17 min. 1991) Martin Scorsese's jangled new version of the classic 1962 thriller is too jumpy to be much fun. Nick Nolte takes the old Gregory Peck role—the head of a family in a small southern town under siege from a psychotic ex-con (Robert De Niro in the Robert Mitchum role). In the original, chaos and evil were out there—something to be warded off. Now chaos is inside the family, too—in the mixed emotions of Nolte's unfulfilled wife (Jessica Lange) and unhappy daughter (Juliette Lewis). De Niro, in long, inky hair, and sporting a malicious little smile, seems to be made up of genius-homicidal maniacs from many old movies; he has so many attributes that he's hardly credible as a human being. He has one great scene, though—when he talks softly and feelingly to the teenager, who almost trusts him. For the rest, Scorsese has added psychological resonance to pulp material, and rather than deepening it he's just made it unpleasant. The camera runs in and out; the cutting throws us around the room; the actors look as if their heads are being squeezed in a winepress. Written by Wesley Strick, who adapted the old James R. Webb screenplay, which, in turn, was based on a novel by John D. Macdonald. With Joe Don Baker, Fred Thompson, and, in bit roles, Peck and Mitchum. (11/25/91) R. **12, 19, 22, 31, 52, 52, 68, 158, 160, 200, 203, 214, 218, 219, 300, 302, 304, 313, 315, 319, 400, 406, 503, 505, 506, 517, 523, 524, 530, 601, 606, 608, 610, 616, 618, 619, 621, 625, 634, 706, 709, 716, 718, 723, 724, 753, 755, 800, 805, 807, 900, 902, 905, 908, 916, 917, 919, 931, 933, 950, 952, 953, 961, 964, 965**

**CITY OF HOPE**—(2 hrs. 9 min.; 1991) John Sayles, the novelist who has written and directed five independently produced movies, appeared in his recent projects to be developing an alarming penchant for draining the life out of interesting subjects. But he's done the opposite this time, pumping up his characters, filling them with tempestuous emotions, while himself displaying a heavy charge of despair. *City of Hope* is about urban rot, yet for all its serious demeanor, it's a kind of slapdash, TV-movie project, a big canvas in which most of the ideas seem generalized and secondhand. We're in "Hudson City," a decrepit postindustrial metropolis that is ruled by a corrupt white mayor and filled with such types as an Italian-American building contractor in league with the Mafia, violent black teenagers, and black politicians bullied by ethnic-chauvinist opportunists. We're in hell—contemporary urban America. Virtually everyone is compromised, torn, unclean. The two principal characters are young men struggling to find their souls: Nick (Vincent Spano), a good-looking lout who wants to get out from under his loving but corrupt dad (Tony Lo Bianco), and Wynn (Joe Morton), a black city councilman who is trying to become the leader of an embattled and aggrieved community that wants power and is indifferent to truth. The movie is a remarkable piece of engineering, but much of the violent speech and sentiment sounds tin-eared and merely serviceable, almost generic, as if Sayles had concocted profane dialogue for characters taken from local-TV news reports. (10/28/91) R. **14**

★**THE DOUBLE LIFE OF VÉRONIQUE**—(1 hr. 36 min.; 1991) In French and Polish with English subtitles. Few recent movies have been as superbly elusive as this beautiful new movie by the 50-year-old Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski; it's so cryptic that even admirers leave the theater shaking their heads, not unhappy but slightly baffled. Set in Kraków and Paris, it traces the lives of two nearly identical young women—Polish Veronika and the French Véronique—both played by the luminous Swiss actress Irène Jacob. Spiritual doubles, they share the same heart condition, passion for music, fierce pleasure in lovemaking, and indescribable sense that they're not alone, that they're linked to an unknown someone out in the world. But Kieslowski's real concerns are more psycho-mystical than social. Veronika-Véronique's story grows from a common response to feelings of aloneness; we believe somebody's out there who feels just as we feel, or we sense another self, a watcher, who's somehow following our every move. Kieslowski takes these feelings very seriously, conjuring an Other World beyond ordinary human experience, and attuning himself to the inscrutable workings of human destiny. What keeps such lofty stuff from floating into the ether is Jacob's radiant humanity. She's a great and beguiling presence, and Kieslowski's camera views her rapturously—even as the rest of his movie is gazing with respect at the world's appalling, exhilarating, ineffable strangeness. Terse as a Western, romantic as an opera, this is a movie about the unsolved mystery of life that isn't afraid to be mysterious. (Powers, 11/18/91) R. **81**

★**EUROPA, EUROPA**—(1 hr. 57 min.; 1991) In German and Russian with English subtitles. If anatomy is destiny, circumcision, in the twentieth century, is predestination. Young Solly Perel (Marco Hofschneider), a good-looking teenager, a German Jew, is adopted first by the Russians and then, after Hitler invades the Soviet Union, by Nazi soldiers, who don't realize he's Jewish and who make him into a kind of mascot. The boy, who has bright eyes and a ripe mouth, is admired by both men and women, many of whom try to peel off his clothes. Beneath his garments, his circumcised member eager to make its appearance remains his potential betrayer. Written and directed by Agnieszka Holland, this comic epic of survival—the travails of a Jewish Candide—is amazingly, a true story, based on Solly's memoirs. Holland, the director of *Angry Harvest* and the screenwriter for many of Andrei Wajda's recent productions, has the sense to stage the material as a comedy of bizarre coincidences and escapes, a tall tale that happens to be true. The essential humanist meaning—a man can be altered and remolded only so far—comes through without sanctimony or cynicism. A French-German co-production. (7/15/91) R. **14**

**FATHER OF THE BRIDE**—(1 hr. 41 min.; 1991) In this remake of the 1950 MGM classic, Steve Martin plays the title role, losing a daughter and gaining a pushy wedding coordinator—not to mention the national debt. Directed by Charles Shyer. With Diane Keaton and Martin Short. PG. **10, 14, 21, 34, 44, 44, 66, 89, 89, 158, 160, 200, 206, 214, 215, 219, 220, 300, 302, 306, 308, 312, 314, 322, 401, 406, 501, 504, 506, 512, 517, 523, 524, 530, 601, 606, 608, 610, 611, 612, 613, 625, 635, 636, 638, 700, 703, 706, 714, 755, 760, 802, 805, 816, 819, 902, 904, 917, 919, 933, 938, 950, 962, 964, 965, 969, 971**

**THE FISHER KING**—(2 hrs. 17 min.; 1991) A great big megalomaniacal mess from Terry Gilliam, who specializes in messes. It's Gilliam's usual antic moods mixed with the new post-eighties mood of dust-in-the-mouth self-abnegation. Jeff Bridges plays Jack Lucas, a nasty talk-show host whose callous remarks inspire a lonely guy to shoot up a restaurant. Jack's career collapses, and three years later, a boozy, self-pitying wreck, he's living with a tigerish, loving video-store owner (Mercedes Ruehl). Drunk one night, Jack is saved from destruction by a weird bum, Parry (Robin Williams), who talks in "medieval" gibberish. Parry's wife, it seems, was blown away in the restaurant, and he has lost his mind. Jack seeks salvation by helping Parry. When Gilliam lets the realistic side of the movie play, Richard LaGravenese's script provides some lovely moments, and the movie is a bumpy but emotionally satisfying ride. But Gilliam loads on the clanking fantasy sequences—the grandiose medieval visions, knights charging on New York's streets, and much else that is foolish and tedious. See it in a spirit of tolerance and wit for the good moments. With Amanda Plummer as a proud office frumpkin so awkward she cannot walk down the street without mishap. (9/30/91) R. **20, 38, 42, 620, 623, 633, 762**

★**FOR THE BOYS**—(2 hrs. 28 min.; 1991) Obvious in some ways and, we suppose, ripely sentimental, but it's also remarkably powerful, effective, and funny. Bette Midler and James Caan play a pair of legendary entertainers who dislike each other but who perform for the troops, cracking jokes through many wars, many decades, singing and dancing through innocent times, periods of anti-Communist righteousness, the nihilism of Vietnam, the slick patriotism of the present. The changing American moods are filtered through the conventions of patriotic entertainment, and, amazingly, this device never seems shallow—perhaps because all the observations are grounded in the show-biz life, the cynical yet hopeful bantering of people who must always face an audience. The flashback structure is corny, but within the conventional framework, the movie, written by Marshall Brickman and the team of Neal Jimenez and Lindy Laub (Jimenez and Laub wrote the original story), is often sharp and emotionally vivid, and Mark Rydell directs with the strength that he exhibited only once before—in *The Rose*, which also starred Midler. Caan sings a little, dances a little: As a legendary entertainer, he's no more than a pleasant faker, but he gets the private hollowness of the man very touchingly. It's Midler's movie. To see her fully engaged, all her talents liberated, is a wonder. She sings the honeyed forties pop as if it had been written for her. With George Segal in an affectionately written part as a gagwriter who gets purged in the McCarthy period. (12/2/91). R. **12, 20, 31, 59, 200, 304, 307, 314, 320, 321, 406, 503, 506, 514, 516, 527, 533, 606, 608, 621, 625, 634, 716, 808, 906, 908, 910, 912, 916, 960, 967, 969, 970**

★**FRANKIE & JOHNNY**—(1 hr. 57 min.; 1991) Johnny (Al Pacino) is a sentimental, overaggressive romantic who talks like a con man but who is nevertheless entirely sincere. Just out of the slammer, Johnny takes a job as a cook at a Greek coffee shop on Ninth Avenue, and falls in love with a waitress, Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer), a cranky, rather literal-minded person who guards her space like a street gang holding a block. *Frankie & Johnny* is little more than a valentine to a man who's desperate for love and a woman who's afraid of it, but it's been made with so much sympathy, delicacy, and true intelligence that it's a triumph of sorts—a gallantly hopeful commercial comedy about love in the age of AIDS and the VCR. The commonplace theme of the movie is that love is impossible but that life without it is more impossible. Banal? Not as it comes off the screen. *Frankie & Johnny* persuasively argues in favor of the obvious as the solution to despair. The chief transformer of the banal here is Terrence McNally, who adapted his much-performed 1987 play *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*. Garry Marshall directs with great, almost overinsistent warmth, but the material has what's been missing from Hollywood for years—heart. With Nathan Lane, Kate Nelligan, Jane Morris, all marvelous. (10/14/91) R. **38**

**FRIED GREEN TOMATOES**—(2 hrs. 10 min.; 1991) Kathy Bates, Jessica Tandy, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Mary-Louise Parker star in a story about life in rural Alabama. Directed by Jon Avnet. PG-13. **53**

**GOLDEN BRAID**—(1 hr. 31 min.; 1991) An Australian film about the erotic obsession that a quiet watchmaker develops when he discovers a lock of golden hair in an antique cabinet. Based on the de Maupassant story "Le Chevelure." Directed by Paul Cox. NR. **13**

**GRAND CANYON**—(2 hrs. 20 min.; 1991) In another L.A. story, two families from opposite sides of the tracks help each other cope with the confusion of contemporary urban life. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan. With Danny Glover, Kevin Kline, Steve Martin, Mary-Louise Parker, and Alfre Woodard. R. **48**

**HIGH HEELS**—(1 hr. 55 min.; 1991) Madrid bad boy Pedro Almodóvar, spanking his favorite ideas until they turn red with pleasure, is back in form, playing deliriously dirty, funny, and perverse games in this mother-daughter soap opera done in mock-bathetic style. Emotion as performance, impersonation as possession, the theatricality of the real and the authenticity of the theatrical—all of Almódovar's themes are there, in bright designer colors, arrayed for our enjoyment. An immense friendliness and sympathy pours out of Almodóvar's work. Crazy as he is, he wants to make contact with everyone. With Marisa Paredes as a great singer-actress who returns to Madrid and the daughter she abandoned years earlier, and Victoria Abril as the daughter, a creepily competitive yet haplessly loving rival. High and low camp mixed together. (12/16/91) R. **9, 81, 719**

**HOMICIDE**—(1 hr. 42 min.; 1991) David Mamet's taut but exasperating new thriller centers on a big-city policeman—slick talker Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna), a Jewish detective dubbed "the Orator" for his silver-tongued way with suspects and witnesses. Like most Mamet heroes, he uses daily routine to ward off the demons of self-knowledge. They come out roaring when he's assigned to investigate the murder of an old Jewish woman. Perhaps because *Homicide's* a way of confronting Mamet's own Jewishness, his finest filmmaking to date is in the scenes setting up Bobby's spiritual crisis; they bare racial wounds with a ferocious honesty. It's racial fury that first triggers Bobby's search for his Jewishness—he's flabbergasted when a black superior calls him a "little kike"—and Mamet deftly interweaves the Klein murder case with his detective's personal quest for his roots. But after setting up a sharply observed and juicy story about racial identity, the movie goes off the deep end, becoming a political potboiler about neo-Nazis and paramilitary Zionists. *Homicide* is choking with earnestly mannered dialogue. Mamet gets away with it, though, whenever Bobby's doing the talking—Mantegna slips into Mamet's lines like a surgeon into his gloves. Whether snapping off quips or purring with bad faith as he woos a heartbroken mother into betraying her son, this beaky actor gives Bobby an emotional density the script doesn't really earn. With elegant *photography—all brooding blues and* whispering shadows—by Roger Deakins. (Powers, 10/21/91) R. **38**

**HOOK**—(2 hrs. 13 min.; 1991) Reviewed in this issue. PG. **7, 18, 18, 33, 33, 53, 67, 85, 150, 155, 158, 160, 160, 200, 200, 204, 213, 217, 218, 219, 220, 222, 300, 304, 307, 313, 313, 315, 315, 316, 318, 318, 406, 500, 505, 507, 512, 514, 514, 517, 523, 523, 528, 530, 530, 532, 600, 606, 606, 608, 608, 610, 611, 612, 616, 621, 625, 625, 632, 635, 706, 708, 709, 714, 723, 755, 759, 800, 809, 817, 818, 821, 900, 901, 902, 905, 905, 911, 919, 920, 922, 933, 934, 937, 950, 961, 961, 965, 972**

**THE INNER CIRCLE**—(2 hrs. 17 min.; 1991) One summer night in 1939, a humble projectionist is summoned from his wedding bed by the KGB and driven to the Kremlin to show films to a very special audience of one—Stalin. An inside look at the era through the eyes of Stalin's personal movie projectionist from 1935 to 1953. PG-13. **50**

**JFK**—(3 hrs. 8 min.; 1991) Reviewed in this issue. R. **9, 19, 64, 79, 158, 160, 206, 210, 213, 219, 301, 306, 311, 318, 406, 503, 505, 506, 517, 522, 524, 527, 533, 603, 606, 608, 610, 612, 616, 625, 627, 700, 702, 706, 707, 714, 724, 756, 757, 802, 808, 820, 904, 919, 920, 922, 956, 961, 965, 970, 972**

# MOVIES

**THE LAST BOY SCOUT—**(1 hr. 47 min.; 1991) Bruce Willis and Damon Wayans play an ex–CIA agent and a former football player who join forces to save the girl in a murder-mystery directed by Joel Silver. R. **7, 24, 33, 60, 67, 85, 91, 150, 155, 156, 157, 158, 160, 208, 210, 211, 213, 217, 218, 219, 220, 222, 300, 303, 307, 310, 314, 317, 319, 406, 503, 507, 510, 514, 517, 520, 523, 530, 532, 601, 606, 608, 610, 619, 621, 625, 634, 706, 714, 723, 724, 753, 803, 810, 815, 818, 819, 900, 901, 902, 905, 911, 912, 919, 933, 934, 952, 962, 965, 969**

**LET HIM HAVE IT—**(1 hr. 54 min.; 1991) In post–World War II London, Derek Bentley and Chris Craig were convicted of murdering a police officer, though only one pulled the trigger. Peter Medak directs a film based on the true story of the infamous 1952 trial and the media circus that surrounded it. With Chris Eccleston and Paul Reynolds. R. **49**

**LIFE IS SWEET—**(1 hr. 42 min.; 1991) A devoted mother, her twin daughters, and two very different chefs try to stomach an English suburb. A family's gastronomic history. Directed by Mike Leigh. With Alison Steadman, Jim Broadbent, and Timothy Spall. NR. **14**

**MADAME BOVARY—**(2 hrs. 10 min.; 1991) Claude Chabrol's close adaptation of Flaubert's classic novel about a bored housewife and her ill-fated attempts to escape her bourgeois life. With Isabelle Huppert as Emma. PG. **3, 43**

**THE MAN IN THE MOON—**(1 hr. 39 min.; 1991) A coming-of-age movie, set in fifties rural Louisiana, about two teenage sisters—one fourteen, the other seventeen—who fall for the same guy. Directed by Robert Mulligan. With Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, Gail Strickland, Reese Witherspoon, and Jason London. PG-13. **521, 762, 906**

**MEETING VENUS—**(2 hrs.; 1991) A sophisticated comedy with Glenn Close (with vocals by Dame Kiri Te Kanawa) as the diva of an international opera company staging Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in Paris. Directed by Istvan Szabo. With Niels Arestrup. PG-13. **18, 54**

**MY FATHER IS COMING—**(1 hr. 22 min.; 1991) Monika Treut writes and directs the story of Vicky, a young girl whose attempts to escape her German roots and find fame in Manhattan are stymied by a visit from her conservative Bavarian father. NR. **14**

**MY GIRL—**(1 hr. 32 min.; 1991) Anna Chlumsky (Vada Sultenfuss) plays a saucy, confused eleven-year-old girl who lives with her mortician father Harry (Dan Aykroyd). Unnerved by the cadavers brought into their home and forever blaming herself for her mother's death, she feels comfortable only with her shy pal Thomas J. (*Home Alone*'s Macaulay Culkin), with whom she shares her first kiss. Zieff finds the sweetness in Culkin and the chipmunk-cheeked Chlumsky, which only makes it all the more shocking when, in the movie's most talked-about twist, Thomas J. is stung to death by bees. Kids will certainly survive this death, but many parents will be driven crazy by the last half-hour's bald attempts to get the audience sobbing. (Bring back the bees.) The movie celebrates life's healing power, and while Vada confronts death, her father is reborn, falling in love with a cheery makeup artist (Jamie Lee Curtis). Both Aykroyd and Curtis turn in warmhearted performances. He, in particular, is finally becoming a convincing screen actor; watching him here, you think only occasionally of Tom Snyder or Richard Nixon. (Powers, 12/9/91) PG. **5, 18, 36, 59, 67, 85, 158, 160, 200, 206, 214, 219, 300, 304, 307, 309, 314, 319, 406, 503, 505, 506, 510, 601, 517, 521, 522, 530, 606, 608, 610, 621, 625, 706, 708, 723, 724, 753, 803, 805, 816, 818, 902, 904, 908, 910, 912, 919, 937, 953, 962, 967, 970**

★ **MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO—**(1 hr. 45 min.; 1991) Gus Van Sant's new movie is ambitious and elusive. A loving portrait of two young hustlers in Portland, it's about homelessness as a state of being. Mike (River Phoenix), an aimless young dish, passive, not too bright, is a narcoleptic who falls into a trancelike slumber at moments of stress—often when he has to perform with a client. Mike's narcolepsy is connected to his longing for his mother, who has long disappeared. River Phoenix makes him a dreamy piece of sculpture. Scott (Keanu Reeves) is altogether tougher. A scapegrace adventurer, he is the son of no less a figure than Portland's mayor. This rich boy is hiding out on the streets because it amuses him, and perhaps because it outrages his powerful father, a stiff, dried-up man confined to a wheelchair. Hair parted in the middle, the sloe-eyed Keanu Reeves is a graceful and wily actor with a trace of vagrant hauteur about him—he's singularly self-possessed. The movie mixes private mythopoeic imagery (scudding clouds, salmon leaping upstream to spawn) with tenderly comical perceptions of the squalid life of the two young men. There are some fancy scenes in which Van Sant turns Scott into Prince Hal in Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Pt. I*, but those who enjoy the rest of the movie will overlook them. (10/7/91) R. **3, 38, 51, 813**

**NAKED LUNCH—**(1 hr. 55 min.; 1991) An adaptation of William S. Burroughs's surrealistic novel about William Lee, expert pest exterminator and former junkie, and the hallucinogenic trip he takes to the bizarre world of Interzone. Directed by David Cronenberg. With Peter Weller. R. **7, 46, 59**

★ **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY—**(1 hr. 40 min.; 1991) In this hyperbolic comedy about a 1980s-type corporate raider, Danny De Vito has a perfect role—Lawrence Garfield, an undersize, overgrown kid from the Bronx who has made hundreds of millions and isn't satisfied. Garfield could not be called cold or sleek. He may be a ruthless predator, but he's still hustling, still thrilled at the chase, still looking for something. De Vito gives him gleeful energy and also corners of sadness and longing. *Other People's Money*, which the veteran Alvin Sargent has adapted from Jerry Sterner's popular Reagan-era play, turns into a debate between two kinds of capitalism—Larry's high-finance wizardry, which produces money for shareholders but creates little or nothing in the way of jobs or goods, and the old-fashioned industrial management of Andrew "Jorgy" Jorgenson (Gregory Peck), the virtuous chairman of the board of the old Rhode Island company. The snippy-snappy efficiency of the dialogue may sound as theatrical as the exchanges in a George S. Kaufman play, but at least we know we're in the hands of professionals. Norman Jewison directed, in his pressured, blustering mode. With Penelope Ann Miller in an embarrassing role as the ace young lawyer who tries to stop Larry from taking over the company and who shows up for a business meeting with Larry in a low-cut dress and flirts with him shamelessly. (11/4/91) R. **533, 620, 633**

**OVERSEAS—**(1 hr. 36 min.; 1991) In French, with Eng. subtitles. The French actress Brigitte Rouan stars in and directed this drama about three very privileged, very different sisters caught in the political unraveling of French Colonial Africa. With Nicole Garcia, Marianne Basler. NR. **14**

★ **THE PRINCE OF TIDES—**(2 hrs. 12 min.; 1991) Despite some awful lines and a few scenes that should have been left out in the sun to dry, Barbra Streisand's earnest and strenuous movie, based on the Pat Conroy novel, is mostly brave and moving. Moviegoers who take the long view will think of the expansive narrative films made in the forties and fifties from novels by Edna Ferber, Sloan Wilson, and Herman Wouk. Tom Wingo (Nick Nolte), a restless and dissatisfied middle-aged man from South Carolina, at odds with his wife (Blythe Danner) and his mother (Kate Nelligan), fighting his past, comes to New York to tend a sister (Melinda Dillon) who has had a breakdown. There, he encounters psychoanalysis, Jews, dinner parties, homosexuals, and other forces of the big city, all of which work on him, combining to open up his soul. Nick Nolte's performance as Tom is pretty much magnificent—certainly the largest, most extensive work of his extraordinary career. As for Streisand: In all the scenes set in the South among Tom's large family, her direction is fluent and surefooted, and she gets first-rate work out of the other actors. But as the New York psychoanalyst Susan Lowenstein, she is like a piece of waxed fruit with long nails. Try not to giggle: The rest of the movie is worth attention. (12/16/91) R. **9, 19, 25, 41, 62, 67, 80, 83, 155, 158, 160, 200, 200, 204, 206, 214, 217, 219, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 315, 315, 406, 502, 503, 505, 513, 517, 519, 520, 523, 524, 524, 526, 527, 533, 533, 600, 606, 608, 608, 610, 612, 616, 619, 621, 625, 627, 632, 703, 706, 708, 709, 723, 724, 755, 764, 801, 808, 809, 820, 900, 902, 904, 919, 920, 922, 933, 936, 937, 956, 961, 961, 965, 967, 970, 972, 972**

**PROSPERO'S BOOKS—**(2 hrs. 5 min.; 1991) Peter Greenaway's expansive version of Shakespeare's *Tempest* guides us through the books Prospero employs to civilize his barren exile. With John Gielgud. R. **3, 55**

**RHAPSODY IN AUGUST—**(1 hr. 38 min.; 1991) On holiday in the countryside outside Nagasaki, three generations have their reflections on the effects of war interrupted by the sudden arrival of a foreigner (Richard Gere). Directed by Akira Kurosawa. With Sachiko Murese, Hisashi Igawa, and Narumi Kayashima. PG. **81**

**RUSH—**(2 hrs.; 1991) An undercover cop's downward spiral as she and her partner become intimately involved with each other and the shadowy drug world that they set out to expose. Based on Kim Wozencraft's novel of the same name. Directed by Lili Fini Zanuck. With Jason Patric and Jennifer Jason Leigh. R. **10, 10, 19, 33, 55**

**STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY—**(1 hr. 50 min.; 1991) The original crew members reassemble for their sixth and last mission, bringing peace to the final frontier. Directed by Nicholas Meyer (Star Trek II). PG. **9, 19, 24, 36, 59, 65, 85, 157, 158, 160, 208, 210, 211, 213, 216, 219, 300, 304, 305, 315, 319, 406, 504, 505, 507, 510, 512, 514, 517, 522, 530, 534, 603, 606, 608, 610, 611, 621, 625, 632, 634, 706, 803, 810, 815, 818, 900, 902, 904, 912, 918, 919, 932, 934, 951, 953, 961, 965, 967**

**THE STATION—**(1 hr. 32 min.; 1991) One stormy night at a provincial train station in Italy, a sleepy stationmaster is awakened by Flavia, a glamorous young heiress fleeing from a quarrelsome boyfriend. While Flavia waits through the night for the next train to Rome, she and the shy stationmaster enter into an unlikely acquaintance. Directed by Sergio Rubini. NR. **63**

**STRICTLY BUSINESS—**(1 hr. 45 min.; 1991) A comedy, marking the feature-film debut of just about everyone involved, about a mailroom clerk who befriends a superior, gets the girl, and climbs the corporate ladder faster than you can say "J. Pierpont Finch." With Tommy Davidson, Halle Berry, Joseph C. Phillips. Directed by Kevin Hooks. PG-13. **160, 530, 919**

**UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD—**(2 hrs. 37 min. Wim Wenders directs a gangbuster cast (William Hurt, Solveig Dommartin, Sam Neill, Max von Sydow, and Jeanne Moreau) in this Hitchcockian love story set in 1999 and shot around the world ("in no less than seven countries"). R. **3, 45**

**YOUNG SOUL REBEL—**(1 hr. 43 min.; 1991) A young British filmmaker uncovers the rising black youth subculture that ran alongside the noisy punk movement in 1977 London. Dir. Isaac Julien. NR. **10**

## REVIVALS

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST—**(1 hr. 30 min.; 1946) In French, Eng. subtitles. Jean Cocteau's version of the famous fairy tale, set in medieval France, beautifully and elegantly written, acted, and photographed. **8**

**THE BIG SLEEP—**(1 hr. 54 min.; 1946) Bogart as Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, everything you've ever wanted in a private eye, and Lauren Bacall at her most bewitchingly enigmatic. You need a road map to get through the tangled plot, but the acting is all so polished that it doesn't really matter. Watch, especially, for Elisha Cook Jr. as the prototypical punk. Dir. Howard Hawks. **8**

**A CLOCKWORK ORANGE—**(2 hrs. 17 min.; 1971) Stanley Kubrick at his splashiest, most superficially aggressive and effect-ridden worst. Based on Anthony Burgess's novel, the movie has neither the verbal richness of Burgess's language nor the human values inherent in the story. Sensation seekers may derive some simplistic satisfactions. Starring Malcolm McDowell. **8**

**LOST HORIZON—**(2 hrs. 12 min.; 1937) Frank Capra's adaptation of James Hilton's novel about a group of people who happen on an idyllic civilization hidden in the Himalayas. The fully restored 132-minute version of the film, put together from rediscovered footage, alternate takes, and other materials, was put in release in 1986, the end product of seven years of research. With Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, and H. B. Warner. Screenplay by Robert Riskin. **8**

**WINGS OF DESIRE—**(2 hrs. 10 min.; 1988) In German, English, and French, Eng. subtitles. Wim Wenders achieves a mood of somber enchantment in this metaphysical fairy tale about angels who long to be men. Through all his gravity (and Wings is pure German soulfulness), Wenders is playing a movie game of con-siderable charm. Henri Alekan, the legendary French cinematographer, shoots the black-and-white footage in such a way as to make the figures vibrate against the ruined splendor of Berlin. The movie has its longueurs, but it is a beauty. With Peter Falk. **11**

# THEATER LISTINGS

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## BROADWAY

### *Previews and Openings*

### *Wednesday, January 1*

**TWO SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS**—Richard Nelson's play about England's leading actor William Macready (Brian Bedford) and America's matinee idol Edwin Forrest (Victor Garber), whose different interpretations of *Macbeth* caused theatergoers to riot on Astor Place in New York in 1849; directed by Jack O'Brien. Featured in the cast of 28 are Frances Conroy, Zeljko Ivanek, Eric Stoltz, Tom Aldridge, Laura Innes, Hope Davis, Alan Brasington, Le Clanche du Rand, Bill Moor, James Murtagh, and Judy Kuhn. Previewing now prior to a 1/12 opening. Tuesday–Saturday at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; through 2/9. **Cort Theater**, 138 West 48th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**THE VISIT**—Jane Alexander stars with Harris Yulin in a revival of Friedrich Durrenmatt's play, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Edwin Sherin. A woman plots revenge on the man who wronged her in her youth, when she visits him in later years. Featured in the cast are Jarlath Conroy, Gordon Joseph Weiss, Adam Hoch, Ellen Lancaster, Paul Kandel, Richard Levine, Timothy Britten Parker, Millian Lewis, Doug Stender, Kelly Walters, and Tom Tammi. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2 p.m.; $25 to $35. Previews start 1/1 at 8 p.m., prior to a 1/23 opening; runs through 2/16. At the **Roundabout Criterion Center**, Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at West 45th Street (869-8400). 2 hrs. 30 mins. **IRLS**

### *Now Playing*

**CATS**—A musical based on T. S. Eliot's delightful *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats,* and presented with a first-rate cast of 23 talented American "cats"; directed by Trevor Nunn; music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; choreographed by Gillian Lynne. Splendid scenery and costumes, lightsome, high-flying dancers, exciting and show-stopping lighting, and with Trevor Nunn's canny and effervescent direction, almost too much dazzlement. Opened: 10/7/82. Monday, Tuesday, Friday at 8 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $32.50–$60; dark on 1/1. (On 1/6 *Cats* resumes normal schedule above). **Winter Garden,** Broadway and 50th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins. ● ● **IRLS**

**CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY**—Conceived by Freddie Roman, a new comedy revue is presented, a tribute to the area that spawned America's funniest people, featuring stand-up comics Marilyn Michaels, Dick Capri, Freddie Roman, and Mal Z. Lawrence; directed by Larry Arrick. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $30–$45. Opened: 12/5/91. At **Lunt-Fontanne**, 205 West 46th Street (307-4100). 1 hr. 50 mins. **IRLS**

**CITY OF ANGELS**—Michael Rupert, Joel Higgins, and Richard Kline are the stars of Larry Gelbart's imaginative and unusual thriller; the music is by Cy Coleman, the lyrics are by David Zippel, and the choreography is by Walter Painter. Michael Blakemore is the director, and the result is an entertaining combination of the best of musical comedy and private-eye films of the 1940s. It boasts a funny idea, plus a slew of juicy one-liners. Opened: 12/11/89. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m., Wednesday at 2, $40–$60. No matinee 1/1, but there is one at 2 on 1/3. **Virginia Theater**, 245 West 52nd Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins. ● ● **IRLS**

**THE CRUCIBLE**—Jane Adams, George Martin, Maryann Plunkett, Madeleine Potter, Martha Scott, Martin Sheen, Fritz Weaver, Carol Woods, and Michael York (all of them stars) appear in the 1953 Tony-award-winning play by Arthur Miller, focusing on the Salem witch-hunt trials of 1692, and directed by Yossi Yzraely; costumes are by Patricia Zipprodt. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $35 to $40; balcony seats at all performances are $10 for students; runs through 1/5. A National Actors Theater production at the **Belasco Theater**, 111 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**DANCING AT LUGHNASA**—(Pronounce it LOOnasa) Brian Friel's 1991 Sir Laurence Olivier Award–winning play, set in Donegal in 1936, focuses on 5 unmarried sisters who are barely scraping by to make ends meet; directed by Patrick Mason. High praise for this excellent drama, which makes the art of unfulfillment fulfilling. The faultless Abbey Theater cast consists of Bríd Brennan, Bríd Ní Neachtain, Catherine Byrne, Donal Donnelly, Robert Gwilym, Rosaleen Linehan, Gerard McSorley, and Dearbhla Molloy (who all return home 3/5, when an American cast will take their place.) Opened: 10/24/91. Tuesday–Saturday at 8; Saturday and Wednesday at 2; Sunday at 3; $30–$42.50. **Plymouth Theater**, 236 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins. **IRLS**

**GRAND HOTEL**—*The Musical:* By Luther Davis, Robert Wright, Maury Yeston, and George Forrest. Based on the best-selling Vicki Baum novel of the same name, it takes place in an international Berlin hotel (of the same name) in the late 1920s, and is directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Featured in the cast are Cyd Charisse, who has just taken over the Zina Bethune role, John Schneider, Chip Zien, Lynnette Perry, Timothy Jerome, John Wylie, Caitlin Brown, Pierre Dulaine, and Yvonne Marceau. Monday–Saturday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 2 p.m.; Wednesday at 2 p.m.; $40–$60. Opened: 11/12/89. **Martin Beck**, 302 West 45th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. ● ● **IRLS**

**LOST IN YONKERS**—Rosemary Harris, Alan Rosenberg, and Jane Kaczmarek star in Neil Simon's splendidly constructed, tickling, teasing, heart-tugging, tear-jerking play (for which he received the Pulitzer Prize), set in 1942. Production is staged consummately by Gene Saks. It focuses on a German-Jewish termagant grandmother who rules her home with an iron fist, and has made all four of her own children misfits, weaklings, and even a mobster. Her two grandchildren are left in her care while their father goes to work in the South. With David Chandler, Jamie Marsh, Benny Grant, Lauren Klein. Opened: 2/21/91. Monday–Saturday at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 2; $27.50–$45. No performance 1/2, but there is one 1/5 at 3. **Richard Rodgers Theater,** 226 West 46th Street (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins. **IRLS**

**LES MISERABLES**—Musical, based on the Hugo novel; book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg, music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer; adapted and directed by Trevor Nunn and John Caird with their customary panache. Featured in the cast are Mark McKerracher, Richard Kinsey, Susan Dawn Carson (Fantine), Debbie Gibson (who plays Eponine from 1/7 to 3/29), Joe Kolinski, John Leone, Ed Dixon, Melissa Anne Davis and Evalyn Baron. A fugitive is pitted against a self-righteous police inspector in a lifelong struggle to evade capture. Opened: 3/12/87. Tuesday–Saturday at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 2, Sunday at 3; $30–$60. 200 $16 tickets available at box office, Monday–Thursday, for students and senior citizens with valid I.D.s; 2 to a person. Holiday dates altered to 1/5 (no show 1/1); from 1/6, normal schedules prevail. At the **Imperial Theater**, 249 West 45th Street (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins. ● ● **IRLS**

**MISS SAIGON**—Lea Salonga, Francis Ruivivar, and Hinton Battle are the present stars of the musical romance; directed by Nicholas Hytner. The score is composed by Claude-Michel Schonberg and the lyrics are by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr. It's about love and self-sacrifice involving a lonely Vietnamese girl and a smitten American soldier in 1975 at the time of the fall of Saigon. Also featured in the cast are Sean McDermott, Liz Callaway, and Barry Bernal. (Kam Cheng plays the Lea Salonga role Wednesdays at 2 p.m. and Saturdays at 8 p.m.) Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m.; $30 to $100. Opened: 4/11/91. At the **Broadway Theater**, Broadway at 53rd Street (563-2266). 2 hrs. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**ON BORROWED TIME**—George C. Scott brings his towering presence to and also directs Paul Osborn's comic fantasy, based on the L. E. Watkins novel, which tells of a grandfather and his adoring, orphaned grandson (Matthew Porac). Together they encounter Death in the human form of Mr. Brink and trick him into climbing an apple tree. Through some magical power Mr. Brink is unable to escape, and as a result death is suspended throughout the universe. Featured in the cast are Conrad Bain, Bette Henritze, Nathan Lane, and Teresa Wright. Tuesday through Thursday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $36; Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m., $40; through 1/5. At the **Circle in the Square Uptown**, 1633 Broadway (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**PARK YOUR CAR IN HARVARD YARD**—Riding with Jason Robards and Judith Ivey makes for a relaxing outing as they star in a 2-character play by Israel Horovitz (who is the sort of writer an endangered theater could use more of), focusing on the relationship between an irascible retired high-school teacher and his feisty live-in housekeeper (and ex-student); directed by Zoe Caldwell. Opened: 11/7/91. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m.; $27.50 to $42.50. At the **Music Box Theater**, 239 West 45th Street (239-6200). 1 hr. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**PETER PAN**—The musical, based on Sir James M. Barrie's 1904 novel about the boy who "wouldn't" grow up, stars Cathy Rigby, a world gymnastics gold-medal winner, in the title role; directed by Fran Soeder, with lyrics by Carolyn Leigh and music by Moose Charlap; additional lyrics by the Betty Comden and Adolph Green team, and music by Jule Styne. J. K. Simmons plays Captain Hook, and also featured in the cast are Cindy Robinson, Don Potter, Lauren Thompson, Michelle Schumaker, Karl Maschek, and Joey Cee. The flying is by the famous Foys, Peter and Garry, who have flown former famed Peter Pans: Maude Adams, Jean Arthur, Eva LeGallienne, Mary Martin, and Sandy Duncan. Tuesday through Saturday at 7:30; Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 2, Sunday at 3; extra performance 1/2 at 2; $20–$50; play's last performance is on 1/5. Tuesday evenings, all orchestra seats are $35. **Minskoff Theater,** 200 West 45th Street (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins. **IRLS**

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**—Andrew Lloyd Webber and Harold Prince's musical, based on Gaston Leroux's novel; the lyrics are by Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe; the choreography is by Gillian Lynne. All have created a terrific technical achievement chockfull of gorgeous scenery and costumes. The action takes place in 1860, and tells of a Creature (Mark Jacoby) who haunts the premises beneath the Paris Opera House and exercises a reign of terror over performers and audience alike. Featured in the cast are Karen Culliver (the Creature's love and protégé), Hugh Panaro, Catherine Ulissey, Marilyn Caskey, George Lee Andrews, Leila Martin, Jeff Keller, and Gary Rideout. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 2 p.m., Wednesday at 2 p.m.; $35 to $60. Opened: 1/6/88. At the **Majestic Theater**, 247 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins. ● ● **IRLS**

**THE SECRET GARDEN**—Musical based on Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel about an orphan (Daisy Eagan) who goes to live with her unhappy uncle (Howard McGillin) on the moors and discovers a magic garden where anything can happen (and does). Book and lyrics by Marsha Norman; music by Lucy Simon; directed by Susan H. Schulman; choreography by Michael Lichtefeld. Featured in the cast are Rebecca Luker, John Babcock, Robert Westenberg, Barbara Rosenblat, John Cameron Mitchell, Tom Toner, and Alison Fraser. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m.; $35 to $60; Wednesday at 2 p.m., $30 to $52.50; Saturday at 2, $30 to $55. Opened: 4/25/91. At the **Saint James Theater,** 246 West 44th Street (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 min. **IRLS**

**SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION**—Stockard Channing, Courtney B. Vance, and John Cunningham star in John Guare's multi-award-winning play about everything, with something in it for everyone, set in Manhattan, about a mugging victim who seeks refuge at an elegant dinner party, and is received with sympathy and understanding; directed perkily by Jerry Zaks. Featured in the cast are Sam Stoneburner, James DuMont, Peter Maloney, Brian Evers, Robin Morse, Colin Mitchell, Philip LeStrange, Patricia Hodges, Jace Alexander, Jon Matthews, Anthony Rapp, Stephen Pearlman, Mari Nelson, and David Burke. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m.; $37.50 to $45; through 1/5. Opened: 11/8/90. **Vivian Beaumont Theater**, Lincoln Center complex, 150 West 65th Street (239-6200). 1 hr. 30 mins. ● **IRLS**

**THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES**—This year's winner of six highly-deserved Tony awards (including Best Musical), Drama Critics Award, Drama Desk Award. Director/choreographer Tommy Tune's flair never fails, and Keith Carradine is an accomplished leading man in this musical replete with brand-new pretty Ziegfeld Girls, excellent dancers, everyone wearing thoroughly original and elegant costumes by Willa Kim, a sensational rope twirler (Vince Bruce), a wonderful dog act, and absolutely delightful and right scenery by Tony Walton. The book is by Peter Stone; the succulent music is by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics are by the Comden and Green team. In the highly satisfying cast are Cady Huffman, who returns this week as "Ziegfeld's favorite," Dee Hoty, Dick Latessa, the Will Rogers Wranglers, the Mad Cap Mutts, Paul Ukena Jr. Monday through Saturday at 8; Saturday and Wednesday at 2; $25 to $60. Opened: 5/1/91. At the **Palace Theater**, Broadway at 47th Street (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins. **IRLS**

## OFF BROADWAY

**Schedules and admissions extremely subject to change. Phone ahead, avoid disappointment.**

**AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND**—*The Kander and Ebb Musical*. Entertainment celebrating 26 years of works by composer John Kander and lyricist Fred Ebb, directed by Scott Ellis; choreographed by Susan Stroman. Featured in the cast are Marcus Lovett, Marin Mazzie, Terry Burrell, Joel Blum, and Karen Ziemba. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m., Saturday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.; $37.50. **Westside Theater**, 407 West 43rd Street (307-4100).

**AS YOU LIKE IT**—Shakespeare's play, directed by Anthony Cornish, tells of the younger son (Arnie Burton) of a noble family, and his love (Joanne Camp), who are banished from a tyrant's court and flee into the forest. Featured in the cast are Craig Bockhorn, Donnah Welby, Robin Leslie Brown, Hank Wagner, Arnie Burton, Laura Rathgeb, Dan Daily, Frank Lowe, Wynn Harmon, Alex Leydenfrost, David Gottlieb, Stuart Lerch, and Wynn Harmon. Tuesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 5 p.m. and 9 p.m., Sunday at 2 p.m.; $14 to $16; through 1/25. At the **Pearl Theater**, 125 West 22nd Street (645-7708).

**BEAU JEST**—James Sherman's comedy about a Jewish woman (Laura Patinkin) in her late 20s, secretly dating a man (John Michael Higgins) she fears her parents will not accept, who invents another, "the perfect boyfriend" (a young Jewish doctor played by Tom Hewitt), then faces the inevitable when the family meets the out-of-work actor she's hired to play her fictitious suitor; directed by Dennis Zacek. With Larry Fleischman, Roslyn Alexander, Bernie Landis. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2, Sunday at 3; $25–$32.50. At the **Lamb's Theater**, 130 West 44th Street (997-1780).

**BELLA, BELLE OF BYELORUSSIA**—Jeffrey Essman's play, directed by Christopher Ashley, with music and lyrics by Michael John LaChiusa, about life in what was the Soviet Union in 1989, revolving around an idealistic young woman (Claire Beckman) employed in a Minsk tractor factory. Featured in the cast are Paul Stolarsky, Ann Mantell, Willis Sparks, Becca Lish, Jefferson Mays, and Harriet Harris. 1/3 to 2/2; Tuesday–Saturday at 8, Sunday at 3 and 7; $24 to $26. **WPA Theater**, 519 West 23rd Street (206-0523).

**THE BELLS**—A one-man (Everett Quinton) bit of late-night madness, adapted by Leopold Lewis from M. M. Erckmann and Chatrian's *The Polish Jew*, starring Everett Quinton; and directed by Eureka. Friday at 11 p.m., Saturday at 10 p.m.; $15. At the **Charles Ludlam Theater**, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).

**THE BIG KNIFE**—Clifford Odets's play about corruption in 1948 Hollywood; directed by A. M. Raychel. Featured in the cast are Paul Dommermuth, Maggie DeVora, Brian Levy, Bob Kornhiser, Ken Posthauer, Roseann Kitson, Morton Hall Millen, Bob Karr, and Abigail White. Monday and Tuesday at 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m.; $15; 1/5 through 1/14. At the **Theater-Studio**, 750 Eighth Avenue (719-0500).

**BIG NOISE OF '92**—*(Diversions From the New Depression)* Neilan Tyree and John Waters alum Mink Stole, Kit McClure and her All-Girl Orchestra in a antidote to the dismal news of today, featuring seldom-heard songs by Noël Coward, Cole Porter, Gus Kahn, Johnny Mercer, et al. Wednesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.; $25 to $30. At the **Cherry Lane Theater**, 38 Commerce Street (989-2020).

**BLUE MAN GROUP: TUBES**— Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the 3 madcaps, looking like men from Mars and with their group, making an enjoyable mess of this merry performance art, with a very special kind of nonsense; directed by Marlene Swartz. Tuesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.; $29.50 through $37.50. At the **Astor Place Theater**, 434 Lafayette Street (254-4370).

**BLUEBEARD**—Charles Ludlam's tale of a swinish gourmet, a vermin infesting his environs and shutting his ears to any remonstrance; featuring and directed by Everett Quinton. Featured in the cast are Kevin Scullin, Eureka, H. M. Koutoukas, Lisa Herbold, Bill Graber, Jim Lamb, and Steven Pell. Tuesday–Friday at 8, Saturday and Sunday at 7; $25. At the **Charles Ludlam Theater**, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).

**BORN TO RUMBA!**—A musical by Michael Alasa, about sex, sin, sacrifice, and self-deception set in a pre-Castro Havana nightclub. Featured in the cast are Rebecca Smouse, Lizette Amado, Al Roffe, E. L. Babalu, Al Rodriguez, Quinn Lemley, Catherine Lippencott. Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; $15. At the **DUO Theater,** 62 East Fourth Street (598-4320).

**BREAKING LEGS**—Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia star in Tom Dulack's funny, blissfully sitcom comedy about what happens when some Mafia "godfathers" want to invest in a Broadway show; directed by John Tillinger. Funny lines pop up all over, and the fireworks begin when the two worlds of the mob and the theater collide. Featured in the cast are Nick Wyman, Larry Storch, Susan Giosa, and Ronald Maccone. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 7 p.m., Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m.; $32.50–$35. **Promenade**, Broadway at 76th Street (580-1313).

**CINDERELLA**—A musical adaptation, by Norman Robbins, of the fairy tale, in English pantomime tradition, starring Melanie Wingart in the title role; music and lyrics are by Dan Levy and Amy Powers; directed by Laura Fine. Wednesday through Saturday at 7 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., and Sunday at 3 p.m.; $20 to $24; through 1/12. A Riverside Shakespeare Company production at the **Playhouse 91**, 316 East 91st Street (831-2000).

**DEARLY DEPARTED**—David Bottrell and Jessie Jones's play, directed by Gloria Muzio, is set in the rural South, and tells of a family reuniting for the funeral of a cantankerous patriarch. Featured in the cast are Dylan Baker, Sloane Shelton, Leo Burmester, Wendy Lawless, Linda Cook, Jill Larson, Mary Fogarty, J. R. Horne, and Greg Germann. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 2 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m.; $22 to $28; through 1/12. At the **Second Stage Theater**, Broadway at 76th Street (307-4100).

**THE DROPPER**—Play, written and directed by Ron McLarty, examines the plight of a family affected by the mental and physical handicaps of a child. Featured in the cast are Wendy Scharfman, Richard Long, Bob Horen, Nick Giangiullio, and John Beard. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $20 to $22.50. A Prima Artists production at the **INTAR Theater,** 420 West 42nd Street (564-8038) **Closed**.

**THE FANTASTICKS**—Longest-running show on or off Broadway (in its 32nd year!) is a gracious musical fable that spawned much talent in its time. Children who saw it decades ago now bring *their* children to enjoy it. Tuesday–Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.; $28 to $32. Opened: 5/3/60. At the **Sullivan Street Theater,** 181 Sullivan Street (674-3838). ● ●

**FINKEL'S FOLLIES**—A musical vaudeville, conceived by and starring Fyvush Finkel. Featured in the cast are Mary Ellen Ashley, Kim Cea, and Avi Hoffman. Elliot Finkel is the composer and Phillip Namanworth created the lyrics; adapted for the stage and directed by Robert H. Livingston. Tuesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., Sunday at 2 p.m. and 5 p.m.; $20. At the **John Houseman Theater**, 450 West 42nd Street (564-8038).

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1992**—Creator/lyricist/director/impresario Gerard Alessandrini's satirical revue is up to par, snuff, and lots of mischief. New stuff's here plus favorites back by popular demand, and spoofs on the current season's flops (as well as its hits). With Suzanne Blakeslee, Mary Denise Bentley, Michael McGrath, Herndon Lackey, and the indefatigable Brad Ellis on piano. Opened: 9/15/88, and will be going strong, as of 1/12, after its *Forbidden Christmas* hiatus. Tuesday through Friday at 8:30 p.m.; Saturday at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m.; Sunday at 3:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.; $32.50 to $35. At the **Theater East**, 211 East 60th Street (838-9090). ● ●

**FOREVER PLAID**—A musical comedy, "a many-splendored thing," written and directed by Stuart Ross, tells about a semi-professional harmony-group tour that was cut short by a fatal car accident on the night of their first gig in 1964; and now the "teen angels" are allowed a night at liberty on earth to do the show they never got to do in life. Featured in the cast are Paul Binotto, Greg Jbara, Drew Geraci, and Steve Gunderson. Tuesday through Friday at 8, Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; Sunday at 3 and 7:30; Wednesday at 2:30; $30 to $35. Opened: 5/20/90. At **Steve McGraw's Place**, 158 West 72nd Street (595-7400). ●

**FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA**—Endesha Ida Mae Holland's perhaps autobiographical play about a young woman who blazes her way from rebellious prostitute to Ph.D.; directed by Jonathan Wilson. With three able actresses—Jacqueline Williams, Sybil Walker, and Cheryl Lynn Bruce. Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m.; Sunday at 6 p.m.; $29 to $33. At the **Circle in the Square Downtown**, 159 Bleecker Street (254-6330).

**GALILEO**—Harris Berlinsky has the title role in a revival of Bertolt Brecht's play (in a 1987 English version by Charles Laughton), directed by Eve Adamson, telling of the scientist's quest for truth, his running afoul of church authority, and his eventual recantation. Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $16; 1/4, 5, 9, 10, 12, 16, 17, 18, 24, 25, 26, 30; 2/1, 2, 13, 14 (additional dates in February and March—phone theater for specifics); through 3/20. A Jean Cocteau Repertory production (featuring Hanns Eisler's original music) at the **Bouwerie Lane Theater**, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

# THEATER

**I WON'T DANCE: STEVE ROSS SINGS FRED ASTAIRE**—An all-singing, all-playing, non-dancing tribute to the Astaire repertoire, with arrangements by Wally Harper and text by Michael Sommers and Steve Ross. Tuesday–Friday at 8, Saturday at 2 and 8, Sunday at 3 and 7; $27.50; extended through 2/1. **Theater at St. Peter's**, 619 Lexington Avenue (688-7253).

**LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART**—Terrence McNally's play tells about the experiences of 2 married couples sharing a Fire Island beach house over a long not-so-peaceful July 4 weekend; directed by John Tillinger. Featured in the cast are Roxanne Hart, Anthony Heald, Jonathan Hadary, and Hillary Bailey-Smith. Tuesday through Saturday at 8; Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at 2:30; $35; through 1/5. On 1/7, this play transfers to the **Lucille Lortel Theater,** 121 Christopher Street (924-8782). Manhattan Theater Company production, **City Center's Stage I**, downstairs, 131 West 55th Street (581-7907).

**MAD FOREST**—Caryl Churchill's drama explores the stories of two families, portraying their experience in Romania, a police state; directed by Mark Wing-Davey. With Rob Campbell, Jake Weber, Randy Danson, Joseph Siravo, Garret Dillahunt, Mary Schultz, Tim Nelson, Lanny Flaherty, Christopher McCann, Calista Flockhart, Mary Mara. Tuesday–Saturday at 8; Sunday at 3 and 7:30; extended through 1/25; $22. New York Theater Workshop production at **Perry Street Theater**, 31 Perry Street (302-6989).

**THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT**—Ephraim Kishon's comedy revolves around the search for a "Ketuba," a Jewish marriage certificate which the groom's parents demand that the bride's parents show them before they permit the marriage to take place; directed by Howard Rossen. With Zypora Spaisman, David Rogow, Diane Cypkin, Sandy Levitt, Richard Carlow, Shira Flam. Production is in Yiddish, with simultaneous English translation through headsets. Saturday at 8, Sunday at 2 and 5:30; $18–$20; through 1/12. **Folksbiene Theater,** 123 East 55th Street (755-2231).

**MARVIN'S ROOM**—Scott McPherson's drama about two unmarried sisters and their odd family, reunited after a long estrangement when one becomes ill; directed by David Petrarca. With Shona Tucker, Laura Esterman, Tom Aulino, Lisa Emery, Alice Drummond, Karl Mascher, Tim Monsion. Tuesday–Friday at 8, Saturday at 3 and 8; Sunday at 3 and 7; $25; run extended through 2/23. Main Stage at the **Playwrights Horizons**, 416 West 42nd Street (279-4200).

**NO CURE FOR CANCER**—Dennis Leary's one-man performance about death, disease, and eventual salvation. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30 p.m.; Friday and Saturday at 10:30 p.m.; Sunday at 7 p.m.; $15 to $18; through 1/12. At the **Actors' Playhouse**, 100 Seventh Avenue South (691-6226).

**NUNSENSE**—Dan Goggin's wholesome and entertaining musical adventure comedy drama, now in its 6th year, of 5 sensible and motivated nuns who mount a talent show to raise money for what they consider to be a good and noble cause. Tuesday through Thursday at 8, $30; Friday and Saturday at 8, $35; Saturday and Wednesday at 2, Sunday at 3 p.m.; $32.50. Opened 12/12/85. At the **Douglas Fairbanks Theater**, 432 West 42nd Street (239-4321). ● ●

**PAGEANT**—A musical beauty contest, a deft parody and the rowdiest but possibly the sweetest farce in New York today, and consistently droll. Here 5 judges are selected from the audience to vote for Miss Glamouresse; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Robert Longbottom; book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly, music by Albert Evans. Tuesday–Friday at 8:30 p.m., Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30, Sunday at 3:30 and 7:30 p.m.; $32.50–$35; dinner available. At the **Blue Angel**, 323 West 44th Street (262-3333).

**PENN & TELLER ROT IN HELL**—They've returned after a successful international tour with additions to items featured in their Broadway hit. Model Carol Perkins made the move with them, as did "Casey at the Bat," and the duck and the anvil. Wednesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 3 p.m., 7 p.m., and 10; Sunday at 3 p.m. and 7. At the **John Houseman Theater**, 450 West 42nd Street (564-8038).

**PERFECT CRIME**—Warren Manzi's thriller about a wealthy female psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." With Catherine Russell, James Farrell, J. Nelson, William Verderber; directed by Jeffrey Hyatt. Opened: 4/5/87. Monday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday at 8, Sunday at

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3 and 7, Wednesday and Saturday at 2; $30. **Theater Four**, 424 West 55th Street (695-3401).● ●

**RAFT OF THE MEDUSA**—Joe Pintauro's drama about a group of young people clinging to life in the hostile environment of AIDS; with a 13-member ensemble, directed by Sal Trapani. Tuesday–Friday at 8, Saturday at 7 and 10; Sunday at 2 and 7; $25–$30.**Minetta Lane Theater**, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).

**RENO ONCE REMOVED**—A one-woman show, conceived, written, and performed by Reno; directed by Evan Yionoulis. Hispanic-born and Wasp-adopted Reno attempts to provide sanity to the human condition with her analysis of personal and political values. Wednesday–Friday at 8, Saturday at 7 and 10, Sunday at 8; $25; through 1/5. No performance 1/1. **Public Theater**, 425 Lafayette Street (598-7150).

**REPERTORIO ESPANOL**—Spanish-language dramas in repertory, by Jacobo Langner, Dolores Prida, Roberto Cossa, Gloria Gonzalez, Soraya Maria, Ramon Mendez Quinones, Federico García Lorca, and others. For specific dates and times, phone theater. **Gramercy Arts**, 138 East 27th Street (889-2850).

**RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET**—Bob Carlton's play, dubbed "Shakespeare's Forgotten Rock 'n' Roll Masterpiece," based on *The Tempest*. With Gabriel Barre, Michael Rotondi, Allison Briner, David LaDuca, Julee Cruise, James Wiggins Jr., Mary Ehlinger, Louis Tucci, Erin Hill, Chuck Tempo, Robert McCormick, Steve Steiner—musicians who are able to play at least 5 instruments. Tuesday–Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 10, Sunday at 2 and 6; $31–$38. **Variety Arts,** 3rd Avenue and 14th Street (239-6200).

**SIGHT UNSEEN**—Donald Margulies's play tells the story of an American painter who becomes the art scene's newest visionary and his search for the muse who was his early inspiration; directd by Michael Bloom. With Dennis Boutsakaris, Laura Linney, Jon De Vries, Deborah Hedwall. 1/7 to 2/9; Tuesday–Sunday at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday at 3; $25. A Manhattan Theater Club production on Stage 2 at the **City Center Theater**, 131 West 55th Street (581-7907).

**SONG OF SINGAPORE**—A bubbly brimming musical (and a great deal of fun) by Eric Frandsen, Robert Hipkens, Allan Katz, Paula Lockheart, and Michael Garin; directed by A. J. Antoon with an eye for zany detail. The question? "What do you do when a mysterious Asian slumps over dead at your bar with a handful of jewel-stuffed fish"? With Cathy Foy, Jacquey Maltby, Earl May, Francis Kane, John Gordon, Oliver Jackson Jr., Francis Kane. Tuesday–Friday at 8, Saturday at 7 and 10:15, Sunday at 3 and 7; $25 to $40. **Song of Singapore,** 17 Irving Place (228-0844).

**UNIDENTIFIED HUMAN REMAINS AND THE TRUE NATURE OF LOVE**—Bud Fraser's play, set in Edmonton, Canada, takes a look at the awkward rituals of what passes for dating as 7 young Canadians search for love in an era of uncertainty, conflicts, and sexual manipulation; directed by Derek Goldby. Tuesday–Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; Sunday at 3 and 7; $29.50 on Tuesday–Thursday; $32.50 on Friday–Sunday. **Orpheum Theater,** 126 Second Avenue (477-2477).

**WHAT ABOUT LUV?**—Austin Pendleton, Judy Kaye, and David Green in a musical version of *Luv*, Murray Schisgal's 1964 satire of love and human relationships; with book by Jeffrey Sweet; lyrics by Susan Birkenhead, music by Howard Marren; directed by Patricia Birch. Through 1/19 (a varied schedule, phone first); $18–$20. **York**, 2 East 90th Street (534-5366).

**WILLIE & ESTHER**—James Graham Bronson's play, with Hugh Dane and Bern Nadette, directed by Diann McCannon, about the pairing of two people,dwells on the battle between man's desire for good and for goods. Tuesday–Saturday at 8, Saturday at 2, Sunday at 3 and 7; $20 to $25. At the **47th Street Theater,** 304 West 47th Street (1/718-596-2288).

**WINDS OF CHANGE**—Ron Breines's play of love and personal transformation in midst of shifting cultural and political uncertainty in 1930s China; with lyrics and music by the playwright, directed by Jeff Paul. 1/3, 9, 10, 16, 17 at 8; 1/4, 11, 18 at 2 and 8; $12. **Pace's Schaeberle Studio**, 41 Park Row (627-1571).

**ZION!**—Phyllis Stickney and Ron Richardson are the costars of Beverly Trader's play with gospel music dealing with the 30-year struggle by African-Americans to found one of the first black churches in America. Wednesday-Saturday at 8, Saturday at 4 p.m.; Sunday at 3 p.m.; $16. At the **Theater of Riverside Church,** 91 Claremont Avenue at 120th Street (869-3981).

## OFF OFF BROADWAY

**ANTAGONY**—Heather Woodbury's socio-political satire addresses the idea of burial: buried pasts, culture, buried crimes, and buried lives; directed by Michael Yawney. Thursday, Friday, Saturday at 8, Saturday also at 10; $8; 1/2–18. Experimental Theater, **Henry Street Settlement**, 466 Grand Street (969-0614).

**COCKTAILS ON THE MOON**—David Steinhart's comedy involves three women escaping from prison in order to seek revenge on the judge who sentenced them. Ghastly situations arise as they exact their revenge and escape to a Caribbean island; directed by Laura Jean Schwartau. Thursday through Sunday at 8 p.m.; $10; 1/3 through 26. At the **Sanford Meisner Theater**, 164 Eleventh Avenue (206-1764).

**THE CHRONICLES OF HELL**—Michel de Ghelderode's play set in a Beughelian Flanders at the end of the fifteenth century describing an onslaught in the face of impending reform. 1/2 to 5, 1/9 to 12; $10. Thursday and Friday at 10:30; Saturday and Sunday at 3; $10. A Journeyman production at the **Synchronicity Space**, 55 Mercer Street (714-8137).

**FOOLS**—Neil Simon, in a departure from his usual style, has set this farce in old-world Russia to relate a tale of a village inhabited solely of eccentric characters and describes their attempts to remove a 200-year-old "curse"; directed by Timothy Keileber. 1/9 through 18, Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; seniors are admitted free Wednesday and Thursday. At the **Colony Theater,** 152 West 71st Street (595-035).

**DOUBLE BILL**—Maurice Martorella's *Cafe Cha Cha*, starring Laura Delano and Joseph Acosts; and Frank Collins's *Men at War*, starring William Cain, Allen Gilmore, Stephanie Traylor, and David Cole Wheeler; both are directed by Kevin Osborne. 1/2 through 11 at 8 p.m., 1/5 at 3 p.m. only; $10. At the **Kampo Cultural Center,** 31 Bond Street (989-8900).

**FIVE VERY LIVE**—An evening of one-act plays: David Van Matre's *Five Very Live*; Peter Hedges's *The Age of Pie*; David Ives's *Sure Thing*; Patrick Breen's *Call of the Wile E.*; Warren Leight's *Name Those Names*; and Howard Korder's *Wonderful Party*. Wednesday through Monday at 8 p.m. (Tuesdays are dark); $12; from 1/3 through 18. At the **Atlantic Theater**, 336 West 20th Street (645-8755).

**FROZEN STYPH**—At Ronald Jay Cohen's comedy, the audiences are invited to attend a dinner party in honor of the late frozen-food king. The evening includes dinner. Wednesday through Sunday at 8 p.m.; $65. A Participatory Theater production at **Il Sole**, 40 West 56th Street (696-8585).

**HOT LITTLE ISLAND**—John Wall's play shows how fireworks erupt when a pair of ex-lovers meet at a gay resort, each with a new mate in tow; directed by the playwright. Saturday at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., Sunday at 3:30 p.m. and 7 p.m.; $15; 1/11 through 2/23. At the **Wings Theater,** in the Archive, on the lower level, 154 Christopher Street (627-2961).

**IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS**—A revival of one of Goethe's major plays, wherein Iphigenia's individual human heart becomes the center of gravity for the moral judgment of the play; directed by Gregorij H. von Lëitis. Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 3 p.m.; $10; through 1/26. At the **Elysium Theater**, 204 East 6th Street (713-5478).

**I THINK I'M IN HERE SOMEWHERE**—Written and performed by Erika Stadtlander, directed by Albert Tvares, this one-woman show has Erika portraying 11 diverse, unpredictable people, each one with an unusual approach toward finding happiness in a world full of injustice. 1/6, 7, 13, 14 at 8 p.m.; $12. **Sanford Meisner Theater**, 164 Eleventh Avenue (206-1764).

**INVENTION FOR FATHERS AND SONS**—Alan Brody's play asks what happens when a man (William Verderber) is finally able to speak to his father (David Berman) after 15 years of separation by lack of understanding; directed by Jay Raphael. Tuesday–Saturday at 8, Sunday at 2 and 7; $25; from 1/4. At the **American Jewish Theater**, 307 West 26th Street (633-9797).

**LEONIE IS EARLY, OR THE HAPPY SICKNESS**— Georges Feydeau's farce, with the usual mix-ups, delicate confusion, and topsy-turvy laughs; directed by Fred Fondren. Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; $10; through 2/1. At the **Prometheus Theater**, 239 East Fifth Street (477-8689).

**LINE**—Israel Horovitz's play about 5 people who want to be first in line, directed by Doug Lieth. Wednesday and Sunday at 9:30; $10. In repertory with Sonia Pilcer's *I-Land*, monologues in and about the Big Apple; Thursday and Friday at 9:30 p.m.; $10. **13th Street Theater**, 50 West 13th Street (675-6677).● ●

**LOTTO—EXPERIENCE THE DREAM**—Cliff Roquemore's play, which he also directed, centers on the effects winning the lottery has on 12 characters in an interracial cast surrounding a black family who learn that lots of cash doesn't necessarily solve all one's problems. Featured in the cast are Steve Baumer, C. C. Toni, John L. Bennett, Billy Ray Tyrons, Karl Calhoun, Otis Young Smith, Elise Chance, Bryan Roquemore, Bridget Kelso, Frederick Kiah, and Cyndi Galloway-O'Connor. Wednesday through Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., Sunday at 4 p.m.; $8 to $15; through 1/26. **Billie Holiday Theater**, 1368 Fulton Street, Brooklyn (1/718-636-0918).

**LYSISTRATA**—A comic version of the Aristophanes play, directed by Mark McKenna, pokes fun at the battle of the sexes and the stupidity of war. Featured in the cast are Arija Bareikis, Renner Davis, Jessica Givelber, Gay Reed, Alice Palmer, Perry Levenson, Dina Rassias, Mark Lancaster, Ariane Smith, and Camille Wiedorn. $10; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8 p.m.; through 1/4. At the **CBGB Gallery Theater**, 313 Bowery (982-4052).

**THE MIND KING**—Written, designed, and directed by Richard Foreman, the work is an exploration of consciousness at war with itself and centers on hallucinatory, parable like stories. Henry Stram and David Patrick Kelly are the protagonists. Thursday through Sunday at 8 p.m.; 1/9 through 3/1; $10. An Ontological-Theater production at **St. Mark's Church-in-the Bowery,** 2nd Avenue and 10th Street (533-4650).

**STARS**—Kevin Brofsky's play about a youth with cerebral palsy determined to be an actor (played by Ken Mitchell, a young actor who *does* have cerebral palsy); directed by Rene Houtrides. Featured in the cast are Jane LeGrande, Estelle Ritchie, Herman Arbeit, and Cornelia Mills. Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 2:30 p.m.; $10; through 1/11. At the **Ernie Martin Studio**, 311 West 43rd Street (779-3051).

**SUAVE SUCCUBUS or THE GHOST AND MR. TAYLOR**—Clint Jefferies's sex farce dwelling on murder, intrigue, a haunted house and its unwitting inhabitants, plus an unwelcome incubus; directed by Duane Mazey. Tuesday through Friday at 8 p.m.; through 1/24; $15. At the **Wings Theater**, on the lower level, 154 Christopher Street (627-2961).

**SYMPATHETIC AFFECTIONS**—David Cxizmadia and Mark D'Arcon star in a play, written and directed by David LeBarron, about a Man and Boy who murdered the Man's lover and decide to kill themselves to atone for their actions. 1/2 through 5 at 7:30 p.m.; $10. At the **NADA Theater**, 167 Ludlow Street (420-1466). May also be seen 1/9 at 5 p.m. and at 8:30 p.m. at the **Theater Row Theater**, 424 West 42nd Street (1/718-783-5067).

**TONY 'N' TINA'S WEDDING**—A wedding at St. John's Church, **81 Christopher Street**; then a reception at **147 Waverly Place**, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake, to celebrate with Rick Pasqualone and Sharon Angela, who are the happy couple. Wednesday through Sunday at 7 p.m., Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m.; phone for prices (279-4200).● ●

**VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN**—A Gothic horror story adapted and directed by Terry O'Reilly; based on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's novel. Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. and 6 p.m.; $7.50; through 1/5. A Mabou Mines production at the **Sideshows by the Seashore**, on the Coney Island Boardwalk in Brooklyn, at West 12th Street (1/718-372-5159).

**THE ZERO METHOD**—Hanon Reznikov's play, performed by Judith (The Living Theater) Malina and director Hanon Reznikov, analyzes the various levels of interpersonal communication in play between the two protagonists onstage and their interaction with the audience participation individuals. Wednesday through Sunday at 8 p.m.; $10; through 1/5. At **The Living Theater**, 272 East 3rd Street (979-0604).

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### NEW YORK TICKET SERVICE

For information regarding theater, dance, and concert tickets, call 880-0755 Monday through Friday from 10:30 a.m. to 4:30. *New York* Magazine will be happy to advise you of their availability.

# ART

## EXHIBITIONS

COMPILED BY EDITH NEWHALL

## GALLERIES

**Galleries are generally open Tue.–Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

### *SOLOS*

#### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**HERBERT FERBER**—Paintings and sculpture from the past ten years by this New York School artist (1906–1991); through 1/2. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

**GLENN GOLDBERG**—Abstract paintings on wood panels; 1/4–20. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

**SU GROSS**—Recent abstract paintings that combine fragmented passages of landscape with geometric shapes; through 1/15. The New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E 63rd St. (838-0230).

**ZIVA KRONZON/SUSAN RUBIN**—Molded paper sculptures that bring to mind archeological relics/Black and white photographic portraits of children of celebrities; 1/7–2/1. Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (288-7004).

**MAN RAY/MERET OPPENHEIM**—Paintings and works on paper by both; 1/6–3/27. Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (980-9696).

**PHILIP TAAFFE**—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/11. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

**JESSICA TCHEREPNINE**—Botanical watercolors; through 1/15. Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. (861-4050).

**CY TWOMBLY**—Prints from the early 1950s through 1983; through 1/4. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave. (744-6700).

#### *57th Street Area*

**BENNY ANDREWS**—Recent collage paintings and drawings from his "America" series; 1/4–2/12. Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (754-6660).

**MILTON AVERY**—Oil paintings and works on paper that utilize the sun and moon as subject matter; 1/4–2/1. Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

**RICHARD BAKER/CHARLES G. SHAW**—New still-life paintings/Paintings from the 1930s and 1940s. Through 1/4. Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (753-0546).

**LOTHAR BAUMGARTEN**—An installation of painted wall works and photographs and a book, all titled "Carbon"; through 1/25. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

**WILLIAM BECKMAN**—Recent paintings of the female nude in a series titled "Dossier of a Classical Woman"; through 1/11. Steibel Modern, 32 E. 57th St. (759-5536).

**JOSE BEDIA/RICHARD SHAW**—Large-scale irregularly shaped paintings that explore man's relationship to the natural world; 1/7–2/1/Cast porcelain sculptures of ships that incorporate lights, giving the effect of a ship at night; 1/7–2/29. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

**CLAUDIO BRAVO**—Meticulously rendered drawings of still life and figures; through 1/4. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

**GIORGIO CAVALLON**—Watercolors from the 1940s through the 1970s; through 1/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

**JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**—New etchings and monotypes made with layers of crushed and twisted plates and brightly colored transparent and metallic inks; through 1/4. Pace Prints, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3237).

**WILLIAM DUNLAP**—Narrative paintings of the American landscape and constructions; through 1/4. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

**MAX ERNST**—Sculptures executed between 1934 and 1967; through 2/1. Navarra, 41 E. 57th St. (223-2828).

**BRUNO GIRONCOLI**—Large-scale works on paper from the past two decades of mechanical and fetishistic imagery, by a Viennese artist; through 1/30. Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St. (754-4666).

**JUHANNI HARRI**—Assemblages made from junk and found objects by a Finnish artist; through 2/1/92. CICA, 724 Fifth Ave. (586-2422).

**ELSIE MANVILLE**—Small works on paper; through 1/11. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

**AGNES MARTIN**—Eight paintings executed during the past year; through 1/4. Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

**MCDERMOTT & MCGOUGH/ROBERT GRAHAM**—Large format still-life photographs made with their turn-of-the-century mammoth plate camera in the traditional late 19th-century medium of toned gum bichromate/A large-scale cast bronze sculpture titled "Source Figure"; 1/7–2/1. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

**ANA MENDIETA**—Earth and body works from her "Silueta" series executed between 1973 and 1980, mainly in Mexico and Iowa; through 1/11. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

**BEVERLY PEPPER**—Cast-bronze wall reliefs; through 1/4. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

**PABLO PICASSO/LUCIEN CLERGUE**—Drawings, prints, sculpture, and ceramics/Black-and-white and color photographs of the bullfight. Through 12/20. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

**RUGGERO SAVINIO**—New paintings that explore contemporary life in Italy, depicting images of figures in interior and landscape settings; through 1/18. Daverio, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

**TOM SLAUGHTER**—Paintings, drawings, and prints of familiar objects on bright colored monochromatic backgrounds; through 1/8. Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (586-0605).

**SACHA SOSNO**—Recent marble and granite sculptures; 1/7–2/1. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-7019).

**THEODOROS STAMOS**—An overview of paintings by this Abstract Expressionist; through 1/18. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

**JIM TOUCHTON/AMY SMITH**—Paintings of landscapes and gardens in East Hampton/Still-life paintings that function as jigsaw puzzles. Through 1/4. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

**BILL TRAYLOR**—Paintings of animals, people, abstract forms, and events on cardboard by this artist who was born into slavery in 1856 and began painting at the age of 82; through 1/11. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

**JOYCE WAHL TREIMAN**—A memorial exhibition of pastel drawings; 1/2–25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (888-1122).

**PATTY WARASHINA**—Large-scale polychrome ceramic figurative sculptures; through 1/11. Drutt, 724 Fifth Ave. (974-7700).

**NANCY WISSEMANN-WIDRIG**—Paintings of family scenes in Long Island and Maine; 1/4–31. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

**EDWARD ZUCCA/MICHELLE HOLZAPFEL**—Narrative furniture that comments on current social and political issues/Turned and carved objects. Through 1/4. Joseph, 745 Fifth Ave. (751-5500).

#### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**GREGORY AMENOFF**—Drawings in oil paint, ink, and charcoal that explore an organic trumpet shape; 1/4–2/1. Munroe, 130 Prince St. (226-0040).

**EDDIE ARNING**—Drawings by this Outsider artist; through 1/18. Ricco/Maresca, 105 Hudson St. (219-2756).

**MILTON AVERY/THOMAS GEORGE**—Monotypes from the 1950s/Pastel drawings executed at the pond and nature preserve at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey. Through 1/11. Snyder, 588 Broadway (941-6860).

**JOHN BALDESSARI/MARKUS RAETZ**—Recent editions of photogravure and aquatint prints using Hollywood film stills/Prints using photogram and photogravure techniques. Through 1/5. Crown Point Press, 568 Broadway (226-5476).

**JACQUES BEDEL**—Recent works by an Argentinian artist, presented as part of "Art of the Americas: The Argentine Project"; *through 1/4. Lipton, 67 Prince St.* (925-7140).

**LUIS BENEDIT**—Recent works by an Argentinian artist, presented as part of "Art of the Americas: The Argentine Project"; through 1/4. Good, 532 Broadway (941-8066).

**SEYMOUR BOARDMAN/HAYDN DAVIES**—Abstract paintings that depict white planes broken by jagged lines of color/Reliefs and freestanding sculptures in metal. Through 1/25. Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. (334-9755).

**ORLANDO AGUDELO-BOTERO**—Paintings and multiples; through 1/24. Meisner, 96 Greene St. (431-9589).

**NEIL CAMPBELL**—New works; 1/4–2/1. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

**MICHAEL CHANDLER**—New works; 1/4–2/1. Ala, 560 Broadway (941-1990).

**CHUCK CONNELLY**—Paintings from the past ten years; 1/2–25. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

**MARY COZENS-WALKER**—Recent sculpture; through 1/25. Staempfli, 415 W. Broadway (941-7100).

**FRANCESCA DELGUERCIO/GENE JOHNSON**—Paintings of geometric configurations in oil and wax/Small-scale paintings in encastic and wax; 1/7–2/1. Condeso/Lawler, 76 Greene St. (219-1283).

**JAMES DEWOODY/ROBERT GORDY**—Figurative paintings that explore violence in American society as reflected in the national obsession with professional sports/Small-scale works on paper spanning his career from the 1950s until his death in 1986. Through 1/4. Roger, 136 Prince St. (966-4017).

**TENNESSEE RICE DIXON/ZENA ZIPPORAH**—Assemblages, collages, and books. Through 2/1. Granary Books, 568 Broadway (226-5462).

**ELONZO DANN**—Geometric paintings; 1/4–24. Coup de Grace, 579 Broadway (431-5799).

**LAUREN EWING**—New sculpture; through 1/8. Brown, 23 Watts St. (219-1060).

**RUSSELL FLOERSCH**—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/4. Stux, 155 Spring St. (219-0010).

**LEON GOLUB**—New paintings from his "Patriots" series interspersed with his paintings from the 1950s that portray the juxtaposition between covert and overt power; 1/4–2/15. Baer, 476 Broome St. (431-4774).

**NORBERTO GOMEZ/VICTOR GRIPPO**—Sculptures that explore the contradictions of political and cultural life in Argentina, presented as part of "Art of the Americas: The Argentine Project"; through 1/9/Conceptual works, as part of the same project; through 1/25. Fawbush, 74 and 76 Grand St. (274-0660).

**ANN HAMILTON**—An installation titled "Malediction" that utilizes cloth, wine, dough, bowls, and casks; through 1/4. Louver, 130 Prince St. (925-9205).

**JASPER JOHNS**—Prints and related works from "The

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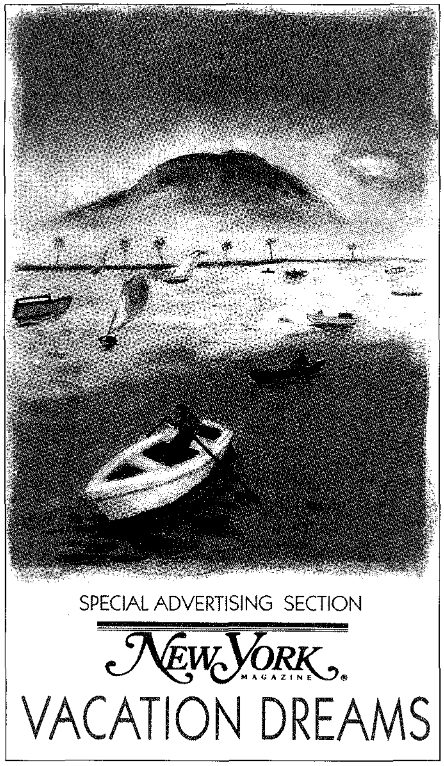

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Seasons" series; through 1/4. Alexander Editions, 476 Broome St. (925-2070).

**BEN KINMONT**—His "Reciprocity" paintings; through 1/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

**HENRY KLIMOWICZ**—Recent cardboard sculptures; 1/3–31. Callahan, 568 Broadway (925-2350).

**IMI KNOEBEL**—Recent abstract paintings; through 1/1. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

**WLODZIMIERZ KSIAZEK**—Recent paintings; through 1/4. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

**STEPHEN LACK/LESLIE LERNER**—Landscape paintings by both; through 1/4. Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

**SOL LEWITT/JOHN MURPHY**—New works by both; 1/4–25. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

**HAROLD LOHNER**—Furniture sculptures that resemble the human figure; through 1/11. Yi, 249 Centre St. (334-5189).

**JODY LOMBERG**—Paintings on knitted wool, slabs of marble, and aluminum mesh; through 1/11. Arena, 128 Wooster St. (226-1420).

**HOWARD LONN**—Paintings in which a single iconic subject, such as a figure, is set against a monochromatic, highly-textured background; through 1/4. 49th Parallel, 420 W. Broadway (925-8349).

**CHRISTIAN MARCLAY**—New works; through 1/31. Cugliani, 40 Wooster St. (966-9006).

**JIM MORPHESIS**—Expressionistic figure paintings; through 1/4. Katzen, 475 Broome St. (966-4469).

**HERMANN NITSCH**—Drawings and paintings related to his performances; through 1/16. Nolan, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

**DAVID ORTINS**—Emblematic paintings in pigment and wax on wood panels; 1/4–2/5. Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (966-7753).

**GLORIA PETYAR**—Works by an Australian aboriginal artist; through 1/25. Australia, 98 Greene St. (274-9835).

**JACK PIERSON**—Drawings about compulsiveness and love, sculptures constructed from urban ephemera, and photographs of the seedier side of Los Angeles; 1/4–2/29. Cugliani, 40 Wooster St. (966-9006).

**MIGUEL ANGEL RIOS**—Drawings and sculpted amulets; through 1/4. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

**FRED SANDBACK**—A new work titled "Ten Part Vertical Construction" in which lines are "drawn" from floor to ceiling using single strands of woolen yarn; through 1/11. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

**MIRIAM SCHAPIRO**—Collage works that are imaginary collaborations with Frida Kahlo; through 1/11. Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

**PETER SCHMERSAL**—Small-scale paintings of landscape and still-life objects that reflect the artist's overall economy of means; through 1/18. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

**RICHARD SERRA**—A new large-scale steel sculpture and drawings; through 1/11. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

**LINDA STOJAK**—Abstract paintings; through 1/16. Haller, 415 W. Broadway (219-2500).

**BERNAR VENET**—Three large-scale installation sculptures; through 1/4. Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (941-1410).

**ANDRE VOZNESENSKY**—Recent collages; through 1/4. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (460-5497).

**JOAN WALTEMATH**—Paintings inspired by Islamic decorative motifs; 1/7–2/1. Stark, 594 Broadway (925-4484).

**WILLIAM WEGMAN**—New paintings in which traces of imagery form a kind of personal and imaginary map; through 1/4. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

**ALAN WEXLER**—Architectural environments that ritualize everyday activities; 1/4–2/8. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

**NOLA ZIRIN**—New paintings and assemblages; through 1/7. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

### *Other*

**FRANK BOWLING**—Abstract paintings with collage and heavily built-up surfaces; through 1/18. Jennings, 219 E. 2nd St. (674-3939).

**GERALD POUSSIN**—An installation of furniture sculptures, carpets, theater sets, costumes, and psoters; through 1/26. Swiss Institute, 35 W. 67th St. (496-1759).

**ARTHUR RACKHAM**—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by this English artist who illustrated *Grimm's Fairy Tales, Peter Pan, Gulliver's Travels*, and other well-known books; through 2/19. Butler Library, Columbia University, W. 116th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. (854-2231), Mon.–Fri. 9–4:45.

**ARTHUR SINGER**—Paintings of birds from rain forest habitats; through 3/2. Central Park Zoo Gallery, 64th St. at Fifth Ave., in Central Park (861-6030), daily, 10–4:30.

## *GROUP SHOWS*

### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**CADE**—1045 Madison Ave. (734-3670). Drawings by Bennett, Berthot, Di Suvero, Quaytman, Rotterdam, Wallach, others; through 1/18.

**CUDAHY'S**—170 E. 75th St. (879-2405). Works by Basham, Day, Godbee, McNickle, Mendenhall, Wood, others; through 1/4.

**HIRSCHL & ADLER**—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Six American Modernists," with works by Hartley, Lachaise, Nadelman, O'Keeffe, Sheeler, Storrs; through 1/4.

**MARBELLA**—28 E. 72nd St. (288-7809). 19th- and 20th-century paintings by Bricher, Clark, Hallowell, Reid, Wyant, others; through 1/18.

**MARYMOUNT MANHATTAN COLLEGE**—221 E. 71st St. (517-0475). "Beyond Nature," with works by Fishman, Johnson, Lowenstein; 1/7–/1.

**SCULPTURE CENTER**—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). "January," with sculpture by DeFrank, Dudis, Levenstein, Shiflett, Wiener; 1/4–25.

**SPANIERMAN**—50 E. 78th St. (879-7085). "In Praise of Women: Images of Leisure and Independence," with works by Benson, Cassatt, Chase, Davies, Weir, others; "The Eight and Their Circle," with works by Bellows, Glackens, Henri, Luks, Marsh, Sinn, Sloan, others; 1/7–3/28.

**STONE**—48 E. 86th St. (988-6870). Paintings and sculpture by Baribeau, Estes, Gibson, Inoue, Ludwig, Thiebaud, others; through 1/4.

**YORK**—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). American still-life paintings by Carles, Demuth, Francis, Lucioni, Stella, Tiffany, others; through 1/11.

### *57th Street Area*

**BARON/BOISANTÉ**—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Works by Anderson, Dinter, Polke, Wells; 1/3–2/28.

**DE NAGY**—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). "American Panorama," with works by Downes, Freilicher, Gregor, Porter, Rubenstein, others; through 1/11.

**EMMERICH**—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). "Abstract Painting: The 90s," curated by Barbara Rose, with works by Ashbaugh, Buchwald, Chase, Crile, Hitch, Jensen, Murray, Willis, others; through 1/25.

**FITCH-FEBVREL**—5 E. 57th St. (688-8522). An accrochage of prints and drawings by 19th and 20th-century artists, including Braque, Demazieres, Meckseper, Normann, Pascin, Robbe, Tissot, Yake; 1/7–2/29.

**JANIS**—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Sculpture by Arp, Chillida, Giacometti, Klein; 1/4–2/8.

**MIDTOWN PAYSON**—745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900). Works by Baskin, French, Levine, Marsh, Prestopino, Shahn, others; through 1/5.

**PRATS**—24 W. 57th St. (315-3680). New editions of prints by Alechinsky, Chia, Christo, Condo, Cucchi, Guinovart, Held, Lledos, Moherwell, Plensa, Tapies, Zush, others; through 1/26.

**ST. ETIENNE**—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Viennese Graphic Design: From Secession to Expressionism," with works by Hoffmann, Klimt, Olbrich, Schiele; through 1/11.

**SHEEHAN**—41 E. 57th St. (888-4220). "American Lithography: 1860–1991," with works by Bellows, Cassatt, Homer, Johns, Marden, Pollock, Rauschenberg, others; through 1/18.

**SOLOMON**—724 Fifth Ave. (757-7777). Works by Chamberlain, Harris, Matta-Clark, Oppenheim, Serra, Smithson, Weiner; through 1/11.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**ALEXANDER**—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Drawings by Anderson, Artschwager, Chase, Freud, Lemieux, Mullican, Otterness, Thek, Winters, others; through 1/25.

**ARTISTS SPACE**—223 W. Broadway (226-3970). "Working," with installations by Bright & Gonchar, Flint, Jacobsen, Kybartas, Millner; through 1/11.

**BERLAND HALL**—579 Broadway (274-9580). Works by Carlson, Conley, Liu; through 1/4.

**BRIET**—558 Broadway (334-0433). "Domenikos Theotokopoulos: A Dialogue," with works by Ahearn, Applebroog, Delaney, Fischl, Gutierrez, Tacla, Wojnarowicz, others; through 1/25.

**COWLES**—420 W. Broadway (925-3500). Drawings by Africano, Bates, Cobo, Dickson, Ferrer, Gianakos, Hammond, Williams; through 2/1.

**ENGELHORN**—591 Broadway (966-6882). Works by Capps, Hoffmann, Kohn, Sasaki, Scarritt; through 1/25.

**ERGANE**—469 W. Broadway (228-9600). Works by Alexander, Francis, Haring, Kostabi, Warhol, Zuloaga, others; through 1/31.

**EXIT**—578 Broadway (966-7745). "The Hybrid State," with works by Applebroog, Camnitzer, Downey, Durham, Fay, Gómez-Pēna, Grossman, Hammons, Kearns, Sanchez, Van Dalen, Vicuña, Von Rydingsvard, Wodiczko, Wong; through 1/25.

**HELANDER**—415 W. Broadway (966-9797). Works on paper by Brown, Buck, Goodman, Heino, Lorenz, McKie, Merkin, Rubin, Scanga, Shapinsky, Slonem, Torreano, Weisbecker; through 1/11.

**HOFFMAN**—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). Works by Forstromm, Nice, Wolski; through 1/8.

**KIND**—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Drawings and paintings by ten artists who have lived for the past ten years at the Haus der Kunstler at Gugging, the State Institution for Psychiatry in Austria; through 1/4.

**KLARFELD PERRY**—472 Broome St. (941-0303). "Figures and Faces," with works by Ellis, Greene, Katz, Kunc, Mapplethorpe, Neel, Nuchi, Rivers, Sedaka, Unger; through 1/4.

**KLEIN**—594 Broadway (431-1980). "Trains II," with works by Casebere, Ericson & Ziegler, Ferrara, Mullican, McBride, others; through 1/18.

**LEE**—588 Broadway (966-2676). "Ornament: (Ho Hum All Ye Faithful)," with holiday ornaments by 100 artists; through 1/11.

**MARCUS**—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works on paper by Adams, Conner, Drake, Larmon, Richter, Rule; 1/4–29.

**MOLICA**—379 W. Broadway (219-2244). Works by Davis, Pfaff, Langatta; through 1/15.

**NOSEI**—100 Prince St. (431-9253). Works on paper by Basquiat, Bowen, Ceccobelli, Kuitca, Mueller, Oppenheim, Rule, Schuyff, others; through 1/30.

**PACE**—142 Greene St. (421-3292). Works by gallery artists; through 1/11.

**PRETTO**—103 Sullivan St. (431-3041). Works that incorporate photography and text by Baldesssari, Barry, Piemontese; 1/4–25.

**PROTETCH**—560 Broadway (966-5454). "Stubborn Painting: Now and Then," with works by Bess, Feeley, Guston, Heilmann, Lasker, Nozkowski, Taaffe, others; through 1/25.

**SERMAS**—19 Greene St. (431-5743). "Figure Variations," with works by Aroujo, Barowitz, Brown, Ittner, Passlof, Salle, Shurtleff, Schactman, Wilder; through 1/4.

**SHAFRAZI**—130 Prince St. (274-9300). Watercolors and works on paper by Bleckner, Calder, Clemente, De Kooning, Guston, Long, Morley, Rosenquist, others; through 1/25.

**SOHO 20**—469 Broome St. (226-4167). Benefit art exhibition for Choice; through 1/3. See Ceres, under Group Shows, SoHo & TriBeCa.

**STAIB**—8 Greene St. (941-5977). Works by artists who exhibit their work with The Bachelier-Cardonsky Gallery in Kent, Connecticut; through 1/25.

**TELLER**—568 Broadway (941-7335). "Circa 1950: A Group Exhibition of Prints and Drawings in Honor of the 90th Birthday of Dorothy Dehner," with works by Archipenko, Barnet, Dehner, Nevelson, Ryan, others; through 1/11.

**303**—89 Greene St. (966-5605). Works by King, Szold, Williams; 1/4–2/1.

**TRENKMANN**—189 Lafayette St. (274-8273). "Heaven," with works by De Palma, Diodato, Robertshaw, Slonem, Wides, others; through 1/8.

**WEISS**—68 Laight St. (925-7313), Thur.–Sat. 12–6. "Earth Memories," with paintings and sculptures by Dent, Fine, Handorff, Lathrop, Martin, Raymond; through 1/31.

**Z**—382 W. Broadway (334-1932). Works by Arslan, Fleming-Deutschman, May, Wei; through 1/9.

### *Other*

**CBGB**—315 Bowery (334-9670). "Exiles on Mainstreet," with works by Bicini, Dean, Gosfield, Pettibone, Reiland, Winters, others; through 1/25.

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY**—Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7288), Wed.–Sat. 1–5. "Victorian Pleasures: American Board and Table Games of the 19th Century"; through 1/25.

**GLASS**—315 Central Park West (787-4704), Wed.–Fri. 1–6. Japanese woodblock prints and works on paper by Carmi, Gross, Hecht, Soyer, Weber, others; through 1/10.

**GREY ART GALLERY & STUDY CENTER**—33 Washington Place (998-6780). Photographs of actresses and prostitutes from the 1930s and 1940s by Yasuzo Nojima; window installation by Tomie Arai; through 1/11.

**HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY**—Hempstead, N.Y. (516-463-5474). Mon.–Fri. 10–4. "Marvelous Mona Show," curated Doug Hilson, with over 2000 images of Mona Lisa; through 1/15.

**JAMAICA ARTS CENTER**—161-04 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N.Y. (718-658-7400). "Malcolm X: The Man, The Meaning," with works by Brown, Catlett, Coe, Little, Rand, Tisdale; through 1/25.

**MET LIFE**—24 E. 24th St. (578-2723). "Different Drummers," with works by Butler, Doyle, Hawkins, Massey, Sudduth; through 2/1.

**NEWHOUSE CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY ART AT SNUG HARBOR**—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Neoteric Jewelry," with works by Babetto, Dziuba, Freeman, Marx, Quigley, others; through 1/19.

**PRISUNIC**—409 W. 14th St. (633-1624). "Love on the Beat," with works by Mingo, Steinitz, Tana, Zadikian; through 1/11.

**WHITE COLUMNS**—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). "Casual Ceremony," with works by Friedman, Hayes, Hughes, Kinmont, Lukas, Matzko, Mottt, Scanlin; in the White Rooms, works by Berkinblit, Bankemper, Hodges; through 1/13.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**ZEKE BERMAN**—Recent photographs that make use of specific and non-objective geometric forms; through 1/11. Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (431-0747).

**ALISON BURNETT**—Hand-colored black-and-white still lifes and portraits; through 1/5. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660), Thu., Fri., Sat. 1–7, Sun. 1–6.

**CAVIN-MORRIS**—560 Broadway (226-3768). Photographs by Mexican photographers, including M. Bravo, L. Bravo, Iturbide, Meyer, Renoso, Vargas, others; through 1/4.

**MACDUFF EVERTON**—Panoramic landscape photographs taken in Big Sur, Yosemite, Brooklyn, and other locations in the United States; through 1/4. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

**GREENBERG**—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Photographs of New York City by Evans, Frank, Hine, Liepzig, Riis, others; through 1/18.

**EVELYN HOFER**—Portraits of the people of Soglio, a small Swiss village; through 1/18. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

**HORST**—Platinum palladium photographs of nudes, still life, and plants from the past sixty years; through 1/25. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

**HOUK FRIEDMAN**—1094 Madison Ave. (628-5300). "The Twentieth Century City: New York 1900–1990," with works by Bing, Frank, Hine, Kertesz, Strand, Weegee, others; through 1/4.

**I.C.P.**—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $3.50; students and seniors $2. "Mountains: Sixty Years of Photographs by Bradford Washburn"; "Sheila Metzner 1991: A Retrospective"; through 2/2.

**I.C.P. MIDTOWN**—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4680), Tue. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. $3.50; students and seniors $2. Through 2/15: "The Legacy of W. Eugene Smith: Twelve Photographers in the Humanistic Tradition."

**KEN LIGHT**—Photographs that document the hardships of Mexican workers as they cross the border into the United States and make new lives for themselves in California; through 12/27. Chovnick, 39 E. 20th St. (529-8943).

**MIDTOWN Y**—334 E. 14th St. (674-7200), Mon.–Thu. 12–8, Sun. and Fri. 12–4, closed Sat. Photographs by Digiacomo, Duca, Heiser; through 1/12.

**MILLER**—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Soviet photography from 1918–1939, with works by Alpert, Debabov, Ignatovich, Rodchenko, Shaikhet, others; 1/3–2/15.

**PATRICK NAGATANI/HOLLY ROBERTS**—New photographs that trace our atomic history through New Mexico/Painted photographs. Through 1/4. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9854).

**NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN**—155 E. 56th St. (753-5365). Photographs of Paris in the years between 1880 and 1914 from the Archives of Roger-Viollet; through 2/27.

**VALERIE SHAFF/PATRICIA SULLIVAN**—Landscape photographs made with a pinhole camera/Photographs with text; 1/2–26. PS 122, 150 First Ave. (228-4150).

**SEAGRAM**—375 Park Ave. (572-7379), Mon.–Fri. 9–5. "Night Lights," with photographs by Eggelston, Friedlander, Hine, Outerbridge, Steichen, Winogrand, others; through 1/17.

**MIRO SVOLIK**—Recent photographs in a series titled "Tales of Slovakia"; through 1/11. Levy, 415 W. Broadway (941-0009).

**GERARD TRAQUANDI/EUGENE ATGET**—Large-scale photographic still lifes and landscapes using the gum-bichromate process/Vintage prints of locations in and around Paris; 1/7–2/15. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

**GEORGE WOODMAN**—Black-and-white photographs that combine art historical images, in a series titled "Museum Pieces"; through 1/11. Toll, 146 Greene St. (431-1788).

**HARRY ZEITLIN/PHILIP LIEBERMAN**—Photographs of the Pacific Northwest/Photographs that document the culture of old Tibet. Through 1/4. Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. (288-7004).

## PERFORMANCE

**P.S. 122**—150 First Ave. (477-5288). 1/2–5, 1/9–12, 1/16–19 at 8: Terry Galloway in "Lardo Weeping." $10. 1/2–5 at 9: Lorellen Green in "Mangia Mangia." $10.

## MUSEUMS

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**—40 W. 53rd St. (956-6047). Wed.–Thu., Sat.–Sun. 10 a.m.–5, Tue. and Fri. 10 a.m.–8. $4.50, seniors students $2, children under 12 free. Through 1/19: "Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage."

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**—CPW at 79th St. (769-5000). Sun.–Thu. 10 a.m.–5:45; Fri. and Sat. 10 a.m.–8:45. Suggested contribution $5; children $2.50. Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples: 3,000 artifacts and artworks, covering Turkey to Japan, Siberia to India . . . Hayden Planetarium . . . Margaret Mead Hall of Pacific Peoples . . . Celestial Plaza . . . Hall of South American Peoples . . . Aurora Gem Collection. Through 2/23: "Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch." Through 1/19: "Wilderness America." Through 3/1/92: "Birds in Art."

**ASIA SOCIETY**—725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-6400). Tue.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6 (Fri. until 8), Sun. noon–5. Closed Mon. $2; students and seniors $1. Through 1/5: "Undercurrents in the Floating World: Censorship and Japanese Prints." Through 3/15: "Motifs and

# ART

Meanings in Asian Art: Selections from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection."

**BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**—1040 Grand Concourse at 165th St. (681-6000). Sat.–Thu. 10 a.m.–4:30, Sun. 11 a.m.–4:30. $1.50, students and seniors $1.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**—200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000). Wed.–Sun. 10 a.m.–5. Donation $4; students $2; seniors $1.50. Period Rooms . . . Williamsburg Murals . . . Through 2/28: "Quattrocento: Early Italian Panel Paintings." Through 12/30: "Recent Print Acquisitions." Through 12/29: "Objects of Myth and Memory: American Indian Art at The Brooklyn Museum." Through 1/5: "Sigmar Polke." Through 12/13/92: "Biomorphism and Organic Abstraction in 20th-Century Decorative Arts."

**BROOKLYN'S HISTORY MUSEUM**—The Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y. (718-624-0890). Wed.–Sun. 12–5. $2.50; children under 12, $1; free Wed.

**CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**—54 E. 68th St. (861-1200). Tue.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5, Sat. 11 a.m.–5, Sun. noon–5. $2.50; students and seniors, $1.50. Through 12/30: "Africa Explores: 20th-Century African Art."

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**—Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6868). Tue. 10 a.m.–9, Wed.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5, Sun. noon–5. $3; seniors and students $1.50; free Tue. after 5. Through 8/30/92: "The Cooper-Hewitt Collections: A Design Resource."

**DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS**—548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232). Thu.–Sun. noon–6. Free. Installation by Dan Graham. Through 5/31/92: "Brice Marden—Cold Mountain." Through 2/2/92: "Lawrence Weiner: Displacement." 393 W. Broadway, Wed.–Sat. noon–6. Through 6/21/92: Walter De Maria's "Broken Kilometer." 141 Wooster St., Wed.–Sat. noon–6. Through 6/21/92: Walter De Maria's "The New York Earth Room."

**FRAUNCES TAVERN MUSEUM**—54 Pearl St. at Broad St. (425-1778). Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4. $2.50, students and seniors $1. Through 8/14/92: "Come All You Gallant Heroes: The World of the Revolutionary Soldier."

**FRICK COLLECTION**—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700). Tue.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6, Sun. 1–6. $3, students and seniors $1.50. Children under 10 not admitted. Through 1/12: "Nicolas Lancret."

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**—Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (360-3500). Closed for restoration; will re-open in spring of 1992.

**HUDSON RIVER MUSEUM**—Trevor Park-on-Hudson, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers (914-963-4550). Wed., Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.–5, Thu. 10 a.m.–9, Sun. noon–5. $2, children $1. Through 1/19: "Experiencing Sculpture: The Figure in American Art 1850–1990." Through 6/30: "Glenview Mansion: Orientation Gallery and Touch Collection." Through 3/30: "Childhood Life: 1880–1910." Through 1/12: "Progessions and Processions: Recent Sculpture by Helene Brandt."

**INTREPID SEA-AIR-SPACE MUSEUM**—Pier 86, W. 46th St. at Twelfth Ave. (245-0072). Wed.–Sun., 10 a.m.–5 (last admission at 4). $7, children $4, seniors $6. Twentieth-century technology highlighting man's achievements at sea, in the air, and in space; The Hall of Honor: living memorial to American heroes; A full-size replica of World War I SE5 fighter plane; The Growler, a 317-foot long guided missile submarine; The USS Edson.

**JEWISH MUSEUM AT THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—170 Central Park West (399-3430). Sun., Tue., Wed., 11 a.m.–5, Thu. 11 a.m.–8, Fri. 11 a.m.–3. $4.50, seniors $3, children $1. Through 8/18/92: "Selections from the Jewish Museum's Collection." Through 2/18/92: "The Sigmund Freud Antiquities: Fragments from a Buried Past." Through 1/26: "From Expressionism to Resistance, Art in Germany 1909–1936: The Marvin and Janet Fishman Collection."

**KATONAH MUSEUM OF ART**—Route 22 at Jay St., Katonah, N.Y. (914-232-9555). Tue., Thu., Fri., Sun. 12–5, Wed. 12–8, Sat. 10 a.m.–5. Free. Through 1/26: "Forever Wild: The Adirondack Experience."

**LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT MUSEUM**—97 Orchard St. (431-0233). Tue.–Fri. 11 a.m.–4, Sun. 10 a.m.–3. Free. Through 1/5/92: "Meddling with Peddling: The Pushcart Wars."

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**—Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500). Tue.–Thu. and Sun. 9:30 a.m.–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30 a.m.–9. Contribution $6; children and seniors $3. One of the largest museums in the world, the permanent collection includes more than two million works of art spanning 5,000 years of world culture . . . Through 3/22: "John Singer Sargent's Alpine Sketchbook: A Young Artist's Perspective." Through 1/5: "American Watercolors from The Metropolitan Museum of Art." Through 1/12: "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat." Through 1/12: "Seurat." Through 8/30/92: "Flowers and Leaves: The Ottoman Pottery of Iznik." Through 6/28/92: "The Samuel Eilenberg Collection of Indian and Southeast Asian Sculpture." Through 1/15: "The Spanish Guitar." Through 1/5: "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy: Renaissance Tapestries and Armor." Through 2/23/92: "East Asian Lacquer: The Florence and Herbert Irving Collection." Through 2/16: "Stuart Davis, American Painter." Through 1/12: "Annual Christmas Tree and Baroque Neapolitan Creche." Through 3/15: "French Architectural and Ornament Drawings of the 19th Century." Through 1/31: "Picturing Africa: Photographs of the Zulu, 1870–1900." **The Cloisters,** Fort Tryon Park (923-3700). Tue.–Sun. 9:30 a.m.–4:45. Medieval collection.

**PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY**—29 E. 36th St. (685-0008). Tue.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–5, Sun. 1–5. Suggested donation $3. Through 1/5: "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library."

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**—2 Lincoln Square (595-9533). Tue.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–7:30, closed Mon. Free. 1/7–3/1: "Patterns of Prestige: The Development and Influence of the Saltillo Sarape." 1/7–3/10: "Santos de Palo: The Household Saints of Puerto Rico."

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**—11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). Daily 11 a.m.–6, Thu. to 9. Closed Wed. $7; students $4; seniors $4; Thu. 5–9 pay what you wish. Through 1/15: "Selections from the Drawings Collection." Through 12/31: "Tadao Ando." Through 12/31: "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort." Through 1/7: "Dislocations." Through 1/7: "New Photography 7." Through 3/24: "Richard Serra: Afangar Icelandic Series." Through 3/24: "For 25 Years: Gemini G.E.L." Through 1/28: "Projects: Art Spiegelman."

**MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN**—Broadway and 155th St. (283-2420). Tue.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5; Sun. 1–5, $3; seniors and students $2. "Art and Artifacts From North and South America, Ancient to Modern."

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**—Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Wed.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5, Sun. 1–5; Tue. 10 a.m.–2 for organized school and group tours (reservations required). $4; students and seniors $2. Through 2/16: "The Artistic New York of Louis Comfort Tiffany." Through 2/23: "The Committed Eye: Alexander Alland's Photography." Through 7/93: "Broadway! 125 Years of Musical Theater." Through 1/5: "Season's Greetings." Through 5/17/92: "Remember the Children: Daniel's Story."

**NASSAU COUNTY MUSEUM OF FINE ART**—Northern Boulevard, Roslyn (516-484-9337). Tue.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4:30., Sat.–Sun. 1–5. Free. Through 2/9: "Landscape of America: The Hudson River School to Abstract Expressionism." Through 2/9: "Dual Cultures: Taiwan/New York—Six Realist Painters."

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**—1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880). Tue. noon–8, Wed.–Sun. noon–5. (Free Tue. 5–8). $2.50, seniors and students $2. Through 3/12/92: "Samuel F. D. Morse: A Bicentennial Tribute to the National Academy's Founder."

**NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART**—583 Broadway (219-1222). Wed., Thu., Sun. noon–6, Fri.–Sat. noon–8. Closed Mon.–Tue. Suggested admission $3.50, $2.50 seniors and children. Through 12/29: "The Interrupted Life."

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—Central Park West at 77th St. (873-3400). Tue., Wed., Fri., Sun. 11 a.m.–5., Thu. 11 a.m.–8. $4.50; seniors $3, children $1. Through 9/23/92: "Markers of Change: Documents of American History." Through 4/5/92: "While They Fought: The Home Front in New York City." Through 1/26: "Imagining the New World: Columbian Iconography."

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**—Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089). Mon.–Wed. 11 a.m.–6, Thu.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6. Through 2/15: "Documents of Dissent." Through 1/4: "Revelations and Revolution: German Expressionist Prints and Books." Through 2/22/92: "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through 3/7/92: "Edna St. Vincent Millay." **New York Library for the Performing Arts,** 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1670), Mon. and Thu. 12–8, Wed. and Fri. 12–6, Sat. 10–6. Through 1/4: "The Theaters of Lucille Lortel." Through 2/17/92: "Carl Michel: Design for the Ballet."

**NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM**—Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn (718-330-3060). Tue.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4, Sat. 11 a.m.–4. $2; seniors $1.50; children $1. Through 4/30/92: "Subway Stories: Paintings by Sandra Bloodworth."

**OLD MERCHANT'S HOUSE**—29 E. 4th Street (777-1089). Sun. 1–4. $3. New York's only family home preserved intact from the 19th century. Home to Seabury Tredwell and family from 1835 to 1933, the house reflects the lifestyle of a typical New York City upper-middle-class family of the last century.

**PARRISH ART MUSEUM**—25 Job's Lane, Southampton, L.I. (516-283-2118). Mon., Tue.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5, Sun. 1–5. $2. Through 2/2/92: "Malcolm Morley: Watercolors."

**P.S. 1 MUSEUM**—46-01 21st St., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-784-2084). Wed.–Sun. 12–6. Suggested donation $2. Through 2/9/92: "Dennis Oppenheim: And the Mind Grew Fingers."

**QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART**—New York City Bldg., Flushing Meadow Park (718-592-5555). Tue.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5; Sat.–Sun. noon–5:30. Contribution suggested. Through 2/2/92: "Mel Chin: Viewpoints." Through 1/12: "Bridges: Symbols of Progress."

**ABIGAIL ADAMS SMITH MUSEUM**—421 E. 61st St. (838-6878). Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4 (the hours between 10 a.m. and 12 noon on weekdays are reserved for groups only), Sun. 1–5. $3; $2 children; $1 seniors. Furnished rooms from the Federal Period (1790–1830).

**SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM**—Fulton St. between South and Water Sts. (669-9400). Daily 10 a.m.–5. $6, seniors $5, children $3. Through 3/22: "A Mariner's Fancy: The Whaleman's Art of Scrimshaw." Through 3/22: "Herman Melville's Picture Gallery." Through 2/16: "Hemm'd Thick with Sailships."

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**—144 W. 125th St. (864-4500). Wed.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5, Sat.–Sun. 1–6. $3; seniors $1.50, children $1. Through 3/1: "1990–1991 Artists in Residence: Ada Pilar Cruz, Leonardo Drew, Eve Sandler." Through 6/7/92: "Africa and the Diaspora: Selections from the Permanent Collection."

**WAVE HILL**—675 W. 252 St., Bronx (549-3200). Daily 10 a.m.–5:30, Wed. till dusk, Sun. till 7. Through 3/1: "Abstracting the Landscape: The Artistry of Landscape Architect A.E. Bye."

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**—Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676). Tue. 1–8, Wed.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5, Sun. noon–6. $5; seniors $3; free Tue. 6–8. "Calder's Circus." . . . Through 2/2/92: "Celebrating Calder." Through 1/12: "American Life in American Art: Selections from the Permanent Collection, 1950–1990." Through 3/1/92: "Alexis Smith." Through 3/15/92: "Variations on Themes: Recent Print Acquisitions." **Whitney Museum at Philip Morris,** 42nd St. at Park Ave. (878-2550). Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–6, Thu. to 7:30 (Sculpture Court is open Mon.–Sat. 7:30 a.m.–9:30; Sun. and holidays 11 a.m.–7). Free. Through 2/8/92: "Ellen Driscoll: The Loophole of Retreat." **Whitney Museum at Equitable Center,** 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. (554-1113). Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6, Thu. to 7:30, Sat. 12–5. Free. 1/10–3/18: "American Masters: Works from the Permanent Collection." **Whitney Museum Downtown at Federal Reserve Plaza,** 33 Maiden Lane at Nassau St. (943-5655). Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–6. Free. Through 2/14/92: "Between Mondrian and Minimalism: Neo-Plasticism in America."

## AUCTIONS

**CHRISTIE'S**—502 Park Ave. at 59th St. (546-1000). Next sale on 1/14.

**CHRISTIE'S EAST**—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). Next sale on 1/13.

**DOYLE**—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). Next sale on 1/8.

**SOTHEBY'S**—York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). Next sale on 1/13.

**SWANN**—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/2 at 11 a.m.: "Shelf Sale."

# MUSIC AND DANCE

COMPILED BY STEPHEN DUBNER

**MUSIC AND DANCE DIRECTORY**

**Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall,** Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800).

**City Center,** 131 W. 55th St. (581-7907).

**Joyce Theater,** 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (242-0800).

**Lincoln Center:** 62nd–66th Sts., between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves.: Alice Tully Hall (875-5050); Avery Fisher Hall (875-5030); Library Museum (870-1630); Metropolitan Opera House (362-6000); New York State Theater (870-5570).

**Madison Square Garden and The Paramount,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (465-6741).

**Merkin Concert Hall,** Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719).

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. and 82nd St. (570-3949).

**92nd St. Y,** on Lexington Ave. (996-1100).

**Radio City Music Hall,** Sixth Ave. and 50th St. (247-4777).

**Symphony Space,** Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400).

**Town Hall,** 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824).

## CONCERTS

### *Bryant Park Ticket Booth*

**HALF-PRICE TICKETS** for same-day music, dance, and occasionally opera performances are sold here, depending on availability, six days a week: Tue., Thu., Fri., noon–2 and 3–7; Wed. and Sat. 11 a.m.–2 and 3–7; Sun. noon–6. Also, full-price tickets for future performances. Just inside the park, off 42nd St., east of Sixth Ave. (382-2323).

### *Tuesday, December 31*

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC,** Leonard Slatkin conductor; with pianists Emanuel Ax and Jeffrey Siegel, narrator Peter Schickele. Herold's Overture to *Zampa;* Faure's *Pavane;* Saint-Saens's *Carnival of the Animals;* works by J. Strauss Jr. Avery Fisher Hall at 8. $75.

**NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY OF THE 92ND STREET Y,** Jaime Laredo guest conductor. Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerti (complete). 92nd Street Y at 8. $37.50; includes champagne.

### *Wednesday, January 1*

**NOTE**—At press time, no concerts were scheduled.

### *Thursday, January 2*

**COMMUNITY HOLIDAY FESTIVAL**—Jazz with Dave Valentin and his ensemble. Alice Tully Hall at 7:30. Free; reserve (931-9500).

**BARGEMUSIC**—With violinist Theodore Arm, pianist Mihae Lee, cellist Fred Sherry. Beethoven's Sonata No. 2 in A, Op. 12; Shostakovich's Sonata in D Minor, Op. 40 for Cello and Piano; Schumann's Piano Trio in G Minor, Op. 110. Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30. $15.

### *Friday, January 3*

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC,** Leonard Slatkin conductor; with clarinetist Stanley Drucker. Mozart's *Divertimento,* K. 131; Bolcom's Clarinet Concerto (world premiere); Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on "Greensleeves"; Vaughan Williams's Symphony No. 4. Avery Fisher Hall at 8. $10–$50. Note (today only): Open rehearsal at 9:45 a.m.; $5.

**CHING-PO WEN,** tenor. Chinese art songs; arias from Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West, Madam Butterfly, Turandot,* and Verdi's *Otello.* Weill Recital Hall at 8. $10–$20.

**SILVAIN GUIGNARD**, biwa player. Astor Garden Court, Metropolitan Museum of Art, at 6. Free with museum admission.

**ELIZABETH SCHROEDER,** singer-songwriter-guitarist. The Centerfold Coffeehouse, 263 W. 86th St. (866-4454), at 8. $6.

### *Saturday, January 4*

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—See 1/3.

**COMMUNITY HOLIDAY FESTIVAL**—Jazz/Latin music with Charlie Sepulveda and The New Arrivals. Alice Tully Hall at 7:30. Free; reserve (860-5445).

**DA-HONG SEETO,** violinist; with pianist Wu Han. Saint-Saens's Sonata No. 1 in D Minor, Op.75; Respighi's Sonata in B Minor; works by Gershwin/Heifetz. Weill Recital Hall at 8:30. $15.

**ANDREW BOLOTOWSKY,** flutist/**SUSAN SOBOLEWSKI,** pianist. Four sonatas by Mozart. Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619), at 2:30. Free.

**SHIRAH CHOIR,** Seymour Silbermintz conductor. Park East Synagogue, 163 E. 67th St. (737-6900), at 8:45 a.m. Free.

### *Sunday, January 5*

**KATHLEEN BATTLE,** soprano; with the **ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S,** David Zinman and Andre Previn conductors. World premiere of Previn's song cycle *Honey and Rue,* with text by Toni Morrison; Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D, K. 385, "Haffner"; Rossini's "Vorrei spiegarvi" from *La Cambiale di Matrimonio;* Rossini's "Ah! se e ver" from *L'Barbiere di Siviglia.* Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 in A, Op. 90, "Italian." Carnegie Hall at 3. Sold out.

**ALMA JEAN SMITH,** soprano (N.Y. debut); with pianist Robert Spano. Arias and songs by Mozart, Schubert, Debussy, Duparc, Hahn, Weill, Strauss. Merkin Concert Hall at 8. $15.

**RUSSIAN CHAMBER CHORUS,** Nikolai Kachanov conductor. Choral music from the fourteenth through twentieth centuries, including works by Bortnyansky, Grechaninoff, Taneev, Stravinsky, Ryabov (U.S. premiere), Ussachevsky. St. James Chapel, Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St. (662-2133), at 3:30. $10.

**JERRY GROSSMAN,** cellist/**DIANE WALSH,** pianist. Works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Hindemith, Faure, Shostakovich. Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (787-2755), at 7:30. Free.

**MAX LIFCHITZ,** pianist. N.Y. premieres of recent works by American composers. Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (787-0517), at 3. $9.

**CHOIR OF CORPUS CHRISTI CHURCH,** Louise Basbas conductor. Instrumental music by the viol consort Parthenia. Festival of lessons and carols. Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. (666-0675), at 4. Free.

**EPIPHANY VESPERS**—With John McDonough's reading of T. S. Elliot's "Journey of the Magi," by candlelight. Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and 112th St. (662-2133), at 7. Free.

**JAZZ MASS**—With the Eddie Bonnemere Orchestra and JESU Choir. Saint Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. and 54th St. (935-2200), at 5. Free.

**SAINT THOMAS MEN AND BOYS CHOIR,** Gerre Hancock conductor. Epiphany procession with carols by Scheidt, Pearsall, Candlyn, Sowerby. Saint Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. and 53rd St. (757-7013), at 11 a.m. and 4. Free.

**BACH VESPERS**—With organist Nancianne Parrella. Holy Trinity Church, Central Park West and 65th St. (877-6815), at 5. Free.

**THOMAS BARA,** organist. Saint Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. and 53rd St. (757-7013), at 5:15. Free.

**JOSEPH DAVIS,** carillonneur. Riverside Church, RSD and 122nd St. (222-5900), at 3. Free.

**BARGEMUSIC**—See 1/2. Today at 4. $18.

**MIKE BURSTYN,** vocalist-storyteller; with klezmer band. "Rozhinkes Mit Mandlen (Raisins and Almonds)." Brooklyn Center, Brooklyn College, one block from the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. (718-434-1900), at 2. $15–$20.

**BILL STAINES,** singer-songwriter. Original songs, contemporary country ballads, traditional folk songs. The Uptown Coffeehouse, Ethical Culture Society, 4450 Fieldston Road, Bronx (796-8119), at 7. $6.

### *Monday, January 6*

**"SONG IN MUSIC"**—With pianist Zaidee Parkinson, baritone Jan Opalach, soprano Barbara M. Martin, violinist Ivan Chan, cellist Wilhelmina Smith. Aribert Reimann's *Tre Poemi di Michelangelo* (N.Y. premiere); Janacek's *In The Mist;* Shostakovich's Trio in E Minor, Op. 67; songs by Ives. Merkin Concert Hall at 8. $7.50.

**MUSIC STUDENTS OF THE NETHERLAND-AMERICA FOUNDATION**—With guitarist Donald Derr, soprano Marcelle Dronkers, harpsichordist Aleksander Frosztega, others. Works of Rosenmuller, Buxtehude, Telemann, Rameau, Shubert, Chopin, Penderecki, Brouwer. Weill Recital Hall at 8. $10.

### *Tuesday, January 7*

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—See 1/3. Tonight at 7:30.

**WILLIAM WOLFRAM,** pianist. Chopin's Polonaise-Fantasie in A-flat, Op. 61; Edward Applebaum's *Arioso;* Beethoven's Bagatelles, Op. 33; Skryabin's Sonata No. 9, Op. 68; Mozart's Allegro in B-flat Major, K. 400; Mendelssohn's *Song Without Words,* No. 1, Op. 19; Debussy's *Des pas sur la neige;* Ravel's *Noctuelles;* Liszt's *Reminiscences of Norma.* 92nd Street Y at 8. $12.50.

**"MERANOFEST AT MERKIN"**—At 2: Pianist Lev Natochenny, violinist Renee Jolles. Schubert's Sonata in D, D. 384; Busoni's Sonata in E Minor, Op. 29; Brahms's Sonata in D Minor, Op. 108. $8. At 8: Audubon String Quartet with Natochenny. Haydn's Quartet in B-flat, Op. 50; Shostakovich's Quartet No. 1; Brahms's Piano Quintet in F Minor, Op. 34. $15. Merkin Concert Hall.

**JOHN SIMON QUARTET**—Jazz. Saint Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. and 54th St. (935-2200), at 7. $5.

**SAINT THOMAS CHOIR,** Gerre Hancock conductor. Choral evensong. Saint Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. and 53rd St. (757-7013), at 5:30. Free.

**MIKE BURSTYN**—See 1/5.

## OPERA

### *Metropolitan Opera*

**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE**—Through 4/18. Tickets: Mon.–Thur. $19–$125; Fri., Sat. $20–$125. 12/30 at 8: Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles,* Levine conducting; Stratas, Horne, Clark, Quilico, Hagegard, Dahl, Fleming. 12/31 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata,* Fiore

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conducting; Mims, Hadley, Gavanelli, Reuter-Foss, Shaulis, Laciura, Capecchi, Courtney. 1/1 at 8: Puccini's *La Boheme,* Veltri conducting; Villarroel, Holleque, Beccaria, Josephson, Croft, Plishka, Capecchi. 1/2 at 8: Verdi's *Aida,* Saccani conducting; Mitchell, Toczyska, Popov, Fortune, Plishka, Wells, Johnson. 1/3 at 8: *La Traviata;* same as 12/31. 1/4 at 1 (note time): *The Ghosts of Versailles;* same as 12/30. 1/4 at 8:30 (note time): Puccini's *La Boheme,* Veltri conducting; Villarroel, Baskerville, Farina, Schexnayder, Croft, Plishka, Capecchi. 1/6 at 8: *La Traviata;* same as 12/31 except Best for Laciura. 1/7 at 8: *The Ghosts of Versailles;* same as 12/30.

### *Amato Opera*

**AMATO OPERA HOUSE**—Through 12/31: *La Boheme,* by Puccini. Tickets: $15. Anthony Amato, artistic director. 319 Bowery (228-8200). 12/31 at 8: Gala performance, including champagne, buffet, and reception, at 7. $50.

### *Other*

**KUN OPERA TROUPE**—*The Dream,* a classical Chinese opera. Alice Tully Hall. 1/3 at 7:30. Free; reserve (431-9740).

**NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS**—*The Mikado.* Symphony Space. 12/31 at 8; 1/2–1/3 at 8; 1/4 at 3 and 8; 1/5 at 3. $20–$35, except 12/31, when tickets are $30–$45 (includes champagne).

COMPILED BY SARAH GLEACHER

## DANCE

### *New York City Ballet*

**NEW YORK STATE THEATER**—Through 2/23. 12/4–1/5: George Balanchine's production of *The Nutcracker.* Tickets: $12–$58. 12/31 at 2 and 7; 1/2 at 6; 1/3 at 8; 1/4 at 2 and 8; 1/5 at 1 and 5. 1/7–2/23: Repertory performances. Tickets: $8–$52. 1/7 at 8: *Raymonda Variations; Valse Triste; Ash; Symphony in C.*

### *Momix*

**JOYCE THEATER**—Through 1/5. Tickets: $28. Moses Pendleton, artistic director. 12/30–12/31 at 8: "Old Favorites, New Surprises." 1/2–1/3 at 8; 1/4 at 2 and 8; 1/5 at 2 and 7:30: *Passion.*

### *Altogether Different*

**JOYCE THEATER**—1/7–1/26. Tickets: $15. New works by seven artists. 1/7 at 8: Randy Warshaw Dance Company. The company performs "Fictions of Relationship," comprised of *Captiva;* Untitled; *Disappearance of the Outside; Within the Violet Thunderclouds.*

### *Other*

**BEVERLY BLOSSOM** and **DOUGLAS NIELSON**—Original solo works, and the premiere of their duet *FOUR BITS (a.k.a. Two Cents).* Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077). 1/3–1/4 at 8; 1/5 at 3. $12.

**CHRIS KAUFMAN**—The choreographer presents a work-in-progress. St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (529-2318). 1/5 at 3. $7.

**"GO TO CHURCH"**—Performances by Mical Abrams, Lenore Champagne, David Dorfman, Irene Hultman, John Jasperse, Ralph Lemon, Sondra Loring, Tere O'Connor, Susan Osberg, David Rousseve, and Donna Uchizono. Post-performance beer party with music by The Devil's Breakfast. St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (529-2318). 1/4 at 8:30. $15.

**LORELLEN GREEN**—*Mangia Mangia,* a new work by the choreographer. Music by Jonathan Elliot and Native Tongue. P.S. 122, First Ave. and 9th St. (477-5288). 1/2–1/5 at 9. $10.

**NANCY ALLISON**—Modern works, including *Descent* and *Primitive Imprint.* Also, pieces choreographed by Jean Erdman. 92nd Street Y. 1/3 at noon. Free.

**NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET**—One-hour production of *The Nutcracker.* Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160). 12/30 at 1 and 3:30. $17.50.

COMPILED BY SARAH GLEACHER

# RESTAURANT DIRECTORY

COMPILED BY GILLIAN DUFFY

**KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS**

| | |
|---|---|
| B | **Breakfast** |
| Br | **Brunch** |
| L | **Lunch** |
| D | **Dinner** |
| S | **Supper** |
| **(I)** | **Inexpensive—Mostly $15 and under*** |
| **(M)** | **Moderate—Mostly $15-$35*** |
| **(E)** | **Expensive—Mostly $35 and over*** |
| **AE** | **American Express** |
| **CB** | **Carte Blanche** |
| **DC** | **Diners Club** |
| **MC** | **MasterCard** |
| **TM** | **Transmedia** |
| **V** | **Visa** |
| Formal: | **Jacket and tie** |
| Dress opt: | **Jacket** |
| Casual: | **Come as you are** |

***Average cost for dinner per person ordered à la carte.**

This is a list of advertisers plus some of the city's most popular dining establishments.

Please check hours and prices in advance. Rising food and labor costs often force restaurateurs to alter prices on short notice. Also note that some deluxe restaurants with à la carte menus levy a cover (bread and butter) charge. Many restaurants can accommodate parties in private rooms or in sections of the main dining room—ask managers for information.

## MANHATTAN

### *Lower New York*

**ALISON ON DOMINICK STREET—38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St.** (727-1188). Casual. Country French. Spcls: lamb shanks with pureed white beans, ragout of mussels, charred lamb salad with capers and lemon cayenne mayonnaise. Res. nec. D only Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11, Sun. to 9:30. Pre-theater D 5:30–6:30. Private parties for 35. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**AMICI MIEI—475 W. Broadway, at Houston St.** (533-1933/1850). Casual. Italian. Spcls: warm carpaccio with fontina and speck, black linguini, red snapper sauted with fennel white wine sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–5. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–5. D daily 5–1 a.m. Private parties 20–100. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**ANGELO—146 Mulberry St.** (966-1277). Casual. Italian. Spcls: angel hair alla sassi, boneless chicken scarpariello, cannelloni amalfitani. Open Tue.–Thu. noon–11:30, Fri. to 12:30 a.m., Sat. to 1 a.m., Sun. to 11:30. Closed Mon. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**BOULEY—165 Duane St., bet. Hudson and Greenwich Sts.** (608-3852). Formal. Modern French. Spcls: tuna gravlax, seared black sea bass in special spices with truffle vinaigrette, painters palette of fruit. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CAN—482 W. Broadway, at Houston St.** (533-6333). Casual. Vietnamese-French. Spcls: stir-fried Maine blue-crab with lemon grass and cracked pepper, crispy skin red snapper with baby spinach in a curry sauce, grilled stuffed squid with lemon, coriander and dill dressing. Res. sug. L daily 11:30 a.m.–5. D Sun.–Thu. 5–10:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CAPSOUTO FRERES—451 Washington St.** (966-4900). Casual. Contemporary French. Spcls: duckling with ginger cassis sauce, poached salmon with warm lemon vinaigrette, dessert souffles. L Tue.–Fri. noon–3:30. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4:30. D Sun.–Thu. 6–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CHINA REGENT—130 Liberty St., 2nd fl.** (432-1212). Casual. Chinese. Spcls: Regent jumbo shrimp, sesame chicken, orange flavor beef. Res. sug. L & D Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–9, Sat. noon–3. Private parties for 10–100. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DUANE PARK CAFE—157 Duane St., bet. Hudson St. and W. Broadway.** (732-5555) Casual. American. Spcls: homemade pasta, crispy skate with ponzu, Cajun rib-eye steak, roast rack of lamb with couscous. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11. Closed Sun. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GREENE STREET—101 Greene St., bet. Prince and Spring Sts.** (925-2415). Casual. French/American. Spcls: lobster ravioli stuffed with wild mushrooms and baby vegetables, salmon fillet with three caviars in lemon butter sauce, roast loin of lamb with eggplant provençal. Res. sug. D Mon.–Thu. 6–11:30, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Pre-theater D Mon.–Fri. 6–7. Br Sun. noon–9. Jazz nightly. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GROTTA AZZURRA—387 Broome St., at Mulberry St.** (925-8775). Casual. Italian. Spcls: homemade pasta, chicken rollatine Grotta Azzurra, lobster fra diavolo. Open for L and D Tue.–Thu. and Sun. noon–11, Fri. till 11:30, Sat. till midnight. Closed Mon. **(M)** ***No credit cards.***

**HUDSON RIVER CLUB—4 World Financial Center** (786-1500). Formal. American Hudson River Valley. Spcls: salmon in woven potatoes, rabbit pot-pie, lump crab and potato fritters, venison and other game dishes. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sun. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10, Sun. noon–6. Pre-theater D Mon.–Fri. 5–6:30. Private parties for 15–150. **(E)** **AE, TM.**

**JEREMY'S ALE HOUSE—254 Front St., at Dover St.** (964-3537). Casual. American/seafood. Spcls: fried seafood, hero steak sandwiches, fish and chips. Open Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–9, Sat.–Sun. noon–7. **(I)** **No credit cards.**

**LE PACTOLE—2 World Financial Ctr, 225 Liberty St.** (945-9444). Jacket required. Classical French. Spcls: oysters in a seawater gelee, cannelloni filled with fresh shrimp in a lobster sauce, roast leg of veal with fresh herbs a la broche. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. Tea Mon.–Sat. 3–5. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11. Sun. hot and cold buffet noon–9. Private parties for 20–80. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**THE MARKET BAR AND DINING ROOMS—World Trade Center Concourse** (938-1155). Casual. American. Spcls: seafood stew, porterhouse steak, vegetable platter, frozen chocolate soufflé with burnt-almond sauce. Res. nec. Concourse café and barroom. Dining Room: L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. D Mon.–Fri. 5–10. Barroom: 11:30 a.m.–11. Free D parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**MONTRACHET—239 W. Broadway, off White St.** (219-2777). Casual. French. Spcls: pasta with wild mushrooms and truffle juice, baby pheasant with orzo and olives, roast lobster with curry and crisp onions. Res. sug. L Fri. only noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11. Private parties for 10–60. Closed Sun. **(M–E)** **AE.**

**PATRISSY—98 Kenmare St., at Mulberry St.** (226-2888). Casual. Italian. Spcls: lobster aggiata, spedino alla Romano, linguini with lobster sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D daily 5–11. Private parties for 25. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ROSEMARIE'S—145 Duane St., bet. W. Broadway and Church St.** (285-2610). Casual. Italian. Spcls: fresh homemade pasta, game, braised rabbit with polenta, ossobuco. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Wed. 5:30–10:30, Thu.–Sat. 5:30–11. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SOHO KITCHEN AND BAR—103 Greene St.** (925-1866). Casual. American. Spcls: pizza, pasta, grilled fish, 110 different wines by the glass. No res. Open Mon.–Thu. 11:30 a.m.–2 a.m., Fri.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–4 a.m., Sun. 11:30 a.m.–10. **(I–M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**TENNESSEE MOUNTAIN—143 Spring St., at Wooster St.** (431-3993). Casual. American. Spcls: Canadian baby back ribs, fried chicken, meat and vegetarian chili, frozen margaritas. Res. sug. Open Mon.–Wed. 11:30 a.m.–11, Thu.–Sat. to midnight, Sun. to 10. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–4. **(I)** **AE, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**WINDOWS ON THE WORLD—1 World Trade Center** (938-1111). 107 stories atop Manhattan. Formal. American/international. Membership club at L (nonmember surcharge). Spcls: rack of lamb James Beard; grilled half lobster with clams, mussels and fresh prawns. Res. nec. D Mon.–Sat. 5–10. Spcl. sunset supper nightly 5–6:30. Buffet Sat.–Sun. noon–3. **(M)** **Cellar in the Sky:** Wine-cellar setting. 7-course D with 5 wines. Mon.–Sat. at 7:30. Res. nec. Classical guitarist. **(E). Hors d'Oeuvrerie and City Lights Bar:** Jacket required. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m. International hors d'oeuvres and supper menu Mon.–Sat. 3–1 a.m. (cover after 7:30), Sun. 4–9 (cover after 4). Br Sun. noon–3. Jazz and dancing nightly. Private parties. Free D parking. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

### *South Street Seaport*

**CAFE FLEDERMAUS—1 Seaport Plaza** (269-5890). Casual. Continental. Spcls: lemon grilled chicken breast on a bed of salad greens in basil vinaigrette, shrimp salad with citrus fruits in a light tomato dressing, smoked ham with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes, Viennese pastries. B, L and D daily 7 a.m.–2 a.m. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4. **(I–M)** **AE.**

**HARBOUR LIGHTS—Pier 17, 3rd floor** (227-2800). Casual. Continental. Spcls: roast rack of New Zealand lamb, grilled filet mignon with sauce bearnaise, sauteed salmon fillet. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–4. Br Sat.–Sun. 11–4. D daily 4–midnight. Pianist Wed.–Sat. Private parties for 150. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**JADE SEA—Pier 17, 2nd floor** (285-0505). Casual. Hong Kong Chinese. Spcls: Peking duck, ginger lobster, banana shrimp. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–3. Dim sum Br Sat.–Sun. 11 a.m.–4. D daily 4–11. Private parties for 10–200. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**LIBERTY CAFE—Pier 17, 3rd floor** (406-1111). Casual. American regional. Spcls: grilled tuna or mahi mahi, baby-back lamb chops, Maine lobster, woodburning pizza oven. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–5. Br Sun. 11:30–3. D daily 5–11:30. Private parties for 100. **(M)** **Liberty Oyster Bar and Shark Aquarium:** Spcls: oysters, clams, chowder. Open for L and D daily 10 a.m.–midnight. **(I)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ROEBLING'S BAR AND GRILL—11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg.** (608-3980). Casual. American/seafood. Spcls: Norwegian salmon, New England clam chowder, Roebling's fisherman's stew, steak and chops. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–5. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. D Sun.–Thu. 5–10, Fri.–Sat. till midnight. Bar open till 2 a.m. nightly. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SEQUOIA—Pier 17, 111 John St.** (732-9090). Casual. American. Spcls: grilled Jamaican jerk-spiced tiger prawns, fillet of fresh Caribbean snapper, Sequoia's blacksmith steak. L and D Sun.–Thu. 11:30 a.m.–1 a.m., Fri.–Sat. to 4 a.m. Private parties for 50–200. Dancing Fri.–Sat. after 11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SPIRIT OF NEW YORK—Pier 9, South St. at Wall St.** (742-7278). Casual. American. Spcls: roast beef au jus, chicken Dijon, fresh baked fish. Res. sug. L cruise sails Mon.–Fri. at noon, Sat. at noon. Sun. Br cruise sails at 1. D cruise sails daily at 7. Ent. **(E)** **AE, MC, V.**

## *Greenwich Village*

**BOXERS—190 W. 4th St.** (633-2275). Casual. American. Spcls: broiled pork chops with tropical fruit chutney, seared salmon steak with dill butter, grilled cornish game hen with apricot glaze, hamburgers. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–4. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4. D daily 4–4 a.m. Private parties for 50. **(I–M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CARIBE—117 Perry St., at Greenwich St.** (255-9191). Casual. West Indian/Jamaican. Spcls: curry goat, red snapper, ropa vieja, oxtails, jerk chicken, conch fritters, fried bananas and rum. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. D Sun.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Private parties 40–80. **(I)** **No credit cards.**

**EL COYOTE—774 Broadway, bet. 9th–10th Sts.** (677-4291). Casual. Mexican. Spcls: large combination plates, chili rellenos, shrimp con salsa verde. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3. Br Sun. noon–4. D Sun.–Thu. 3–11:30, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. **(I)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GOTHAM BAR & GRILL—12 E. 12th St.** (620-4020). Dress opt. American. Spcls: goat cheese salad with beets, seafood salad, rack of lamb with garlic flan and flageolet, warm chocolate cake. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Thu. 5:30–10, Fri.–Sat. to 11, Sun. to 9:45. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**JEKYLL AND HYDE—91 Seventh Ave. S, bet. Barrow and Grove Sts.** (989-7701/727-3350). Casual. American-continental. Spcls: broiled Indonesian shrimp, pizzas, chicken al anise, over 200 beers, 24 on tap. No res. L Mon.–Fri. noon–4. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4. D daily 4–2 a.m. Ent. **(M)** **AE.**

**JOHN CLANCY'S—181 W. 10th St., at Seventh Ave.** (242-7350). Dress opt. American/seafood. Spcls: lobster American, swordfish grilled over mesquite. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11:30, Sun. 5–10. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**L'AUBERGE DU MIDI—310 W. 4th St., bet. Bank and W. 12th Sts.** (242-4705). Casual. French-Provencal. Spcls: ravioli de St. Jacques, snapper au beurre gingandre, persillade de carre d'agneau au thym frais. Res. sug. D Mon.–Thu. 6–11:30, Fri.–Sat. to midnight, Sun. 5–11:30. Wine bar nightly till 2 a.m. Private parties for 10–40. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MANHATTAN CHILI CO.—302 Bleecker St., nr. Seventh Ave.** (206-7163). Casual. South-western American. Spcls: 7 different kinds of chili, chicken tortilla pie, fajitas, fruit margaritas. Through 1/15: Pre-fixe chili and micro-brewing beer tasting, res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30–4:30. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30–4:30. D Sun.–Thu. 4:30–midnight, Fri.–Sat. to 1 a.m. **(I)** **MC, TM, V.**

**MINETTA TAVERN—113 Macdougal St., at Minetta La.** (475-3850). Casual. Italian. Spcls: malfatti, tortellacci, gnocchi, risotto frutti di mare, pollo siciliano. Res. sug. L daily noon–3. D daily 3–midnight. **(I-M)** **AE, CD, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**MONTE'S—97 Macdougal St.** (228-9194; 674-9456). Casual. Italian. Spcls: homemade pasta, osso buco alla milanese, fresh fish. Res. sug. Open Mon., Wed.—Sun. noon–11. Private parties for 50. Closed Tue. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PORTO BELLO—208 Thompson St., bet. W. Third and Bleecker Sts.** (473-7794). Casual. Italian. Spcls: red snapper marechiaro, veal Riviera, chicken vecchia sturla. Res. nec. L and D Sun.–Thu. noon–11, Fri.—Sat. to 11:30. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**PROVENCE—38 MacDougal St., at Prince St.** (475-7500). Casual. French provencale. Spcls: le poussin roti aux gousses d'ail, snapper a la Raito, bourride Setoise. Res. nec. L Tue.–Sun. noon–3. D Tue.–Thu. 6–11:30, Fri.–Sat. to midnight, Sun. 5:30–11. Closed Mon. **(M)** **AE.**

**ROSE CAFE—24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St.** (260-4118). Casual. American. Spcls: rare charred tuna with mango, tomato and green onion vinaigrette; crisp potato pancakes with creme fraiche and three caviars; cassoulet; roast Peking duck with plum sauce and scallion pancakes. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sat.– Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. D daily 5:30–1 a.m. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**SEVILLA—62 Charles St., at W. 4th St.** (929-3189). Casual. Spanish. Spcls: paella à la Valenciana, mariscada Sevilla. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 3–midnight, Fri.–Sat. to 1 a.m., Sun. noon–midnight. **(I-M)** **AE, DC, V.**

**VILLAGE GARDEN—49 Charles St., nr. 10th St.** (242-2155). Casual. Japanese. Spcls: sushi, sashimi, seafood. D only Mon.–Sat. 5–11. Spcl. pre-theater D 5–7. Closed Sun. **(I-M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## *14th–42nd Streets, East Side*

**CAFE SOCIETY—915 Broadway, at 21st St.** (529-8282). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: bucatini calabrese, pollo tri folato, poached salmon with cucumber dill sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–midnight. Private parties for 25–200. Ent. Mon.–Sat. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CANASTEL'S—229 Park Ave. So., at 19th St.** (677-9622). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: red snapper veneziana, farfalline al salmone, veal scallopini sorrentino, cold seafood salad. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–4:30. D Mon.–Wed. 5:30–1 a.m., Thu.–Sat. to 2 a.m., Sun. 5–midnight. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**EL CHARRO ESPANOL—58 E. 34th St.** (689-1019/684-9132). Casual. Spanish. Spcls: fresh fish, veal chop, paella, mariscada with green sauce. Res. sug. Open for L and D daily 10:30 a.m.–11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**EXTRA! EXTRA!—767 Second Ave., at 41st St.** (490-2900). Casual. American. Spcls: fried calamari with variety of sauces, chicken or beef fajitas. Res. sug. L and D Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–11, Sat. 5:30–11. Br. Sun. noon–4. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**HAROLD'S—150 E. 34th St. in the Dumont Plaza** (684-7761). Casual. Contemporary Regional American. Spcls: pecan coated goat cheese with peach chutney, grilled swordfish with roasted pepper butter, jalapeno and cilantro pasta with chicken fajita. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sat.–Sun. 8 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. Br Sun. 11 a.m.–3. D Sun.–Fri. 6–10, Sat. to 10:30. Private parties for 6–60. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**HSF—578 Second Ave., at 32nd St.** (689-6969). Casual. Hong Kong–style Cantonese. Spcls: dim sum lunch, Hong Kong steak, seafood taronest, lemon chicken. Res. sug. L daily 11:30 a.m.–3. D Sun.–Thu. 3–11:30, Fri.–Sat. to 12:30 a.m. Private parties for 50. **(I-M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**LA COLOMBE D'OR—134 E. 26th St.** (689-0666). Casual. French Provençal. Spcls: house smoked salmon with mustard greens, bouillabaisse, cassoulet, grilled lamb chops with rosemary potatoes, tarte au fromage de chevre. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Thu. 6–10:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11, Sun. 5:30–9. Private parties for 28. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**LA PETITE AUBERGE—116 Lexington Ave., at 28th St.** (689-5003). Casual. Provençal French. Spcls: homard a l'Armoricaine, canard a l'orange, souffle Grand Marnier. Res. nec. L daily noon–3. D daily 5–11. Private parties for 50. **(M)** **AE.**

**LES HALLES—411 Park Ave. South, bet. 28th–29th Sts.** (679-4111). Casual. French bistro. Spcls: steak frites, cassoulet, steak tartar. Res. nec. L daily noon–3. Light menu daily 3–6. D daily 6–midnight. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MESA DE ESPANA—45 E. 28th St.** (679-2263). Casual. Spanish/seafood. Spcls: paella Valencia, zarzuela, chicken villaroy. Res. sug. Open for L and D Mon.–Thu. noon–10:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11, Sun. 1–10. Guitarist Thu.–Sat. from 6. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**MESA GRILL—102 Fifth Ave., bet. 15th–16th Sts.** (807-7400). Casual. Southwestern. Spcls: blue-corn salmon cake, shrimp and roasted corn tomale, red snapper roasted in banana leaves, smoked and grilled pork loin with apricot serrano chili sauce. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11, Sun. 5:30–9:30. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**MUMBLES—603 Second Ave., at 33rd St.** (889-0750). Casual. Regional American. Spcls: Cajun blackened bluefish, fried calamari, 8-oz. hamburger, pasta. No res. L and D Sun.–Thu. 11:30 a.m.–2 a.m., Fri.–Sat. to 3 a.m. Bar till 4 a.m. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4. **(I)** **AE, MC, V.**

**NICOLA PAONE—207 E. 34th St.** (889-3239). Jacket required. Italian. Spcls: camicia da notte, tritone, concertino, seasonal specialties. Res. sug. L Mon–Fri. noon–1:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5–9:30. Private parties. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC.**

**OYSTER BAR & RESTAURANT—Grand Central Terminal** (490-6650). Casual. American seafood. Spcls: oysters, grouper, swordfish, red snapper. Res. nec. Open Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–9:30. Closed Sat.–Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PARK BISTRO—414 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th–29th Sts.** (689-1360). Casual. French. Spcls: petatou of warm goat cheese with fresh thyme, polenta of lobster with ratatouille sauce, bayaldi of lamb with flageolets. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D daily 6–11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**POSITANO—250 Park Ave. So., at 20th St.** (777-6211). Casual. Italian. Spcls: coniglio alla saracena, salmone alla griglia, risotto al nero. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5:30–11, Fri.–Sat. to 12:30 a.m. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ROSSINI'S—108 E. 38th St.** (683-0135). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcl: hot antipasto, chicken primavera. Res. nec. Open Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–11:30, Sat. 4:30–midnight with Aldo Bruschi Trio. Closed Sun., except for parties over 50. **(M)** **AE, DC, TM, V.**

**SATURNIA—70 Park Ave., at 38th St.** (983-3333). Dress opt. European-American. Spcls: seared yellowfin tuna with yellow tomato coulis, sauteed medallions of veal with ratatouille and Roquefort sauce, seared sea scallops with sundried tomatoes and leeks. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 6:30 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sat.–Sun. 7 a.m.–noon. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 6–10. Private party rooms for 15–200. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SECRET HARBOR BISTRO—303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St. in the Shelburne Murray Hill** (447-7400). Casual. New American. Spcls: smoked salmon sandwich with celeriac salad, grilled chicken salad with tortilla strips, chicken pot pie. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–10 a.m., Sat. 8 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sun. 11 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11, Sun. 5:30–11. Bar noon–1 a.m. Private parties for 10–235. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**TINA'S—249 Park Ave. South, at 20th St.** (477-1761). Casual. Chinese. Spcls: lemon chicken, temple duck, General Tso's prawns. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–5. D Sun.–Wed. 5–11, Thu. to 11:30, Fri. to 12:30 a.m., Sat. to midnight. **(I–M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**UNION SQUARE CAFE—21 E. 16th St.** (243-4020). Casual. Italian/American. Spcls: warm terrine of wild mushrooms with roast shallot-hazelnut vinaigrette; escargots simmered with baby white beans, frisee, proscuitto and "parsley pesto"; grilled marinated chicken breast with eastern spices and cracked wheat, lentil and mint pilaf, yellowfin tuna burger. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 6–11, Fri.–Sat. 6–midnight, Sun. 5–9:30. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**WATER CLUB—500 E. 30th St.** (683-3333). Casual. American. Spcls: jumbo crab cakes, Maine lobster, muscovy duck with confit. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:30. Buffet Br Sun. 11:30–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11, Sun. to 10. Private parties for 30–300. Pianist nightly. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## *14th–42nd Streets, West Side*

**BARRYMORE'S HIDEAWAY—32 W. 37th St.** (947-8940). Dress opt. Continental. Spcls: Danish lobster tail, seafood fra diavolo. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3:30. D Mon.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Complete D 5–10. Music Mon.–Thu. 7–midnight, Fri.–Sat. 8–1 a.m. Private parties. Free D parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CELLAR GRILL—131 W. 34th St., in Macy's lower level** (967-6029). Casual. American. Spcls: chicken potpie, pizza, cobb salad. Res. sug. Open for L and D Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–9, Sat.–Sun. to 8. **(I)** **AE.**

**CHELSEA CENTRAL—227 Tenth Ave., bet. 23rd–24th Sts.** (620-0230). Casual. American. Spcls: pan-seared scallops, shepherds pie, grilled breast and confit of duck. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5:30–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight, Sun. to 10. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**FIASCO—358 W. 23rd St.** (620-4620). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: salmon with crispy shallots and leeks served with wild mushroom risotto, stir-fried chicken and shrimp over whole wheat fettuccine with red pepper and ginger sauce; 18 varieties of pasta, homemade desserts. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–4. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–4. D Sun.–Thu. 5–midnight, Fri.–Sat. to 1 a.m. Enclosed garden room. Private parties for 10–100. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GIORDANO—409 W. 39th St.** (947-9811). Dress opt. Northern Italian. Spcls: *osso buco, veal tonnato,* homemade pasta, gnocchi. Res. sug. Open for L and D Mon.–Sat. noon–midnight. Private banquets for 120. Valet parking with D. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**HAN IL KWAN—20 W. 33rd St.** (279-7799). Casual. Korean-Japanese. Spcls: kalbi pulgoki, sushi, sangsunkuyi. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–9 a.m. L daily 11:30 a.m.–3. D daily 6–10. **(I)** **AE, MC, V.**

**PAMPLONA—4 W. 22nd St.** (989-1022). Casual. Spanish-continental. Spcls: tapas, shrimp in garlic sauce, filet of sole Marbella, paella Valenciana. Res. sug. L Tue.–Fri. noon–3. D Tue.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Strolling guitarist. Closed Sun. and Mon. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**PERIYALI—35 W. 20th St.** (463-7890). Casual. Greek. Spcls: grilled shrimp with herbs and lemon, charcoal-grilled octopus in red wine marinade, rabbit stew, shish kebob. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 6–11, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30. Private party rooms for 15–25. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**TULLIO—46 W. 22nd St.** (691-4188). Casual. Italian. Spcls: truffle ravioli; Norwegian salmon in champagne sauce; penne with eggplant, ricotta and tomato sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. 5:30–midnight. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE.**

**UNLIMITED PASTABILITIES—901 Sixth Ave., at 33rd St., A & S Plaza on the 7th fl.** (629-9393). Casual. Italian. Spcls: bacon and cream with curly fettuccine, pepper pasta with garlic and oil, tomato spaghetti primavera. No res. B daily 8 a.m.–11:30 a.m. L daily 11:30 a.m.–3. D Tue., Wed., Sat., Sun. 3–6:30, Mon., Thu., Fri. 3–8:30. **(I)** **No credit cards.**

**WORLD YACHT—Pier 62, W. 23rd St. and the Hudson River** (929-7090; -8540). Jacket required. American/Continental. Spcls: fisherman salad, veal baton rouge, loin of pork with Texas caviar, filet mignon. Res. nec. L cruise sails Mon.–Sat. from noon–2. Br Sun. from 12:30–2:30. D cruise sails nightly from 7–10. Private parties for 2–2000. Dancing. **(E)** **AE, MC, V.**

## *43rd–56th Streets, East Side*

**ALFREDO: THE ORIGINAL OF ROME—53th St., bet. Lexington and Third Aves., Citicorp Bldg.** (371-3367). Casual. Italian. Spcl: fettuccine Alfredo. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–11:30. Br Sun. 12:30–4. D Mon.–Sat. 4–11, Sun. to 10. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**AMBASSADOR GRILL—1 United Nations Plaza, at 44th St., in the U.N. Plaza-Park Hyatt Hotel** (702-5014). Dress opt. American grill. Spcls: grilled Maine lobster galette, roasted monkfish with tortilla crust, spicy grilled spring chicken on a tomatilla salsa, roast prime rib of beef with apple horseradish cream. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–11 a.m., Sat. from 7:30 a.m., Sun. to 10:30 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2. Buffet Br Sat. 11 a.m.–2, champagne and lobster buffet Br. Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3. D daily 6–10:30. Piano bar 5:30–1 a.m. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ARIA—253 E. 52nd St.** (888-1410). Casual. Itialian. Spcls: yellow fin tuna with balsamic vinegar, black pepper fettuccine with grilled shrimp, pan-roasted sea-scallops with roast garlic vegetables. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

***THE BARCLAY RESTAURANT & TERRACE—111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental*** (421-0836). Jacket required. American. Spcls: crabmeat cakes on mustard sabayon; Atlantic delicacies in "pot'n stock" with garlic toast; fillet of veal stuffed with lobster, lemon sauce and saffron noodles. Res. sug. B daily 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3. D daily 5:30–11:30. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3. **(M-E)** Ent. nightly 5:30–11:30 and Sun. Br. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**BRASSERIE—100 E. 53rd St.** (751-4840; 751-4841). Casual. French/Alsatian. Spcls: onion soup, choucroute Alsacienne, cassoulet, quiche. B daily 6 a.m.–11 a.m. Br Sat.–Sun. 11–5. L Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–5. D daily 5–10. S daily 10–6 a.m. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CHEZ VONG—220 E. 46th St.** (867-1111). Dress opt. Cantonese/Hunan/Szechuan. Spcls: dim sum, orange flavored beef or chicken, fillet of flounder stir-fried with chinese vegetables, Peking-style pork loin. Res. sug. L daily 11:30 a.m.–3. D daily 6–11:30. Private rooms for 8–60. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, TM.**

**CUCINA & CO.—200 Park Ave., in the Pan Am Building** (682-2700). Casual. Mediterranean. Spcls: zarzuela (*fish stew*), *osso buco, cannelloni, sandwiches,* salads. Open for B, L and D Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–9, Sat. 8 a.m.–4. Closed Sun. **(I-M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DRAKE HOTEL—440 Park Ave., at 56th St.** (421-0900). **Cafe Suisse:** Casual. Continental/Swiss. Spcls: veal émincé with roesti or spaetzli, kirsch-torte. Res. sug. B Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–11 a.m., Sun. to 11:30 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5, Sun. noon–5. D daily 5:30–11. **(M)** **Drake Bar:** B Mon.–Sat. 7–10:30. L Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–2:30. Cocktails Sun.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–1 a.m., Sat. to 1:30 a.m. Ent. nightly. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**FOUR SEASONS—99 E. 52nd St.** (754-9494). **Pool Room:** Formal. American-contemporary. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Thu. 5–9:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30. Complete pre-theater D 5–6:15; after-theater D 10–11:15. Res. nec. Closed Sun. **(E)** **Grill Room:** Formal. American-contemporary. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11:30, desserts and cheese tray 10:30–midnight. Res. nec. Reduced-rate parking from 5:45. Private parties. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GIAMBELLI 50TH RISTORANTE—46 E. 50th St.** (688-2760). Dress opt. Northern Italian. Spcl: imported scampi, veal silvano, pasta. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Fri. 3–midnight, Sat. noon–midnight. Private party rooms. Closed Sun. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**IL MENESTRELLO—14 E. 52nd St.** (421-7588). Formal. Northern Italian. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, DC, V.**

**LA COTE BASQUE—5 E. 55th St.** (688-6525). Formal. French. *Spcls: côte de veau à la creme d'herbes fraîches, le cassoulet du Chef Toulousain,* bay scallops sautées aux amandines. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Fri. 6–10:30, Sat. to 11. Private parties. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LELLO RISTORANTE—65 E. 54th St.** (751-1555). Formal. Italian. Spcls: spaghettini primavera, petto di pollo Valdostana, scaloppine Castellana. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Sun.–Thu. 5:30–10:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**LE PERIGORD—405 E. 52nd St.** (755-6244). Formal. French. Spcls: confit de canard, mignon de veau, crêpes soufflés. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Fri. 5:15–10:30, Sat. to 11. Complete L and D. Private parties for B, L and D for 30. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LUTECE—249 E. 50th St.** (752-2225). Formal. French. Spcls: escalope de saumon à la moutarde, rognons de veau au vin rouge, médaillons de veau aux morilles. Res. nec. L Tue.–Fri. noon–2. D Mon.–Sat. 6–10. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC.**

**MONTEBELLO—120 E. 56th St.** (753-1447). Casual. Italian. Spcls: capelli d'angelo Montebello, scampi Montebello, pollo forestiera. Res. sug. L and D Mon.–Sat. noon–11. Pre-theater D 5–6:30. Private parties for 55–75. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ORSINI'S—227 E. 50th St.** (750-5315). Jacket required. Modern Italian. Spcls: carpaccio di salmone with caper sauce, lasagnette al pesto, pollo mimosa. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10:30. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**OSADA—6 E. 48th St.** (319-5678). Casual. Japanese. Spcls: sushi, sashimi, tempura, teriyaki. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–2:45. D daily 5–10. **(I)** **AE, MC, V.**

**PALM—837 Second Ave., at 45th St.** (687-2953). Casual. American. Spcls: steak, lobster. Open Mon.–Fri. noon–10:45, Sat. 5–11. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PARADIS BARCELONA—145 E. 50th St.** (754-3333). Jacket preferred. Spanish-Mediterranean. Spcls: mari-

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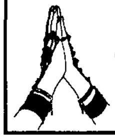

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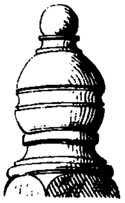

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nated salmon with basil and wild mushrooms, sweet peppers stuffed with seafood, stewed monkfish with shrimps and clams, angulas bilbaina. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11:30. Tapas bar. Pianist nightly. Private parties for 12. Free parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**THE QUILTED GIRAFFE—550 Madison Ave., in the AT&T Arcade, bet. 55th–56th Sts.** (593-1221). Formal. American. Spcls: caviar beggar's purses, grilled salmon with chinese mustard, special chef's choice Kaiseki dinners. Res. nec. L Tue.–Fri. noon–1:30. D Tue.–Sat. 5:30–9:30. Private party room for 6. Closed Sun. and Mon. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SCARLATTI—34 E. 52nd St.** (753-2444). Jacket required. Italian. Spcls: antipasta caldo, pappardelle con carciofi, pollo contadina, saltimbocca Napolitana. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5:30–10:30, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30, Sun. 5:30–10:30. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**SCOOP—210 E. 43rd St.** (682-0483). Dress opt. Northern Italian/American. Spcls: shrimp Romano, osso buco, lobster fettuccine, fresh seafood. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Fri. 3–10:30, Sat. 5–11. Private parties for 30–150. Prix fixe D. Free D parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V:**

**SHELTON GRILL—525 Lexington Ave., bet. 48th–49th Sts., in the Marriott East Side Hotel** (755-4000). Casual. Continental. Spcls: broiled salmon steak with champagne and caviar sauce, medallions of veal with peregourdine, grilled lamb chop with demi-glace sauce. Res. sug. B daily 7 a.m.–11:30 a.m. Br Sun. noon–2:30. L daily noon–2:30. D daily 5:30–10. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SHINBASHI—280 Park Ave., on 48th St.** (661-3915). Dress opt. Japanese. Tatami and Western seating. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SMITH & WOLLENSKY—Third Ave. and 49th St.** (753-1530). Dress opt. American. Spcls: 18-oz. steak, 4- to 5-lb. lobster. Res. sug. Open Mon.–Fri. noon–midnight, Sat.–Sun. 5–midnight. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**TORREMOLINOS—230 E. 51st St.** (755-1862/1877). Casual. Spanish/Continental. Spcls: zarzuela de mariscos, paella. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5:30–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Ent. Tue.–Sat. eves. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC.**

**TRATTORIA—Pan Am Bldg., at 45th St.** (661-3090). Casual. Italian. Spcls: quattro stagione pizza, mezza penne alla siciliana, carpaccio "Harry's Bar," vitello all parmigiana. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–5. D Mon.–Fri. 5–10. Closed Sat.–Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**TROPICA—200 Park Ave., in the Pan Am Bldg.** (867-6767). Casual. Seafood. Spcls: roast cod with sake black bean sauce, grilled mahi mahi with beet ginger sauce and wasabi cream, seared tuna loin with chayote squash and chive sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Fri. 5–10. Bar Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–11. Closed Sat.–Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**WALDORF-ASTORIA—301 Park Ave., bet. 49th–50th Sts.** (355-3000). **Bull and Bear:** Jacket required. American. Spcls: prime beef, fresh seafood. Res. sug. L daily noon–3. D daily 5–10. S daily 10–12:30 a.m. Cocktails 10:30 a.m.–1 a.m. **(M)** **Peacock Alley Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge:** Jacket required. Continental/nouvelle. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 6:30 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sat. 7:30 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sun. 8 a.m.–10:30 a.m. L noon–2:30. D 5:30–10:30. Complete D. Buffet Br Sun. 11 a.m.–2:45. Ent. Cole Porter's own piano Tue.–Sat. 6–2 a.m., Sun.–Mon. 8–1 a.m. **(M-E)** **The Waldorf Cocktail Terrace:** Tea daily 2:30–5:30. Cocktails 2:30–2 a.m. Ent. nightly. **Oscar's:** Casual dining and snacks. B Mon.–Sat 7 a.m.–11:30 a.m., Sun to noon. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3, Sun. noon–5. D 5–9:30. Complete D. S to 11:45. Cocktails noon–11:45. **Sir Harry's Bar:** Cocktails daily 1–3 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ZARELLA'S—953 Second Ave., at 50th St.** (644-6740). Casual. Mexican. Spcls: salpicon de pescado, chili quiles, tuna with mole. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. Br Sun. noon–3:30. D Mon.–Thu. 5–11:30, Fri.–Sat. 5–midnight, Sun. 5–10. Ent. Tue. and Sat. Private L parties for 70. **(M)** **AE, DC.**

**ZEPHYR GRILL—1 Mitchell Pl, at 49th St and First Ave., in the Beekman Tower.** (223-4200). Casual. American. Spcls: salmon au poivre with cabernet sauce, seared skinless chicken breast with poached asparagus and mushroom fumet, roasted grouper filet with lobster sauce. Res. sug. B Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sun. 11 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10, Sun. 5–9. Private parties for 10–150. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**ALGONQUIN—59 W. 44th St.** (840-6800). **Oak Room and Rose Room:** Jacket required. Continental. Res. sug. L noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–midnight, Sun. 6–11. Br Sun. noon–2:15. Late S buffet Fri.–Sat. 9:30–midnight. Free D parking 5:30–1 a.m. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**AMERICAN FESTIVAL CAFE—Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St.** (246-6699). Casual. American. Spcls: Baltimore crabcakes, pan-seared rib-eye steak, roasted cod with herb lemon butter. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7:30–10:30. Br Sat.–Sun. 9 a.m.–3:30. L Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–4. D daily 4–midnight. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**AQUAVIT—13 W. 54th St.** (307-7311). **Atrium:** Formal. Scandinavian. Spcls: smorgasbord plate, gravlax, poached salmon with dill sauce, 'Arctic venison, brambleberry sorbet. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10:30. Pre-theater D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–6:30. **(E)** **Cafe:** Informal. Spcls: smorrebrod, Scandinavian 'home cooking.' L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–10:30. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**BARBETTA—321 W. 46th St.** (246-9171). Formal. Northern Italian. Spcls: field salad Piemontese, agnolotti, baby lamb. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight. Complete pre-theater D 5:30–7. Private rooms. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CENTURY CAFE—132 W. 43rd St.** (398-1988). Casual. American. Spcls: sage smoked filet mignon with horseradish sauce, swordfish paillard with lemon lime chardonnary sauce. Res. sug. Open Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–1 a.m. Bar till 3 a.m. nightly. Private parties for 300. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CHARLEY O'S—33 W. 48th St.** (582-7141). Casual. Irish-pub style. Spcls: Irish stew, hot roast beef. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Fri. 5–10. Sandwich counter Sat. 11:30 a.m.–7. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DANNY'S GRAND SEA PALACE—346 W. 46th St.** (265-8133). Casual. Thai-continental. Spcls: baked seabass in banana leaf, roasted duck Thai curry, shrimp Bangkok, Pad Thai, filet mignon. Res. sug. L Wed. Sat. Sun. 11:45–3:30. D daily 4–midnight. Ent. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**DECO 30—1568 Broadway at 47th St., in the Embassy Suites Hotel, 5th floor** (719-1600). Casual. American. Spcls: deco dence salad, grilled Norwegian salmon, seared peppered tuna, paillard of chicken. Res. sug. L daily 11 a.m.–2. D daily 5–11. Pre-theater D daily 5–7. Private parties for 10–175. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DORSET—30 W. 54th St.** (247-7300). **Dorset Room:** Dress opt. French/American. Spcls: rack of lamb, poached salmon with hollandaise sauce, Dover sole meuniere. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–10a.m. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Fri. 6–11. Br Sun. 11:30–3. **(M)** **Bar Cafe:** Casual. French/American. L and D daily noon–11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE'S—269 W. 45th St.** (997-9494). Casual. American. Spcls: sirloin steak, lamb chops, broiled salmon. Res. nec. L Tue.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 4:30–11:30. Reduced rate D parking. Closed Sun. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**FRENCH SHACK—65 W. 55th St.** (246-5126). Casual. French. Spcls: contre filet, duck Normande, côte de veau aux chanterelles. Res. sug. L daily noon–3. D Mon.–Fri. 5–11, Sat. to 11:30, Sun. from 4:30. Complete L and D. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**HALCYON—151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel.** (468-8888). Casual. American. Spcls: home-cured and smoked Norwegian salmon, tournedos of beef with smoked tomato and roasted corn, pan seared red snapper with glazed leeks and red wine vinegar. Res. sug. B daily 6:30 a.m.–11:30 a.m. L daily 11:30 a.m.–3. D daily 5:30–11. Late supper and pastries till 2 a.m. Private parties for 150-300. Free parking. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LA BONNE SOUPE—48 W. 55th St.** (586-7650). Casual. French bistro. Spcls: French hamburger, omelettes, fresh fish, chocolate fondue. Open daily 11:30 a.m.–midnight. **(I)** **AE.**

**LA CARAVELLE—33 W. 55th St.** (586-4252). Jacket and tie required. French Classical. Spcls: stuffed quail with wild mushrooms and shallot fritters, pink snapper in a citrus and ginger sauce, spiced-breaded filet of lamb with black bean sauce. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 6–10:30. Complete L. Pre-theater D 5:30–6:30. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LA CITE—120 W. 51st St.** (956-7100/7262). Casual. French. Spcls: fillet of sole in potato crust, grilled veal chop with white bean and tomato basil salad, slow cooked crispy duck with artichoke puree. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–4. D Mon.–Fri. 4–midnight, Sat.–Sun. from 5. Private parties for 30–40. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LA PRIMAVERA—234 W. 48th St.** (586-2797). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: fettuccine salmonati, vitello caldo freddo, scaloppine con porcini. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11. Pre-theater D 5–8. Private parties for 50. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, MC, TM, V.**

**LA RIVISTA—313 W. 46th St.** (245-1707). Casual. Italian. Spcls: garganelli alla romagnola, costolette alla bolognese, brodetto di pesce alla abruzzese. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight. Free D parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**LE BERNARDIN—155 W. 51st St.** (489-1515). Formal. French/seafood. Spcls: carpaccio tuna, baked sea urchins, roast monkfish with savoy cabbage, lobster à la nage. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:15. D Mon.–Thu. 6–10:30, Fri.–Sat. 5:30–10:30. Private parties for 15. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**LE PATIO—119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien** (245-5000). Casual. French-American. Light L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Buffet L Sat. noon–2:30. Jazz Br Sun. noon–2:30. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LE RIVAGE—340 W. 46th St.** (765-7374). Casual. French. Spcls: duck a l'orange, salmon dijonnaise. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Thu. 5–9:30, Fri.–Sat. to 10:30. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MAMMA LEONE'S—261 W. 44th St.** (586-5151). Dress opt. Italian. Spcls: Mamma's lasagne di carnevale, petto di pollo alla parmigiana, vitello da vinci, tiramisu. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 4–11:30, Sun. 2–10. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MARRIOTT MARQUIS—1535 Broadway, at 45th St.** (704-8900). **J.W.'s Steak House:** Casual. American. Res. sug. D Tue.–Sun. 5:30–11. Prix fixe D Tue.–Sun. 8–10. Closed Mon. **(M)** **The View:** Formal. International. Res. sug. Buffet L Wed. and Sat. 11 a.m.–2. Br Sun. 10:30 a.m.–2:30, Wed. from 11:30 a.m. D Sun.–Thu. 5:30–11, Fri. and Sat. 5–midnight. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MAURICE—119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien** (245-7788). Dress opt. French-American. Spcls: golden skate wing with sweet cabbage and grilled sausage, grilled scallops on asparagus kebabs, honey glazed loin of pork with vegetables. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D daily 5:30–10:30. Pre-theater D 5:30–6:30. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MICHAEL'S—24 W. 55th St.** (767-0555). Casual. Modern American-Californian. Spcls: fettuccine with Norwegian salmon, Mexican bay scallops on baby greens, Griggstown quail with sweetcorn, dry-aged prime steak frites. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2. Br Sat.–Sun. 10:30 a.m.–2:30. D nightly 6–10:30. Pre-theater D 6–7. Private parties for 30–100. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**NICOLE BRASSERIE DE PARIS—870 Seventh Ave., at 56th St.** (765-5108). Casual. French. Spcls: couscous royale, cassoulet chez Nicole, Dover sole. Res. sug. B daily 6:30 a.m.–noon. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. Br Sun. noon–5. D daily 5:30–midnight. Light menu 3–midnight. Pre-theater D 5:30–6:45. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**PALIO—151 W. 51st St.** 245-4850). Formal. Northern Italian contemporary. Spcls: beef carpaccio, lobster Andrea, tiramisu. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11. Private parties for 8–45. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**PATSY'S—236 W. 56th St.** (247-3491/3492). Casual. Italian. Spcls: linguini marechiare, veal rollatine marsala, spendino Romano. Open for L and D Sun.–Thu. noon–10:45, Fri.–Sat. to 11:45. Pre-theater D 5–7:30. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PIERRE AU TUNNEL—250 W. 47th St.** (575-1220). Casual. French. Spcls: mignonnettes de boeuf bordelaise, tripes à la mode de Caen. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11:30. Complete D. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**RAINBOW ROOM—GE Building, 30 Rockefeller Pl.** (632-5000). Formal. Continental. Spcls: lobster thermidor, tournedos Rossini, medallions of venison with pecan wild rice and sauce poivrade. Res. nec. D Tue.–Thu. 5:30–1 a.m., Fri.–Sat. to 2 a.m., Sun. 5:30–10:30. Pre-theater D 5:30–6:15. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. Dancing. Private parties. Closed Sun.–Mon. **(E)** **The Rainbow Promenade:** Jacket required. Continental. Spcls: trio of American caviars with brioche, steak tartare, tortelloni of spinach and goat cheese. Open Mon.–Thu. 3–1 a.m., Fri. 3–2 a.m., Sat. noon–1 a.m., Sun. noon–11. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2. **(I–M)** **AE.**

**SAM'S—152 W. 52nd St.** (582-8700). Casual. American. Spcls: grilled swordfish sandwich with melted onions, pizzette with garlic shrimp, scallions, fresh tomato and gorganzola, Black Angus with Sam's steak sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11:30. Private parties for 25–150. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE SEA GRILL—Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St.** (246-9201). Dress opt. American/seafood. Spcls: Sea-Grill chowder with lobster, shrimp and clams; charred filet of salmon with pepper ragout; pan seared snapper with rosemary and citrus fruits. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11. Pre-theater D 5–6:30 with free parking. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**STAGE DELICATESSEN—834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd–54th Sts.** (245-7850). Casual. Spcls: pastrami, corned beef, homemade blintzes, stuffed cabbage, matzo-ball soup. Open daily 6 a.m.–2 a.m. B to 11 a.m. **(I)** **AE, MC, V.**

**SYMPHONY CAFE—950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St.** (397-9595). Casual. American. Spcls: roast duckling with brandied apples, pan-seared salmon in basil butter sauce, homemade pasta. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. Br Sun. 11:30–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight, Sun. 3–9. Private parties for 150. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**TOP OF THE SIXES—666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor** (757-6662). Dress opt. American/Continental. Spcls: prime rib, duck with apple glaze, Cajun tuna.Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11. Pre-theater D Mon.–Sat. 5–6:30. Ent. Tue.–Sat. Closed Sun. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE—900 Seventh Ave., bet 56th and 57th Sts.** (245-9800). Casual. Italian. Spcls: seafood antipasto; hand-rolled pinci pasta with roasted garlic, broccoli and zucchini; clay-pot-roasted baby chicken with fresh rosemary and thyme. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3. Br Sat.–Sun. 11 a.m.–4. D daily 5–midnight. Private parties for 10–250. **Antipasto Bar and Cafe:** Open daily till 1 a.m. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**'21' CLUB—21 W. 52nd St.** (582-7200). Formal. American. Spcls: Maryland crab cakes, Maine-lobster salad, "21" hamburger. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–midnight. Private parties for 10–500. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**VICTOR'S CAFE 52—236 W. 52nd St.** (586-7714). Casual. Cuban/Spanish. Spcls: stone crabs, roast suckling pig, paella, black bean soup. Res. sug. Open daily noon–midnight. Tapas bar. Ent. nightly. Private parties. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

## *57th–60th Streets*

**ARIZONA 206—206 E. 60th St.** (838-0440). Casual. Southwestern American. Spcls: black bean cakes with dandelion greens and cajun crawfish, warm lobster tostada salad with chili avocado sauce, seared loin of venison with white bean-broccoli rabe succotash and pistachio pesto. L Tue.–Sat. noon–3. D Sun.–Thu. 6–11, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DAWAT—210 E. 58th St.** (355-7555). Casual. Indian. Spcls: Madhur Jaffrey's patrani machi, achar ghost, baked eggplant. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3. D Sun.–Thu. 5:30–11, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30. Private parties for 80. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**FELIDIA—243 E. 58th St.** (758-1479). Jacket required. Northern Italian. Spcls: pasutice Istriana, quail with polenta, risotto amiraglia. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight. Private parties for 15–50. Closed Sun. **(M–E)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**THE JOCKEY CLUB—112 Central Park South, in The Ritz-Carlton** (757-1900). Formal. Contemporary-American. Spcls: smoked North Atlantic salmon, spaghetti salad and osetra caviar, grilled free range chicken breast with white canellini beans and sweet red pepper sauce, coconut parfait with passion fruit sauce. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 6:30 a.m.–11:30 a.m., Sat.–Sun. from 7. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30–3. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. Pre-theater D 5:30–7. D daily 5:30–11. Prix fixe D. Bar till 1 a.m. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**LE TRAIN BLEU—1000 Third Ave., at 59th St., in Bloomingdale's** (705-2100). Re-creation of French railway dining car. Casual. Nouvelle. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–3. D Thu. 5:30–7:30. High tea Mon.–Fri. 3–5. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**THE MANHATTAN OCEAN CLUB—57 W. 58th St.** (371-7777). Dress opt. Seafood. Spcls: baked oysters with morel cream, red snapper with rosemary crust, shrimp with white beans and crisp onions. Open Mon.–Fri. noon–midnight, Sat.–Sun. 5–midnight. Private parties for 125. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE NEW YORK DELICATESSEN—104 W. 57th St.** (541-8320). Casual. Jewish-American deli. Spcls: corned beef/pastrami sandwiches, blintzes, stuffed cabbage, chicken-in-the-pot, matzo-ball soup. Open 24 hr. daily. Private parties. **(I-M)** **AE, DC, TM.**

**NIRVANA—30 Central Park South, 15th floor** (486-5700). Casual. Indian/Bengali. Spcls: tandoori chicken, kabab, shrimp dopiaza, biryani. Res. sug. L daily noon–3. D daily 1–1 a.m. Complete L and D. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PAPER MOON MILANO—39 E. 58th St.** (758-8600). Casual. Italian. Spcls: anti-pasto buffet, pappardelle Paper Moon, 20 different pizzas. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–midnight. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PARK ROOM—36 Central Park South, in the Park Lane** (371-4000). Jacket required. Continental. Spcls: Dover sole, rack of lamb, filet mignon rossini. Res. sug. B daily 7 a.m.–11:45 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. noon–4. Br Sun. noon–4. D daily 5:30–10:30. S 10:30–12:30 a.m. Ent. Tue.–Sat. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PETROSSIAN—182 W. 58th St.** (245-2214). Jacket required. French. Spcls: fresh Russian caviar; lobster and chorizo in sweetcorn crepe, corn broth with celery seed; roast venison with caramelized pearl onions, mushrooms and sweet potato, icder vinegar sauce; Petrossian 'teasers.' Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–midnight, Sun. to 11. Pre-theater D 5:30–7:30. Post-theater D 10:30–midnight. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**PLAZA HOTEL—Fifth Ave. and 59th St.** (759-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Formal. Continental. Res. nec. B Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sun. noon–2:30. D Tue.–Thu., Sun. 5:30–10, Fri.–Sat. to 10:30. Pre-theater D Tue.–Sat. 5:30–6:30. Pianist Tue.–Sat. **(M-E)** **Oak Room:** Formal. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sun. 9 a.m.–2. D daily 5:30–1 a.m. Pre-theater D Mon.–Fri. 5:30–6:30. Pianist. **Oak Bar:** Casual. Sandwich menu daily 11:30 a.m.–1 a.m. Bar till 3 a.m. **Oyster Bar:** Casual. Seafood. Res. nec. Open Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–midnight, Sun. from noon. **(M-E)** **Palm Court:** Dress opt. Continental. Res. nec. B Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–10:45 a.m., Sat. from 8 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:45. Br Sun. 10 a.m.–2:30. Tea Mon.–Sat. 3:45–6, Sun. from 4. Supper: Mon.–Sat. 6–midnight, Sun. to 11. **(E)** **Trader Vic's:** Casual. Light menu Mon.–Sat. 5–1 a.m., Sun. 4–midnight. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ROSA MEXICANO—1063 First Ave., at 58th St.** (753-7407). Casual. Classic/contemporary regional Mexican. Spcls: open grill, sweetwater prawns in garlic, pozole, guacamole to order, pomegranate margaritas, *menudo, moles.* Res. nec. D daily 5–midnight. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**RUMPELMAYER'S—50 Central Park South in the St. Moritz Hotel** (755-5800). Casual. American. Spcls: old-fashioned soda fountain with sundaes, sandwiches, and salads. B daily 7 a.m.–11 a.m. L daily 11 a.m.–5. D daily 5–midnight. Pre-theater D 5:30–10:30. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM—150 W. 57th St.** (265-0947). Jacket required for D only. Russian. Spcls: blini, shashlik, chicken Kiev. Res. sug. L daily 11:30 a.m.–4:30. D daily 4:30–11:30. S after 9:30. Complete D. Private parties. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SAN DOMENICO—240 Central Park South.** (265-5959) Formal. Italian. Spcls: shrimp and beans with Tuscan olive oil, uovo in raviolo, muscovy duck with black olives, saddle of venison with juniper berries and grilled polenta. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. 11:45 a.m.–2:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:45–11, Sun. 4–10. Pre-theater D 5:30–7. Private parties for 40. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SANDRO'S—420 E. 59th St.** (355-5150). Casual. Italian. Spcls: milk fed baby lamb roasted with fresh vegetables and garlic, roast suckling pig, tripe cooked with fresh vegetables, spaghetti alle vongole veraci. Res. sug. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11, Sun. 5–10. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SERENDIPITY 3—225 East 60th St.**(838-3531). Casual. American. Spcls: spiced chicken flambe, foot-long hot dogs with Texas chili, frozen hot chocolate. Res. sug. L and D Mon.–Thu. 11:30 a.m.–12:30 a.m., Fri. till 1 a.m., Sat. till 2 a.m., Sun. till midnight. Private parties for 20-75. **(I)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

## *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**ALO ALO—1030 Third Ave., at 61st St.** (838-4343). Casual. Italian-California. Spcls: duck pizza with goat cheese and rosemary, linguini with wild mushrooms and porcini sauce, seared rare tuna with caramelized shallot vinaigrette and crispy beet chips. Res. sug. L and D daily noon–2 a.m. Br Sun. noon–4. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CAFE CROCODILE—354 E. 74th St.** (249-6619). Casual. Mediterranean bistro. Spcls: carré d'agneau Méditerranée, fish couscous, seared tuna with ginger and leeks. Res. nec. D only Mon.–Sat. 5:30–11. Prix fixe menu. Private parties for 16–24. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE.**

**CAFE EQUENSE—1291 Madison Ave., bet. 91st–92nd Sts.** (860-2300). Casual. Italian. Spcls: lobster ravioli, broiled veal chop with shitakii mushrooms, homemade foccacia, Equense neapolean. Res. sug. L Mon.– Sat. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11, Sun. 10. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**CAFE PIERRE—The Pierre, 2 E. 61st St.** (940-8185). Formal. French. Spcls: lasagne of lobster with spinach and basil, sauteed filet of red snapper on stir-fry vegetables and lemon gras sauce, charlotte of wild mushrooms in a crispy potato crust, caramelized bananas on a gingerbread crust with banana ice and spun sugar. Res. sug. B daily 7 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. noon–2:30. Br Sun. noon–3:30. D daily 6–10:30. S from 10:30. Pre-theater D Mon.–Sat. 6–7. Pianist daily 8–1 a.m. **The Rotunda:** English afternoon tea daily 3–6:30. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CAFE SAN MARTIN—1458 First Ave., at 76th St.** (288-0470). Casual. Continental/Spanish. Spcls: angulas de aguinnaga, fidegua, tapas, paella a la Valenciana. Res. sug. D daily 5:30–midnight. Complete D. Pianist nightly. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**CARLYLE HOTEL—76th St. and Madison Ave.** (744-1600). **Café Carlyle:** Dress opt. Buffet Br Sun. noon–3. D Tue.–Sat. 6–11. **Carlyle Restaurant:** Formal. French. B Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sun. 8 a.m.–10:30 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. Br Sun. noon–3. D daily 6–11. **(M-E). Bemelmans Bar:** Cocktails daily noon–1 a.m. **Gallery:** Tea daily 3–5:30. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ELAINE'S—1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts.** (534-8103). Casual. Italian. Spcls: veal chop, cappellini romano, Norwegian salmon. Res. sug. D daily 5:30–2 a.m. Pianist Tue.–Sat. from 11. Private parties. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**FOUR WINDS—135 E. 62nd St.** (486-1664). Casual. Japanese. Spcls: salmon trio, Four Winds scallops sauteed in lemon butter, fillet mignon glazed with orange teriyaki sauce, *sushi, sashimi, tempura.* Res. sug. L daily noon–3. D daily 6–10:45. Private parties 16–20. **(M)** **AE, MC, V.**

**GIRASOLE—151 E. 82nd St.** (772-6690). Casual. Italian. Spcls: orechietti, venison sauteed with red wine, osso buco. Res. nec. L daily noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight, Sun. to 11. Private parties for 35. **(M)** **AE.**

**JOHN CLANCY'S EAST—206 E. 63rd St.** (752-6666). Dress opt. American/seafood. Spcls: Dover sole, swordfish grilled over mesquite. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11:30, Sun. 5–10. Private parties for 35–40. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**LE CIRQUE—58 E. 65th St.** (794-9292). Formal. French. Spcls: pasta primavera, blanquette de St. Jacques julienne, caneton rōti aux pommes sauce citron. Res. nec. L Mon.–Sat. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–10:30. Complete L. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC.**

**LETIZIA—1352 First Ave., bet. 72nd–73rd Sts.** (517-2244). Dress opt. Italian. Spcls: penne with asparagus and salmon, red snapper with vegetables in parchment, scaloppini alla grappa. Res. sug. Open for L and D Mon.–Sat. noon–11:30, Sun. 1–10:30. Private parties for 75. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MAMBO GRILL—174 E. 82nd St.** (879-5516). Casual. Continental-Venezuelan. Spcls: pabellon criollo, grilled seafood, roast leg of pork. Res. sug. Br Sun. noon–4. D daily 5–midnight. Bar till 2 a.m. Ent. Wed. 8:30–midnight. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**MARK'S—25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel** (879-1864). Casual. French/Californian. Spcls: barbecued striped bass with wild-mushroom packets, risotto cakes with lobster remoulade, roast rack of lamb with potato and wild-mushroom Napoleon. Res. sug. B daily 6:30 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. Afternoon tea daily 2:30–5:30. D daily 6:30 –10:30. Banquets for 25–175. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MAXIM'S—680 Madison Ave., at 61st St.** (751-5111). Jacket and tie required. French. Spcls: darne de saumon poelee, endives et fevettes meuniere, cote de veau aux juices parfait a la citronelle au coulis de fruits rouges. Res. sug. D Tue.–Sat. 6–2 a.m. Dancing Tue.– Sat. Private parties for 10–400. Closed Sun. and Mon. **(E)** **AE, DC.**

**MULHOLLAND DRIVE CAFE—1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St.** (319-7740). Casual. American-Italian. Spcls: chicken pot-pie, sauteed crab cakes, chicken piccata. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–5. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–4. D Mon.–Thu. 5–midnight, Fri.–Sat. to 1 a.m., Sun. 4–11. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**MUMBLES—1491 Second Ave., at 78th St.** (772-8817). Casual. Regional American. Spcls: grilled chicken with three sauces, Caribbean steamed grouper with plantains, 8-oz hamburger, broiled fresh fish, pasta. No res. L and D Sun.–Thu. 11:30 a.m.–2 a.m., Fri.—Sat. to 3 a.m. Bar till 4 a.m. Br Sat. –Sun. noon–4. Also **1622 Third Ave., at 91st St.** (427-4355). **(I)** **AE, MC, V.**

**PETALUMA—1356 First Ave., at 73rd St.** (772-8800). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: brick-oven pizza, veal chop, linguine al pesto. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3, Sat.–Sun. noon–3:30. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–midnight, Sun. to 11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PICCOLO MONDO—1269 First Ave., bet. 68th–69th Sts.** (249-3141). Formal. Northern Italian. Spcl: scampi alla Veneziana. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Fri. 5–midnight, Sat. from noon. Parking. Closed Sun. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE POLO—840 Madison Ave., at 69th St.** (439-4835). Casual. Continental. Spcls: flamed lobster bisque, sweetbreads with essence of white truffles and Armagnac, roasted pheasant marinated in reisling, pears and juniper berries, traditional Viennese pastries. Res. sug. B daily 7 a.m.–10 a.m. Br Sun. noon–3. L daily noon–2:30. D daily 6–10. Private parties for 10–40. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE POST HOUSE—28 E. 63rd St.** (935-2888). Casual. American. Spcls: stolen Cajun rib steak, filet tips with summer vegetables in a peppered crust, seared tuna with ginger, lemon pepper chicken. Res. sug. L Mon.– Fri. noon–4:30. D daily 5–midnight. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PRIMOLA—1226 Second Ave., at 64th St.** (758-1775). Casual. Italian. Spcls: panzoti Genovese, imported branzino grilled with fresh herbs, roast veal thinly sliced with roast potatoes. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight, Sun. 5–11. **(M–E)** **AE.**

**SARABETH'S—1295 Madison Ave., bet. 92nd–93rd Sts.** (410-7335). Casual. American. Spcls: pan seared tuna with roasted eggplant compote and Mediterranean salsa, grilled chicken breast with shoe string sweet potatoes and shitakii mushrooms, penne with mixed grilled vegetables and ricotta. Res. sug. Open for B, L, tea and D Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–11, Sat. 9 a.m.–11:30, Sun. 9 a.m.–10. Private parties for 25. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**SEL & POIVRE—853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th–65th Sts.** (517-5780). Casual. French-American. Spcls: steak au poivre, roasted duck with brandied berries, Moroccan couscous (Fri.–Sat. only). Res. sug. L daily noon–5. Br Sun noon–4. D daily 5–11. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SIGN OF THE DOVE—1110 Third Ave., at 65th St.** (861-8080). Dress opt. American. Spcls: artichoke ravioli with a ragout of rabbit and cepes in a light truffle-scented broth; roast snapper with a gratin of endive and mustard sauce; roast loin of lamb with savoy cabbage, lamb sausage, bulgar, pignolis, raisins and peppers. Res. sug. L Tue.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sat.–Sun. 11:30 a.m.–2:30. D Sun.–Fri. 6–11:30, Sat. 5:30–11:30. Pianist. Private parties for 120. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE STANHOPE—995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St.** (288-5800). **The Stanhope Dining Room:** Jacket required. Continental-mediterranean. Spcls: soup of sea urchin and oyster, chilled poached Norwegian salmon with dill creme fraiche and lemon, grilled herb crusted monk fish. Res. sug. B Mon.–Sat. 7 a.m.–10:30 a.m., Sun. to 10 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sat.–Sun. seatings at noon and 2. D daily 6–10:30. Dancing every Fri. 8–midnight. **(E)** **Gerard's:** Cocktails and light fare noon–1 a.m. daily. Pianist Tue.–Sat. 6–10. **Le Salon:** B daily 10:30 a.m.–noon. L daily noon–2. Tea daily 2–5:30. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**VINSANTO—1619 Second Ave., at 84th St.** (772-3375). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: black linguini with spicy tomato sauce, pollo Vinsanto, tagliata al rosmarino, brick oven pizza. Res. for 4 or more. D only Sun.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to 12:30 a.m. Pre-theater D 5–7. Jazz Fri.–Sat. 11–2 a.m. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**WILKINSON'S SEAFOOD CAFE—1573 York Ave., bet. 83rd–84th Sts.** (535-5454). Dress opt. American-seafood. Spcls: snapper with sake and black bean sauce, grilled marinated swordfish, roast lobster with sauce American. Res. sug. D only Mon.–Sat. 6–10:30, Sun. 5–9. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**ARRIBA ARRIBA—484 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 83rd–84th Sts.** (580-8206). Casual. Mexican. Spcls: fajitas, California burrito, chili relleno. No res. Fri.–Sat. L Mon.–Fri. noon–4. Br Sat.–Sun. noon–4. D Sun.–Thu. 4–midnight, Fri.–Sat. 4–1 a.m. Early bird D 4–7. Also **762 Ninth Ave., at 51st St.** (489-0810), **1463 Third Ave., bet. 82nd–83rd Sts.** (249-1423). **(I–M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**CAFE DES ARTISTES—1 W. 67th St.** (877-3500). Jacket req. after 5. French. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. Br Sat. noon–3, Sun 10–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5:30–12:30 a.m., Sun. 5–11. **(M-E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CONSERVATORY—15 Central Park West, bet. 61st–62nd Sts., in the Mayflower Hotel** (581-0896). Casual. Continental. Spcls: grilled fresh fish, pasta, linguini fruitta de mare. B daily 7 a.m.–11:30 a.m. L daily 11:30 a.m.–4. Prix fixe Br Sun. noon–4:30. D daily 4–midnight. Pre-theater D 5–7. Private parties for 100. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**COPELAND'S—547 W. 145th St.** (234-2357). Casual. Soul/creole. Spcls: barbecued spare-ribs, braised oxtail, jambalaya, Louisiana gumbo. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–3:30. Br Sun. 1–3. D Mon.–Thu. 3:30–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight, Sun. 3–11. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**THE GINGERMAN—51 W. 64th St.** (399-2358). Casual. Continental. Spcls: shrimp curry, roast duck, rack of lamb. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 8 a.m.–11 a.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–11 a.m. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–5. Br Sun. 10 a.m.–4. D Mon.–Sat. 5–midnight, Sun. 4–11. Private parties for 15–100. Pianist Thu.–Sat. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**ROXY'S—2120 Broadway, at 74th St.** (799-1160). Casual. American-continental. Spcls: penne with scallops, grilled salmon with roasted pepper sauce, steak au poivre. Res. sug. L Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–4. Br Sun. 11:30 a.m.–4. D daily 4–midnight. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**RUPPERT'S—269 Columbus Ave., bet. 72nd–73rd Sts.** (873-9400). Casual. Regional American. Spcls: sauteed jumbo Gulf shrimp with lemon, sesame oil, and snow peas over rice, baked tri-colored cheese tortellini marinara, grilled fresh salmon steak, veal scallopine piccata. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. 11:30 a.m.–4:30. D daily 5–2 a.m. Br Sat.–Sun. 10:30 a.m.–4. Enc. sidewalk café. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.**

**SYLVIA'S—328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th–127th Sts.** (996-0660). Casual. Soul Food. Spcls: barbecue spareribs; southern fried chicken with collard greens, peas and rice; beef short ribs. Res. sug. B Mon.–Fri. 7:30 a.m.–1. L Mon.–Sat. 11 a.m.–3. Br Sun. 1–7. D Mon.–Sat. 3–10:30. **(I)** **No credit cards.**

**TAVERN ON THE GREEN—Central Park at 67th St.** (873-3200). Casual. American. Spcls: grilled filet mignon with potato gratin, sauteed Louisiana shrimp with wild rice, classic Ceasar salad. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3:45. D Sun.–Thu. 5:30–11:30, Fri.–Sat. 5–midnight. Br Sat.–Sun. 10 a.m.–3:45. Private parties for 15–1500. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE TERRACE—400 W. 119th St.** (666-9490). Formal. Classical French. Spcls: poached oysters in champagne with duxelles of mushrooms, medaillons of veal with morels and sweet onion mousse, strawberry dacquoise. Res. nec. L Tue.–Fri. noon–2:30. D Tue.–Sat. 6–10. Banquet facilities for 150. Harpist Tue.–Sat. Free valet parking. Closed Sun.–Mon. **(E)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

## BROOKLYN

**MONTE'S VENETIAN ROOM—451 Carroll St., bet. Third Ave. and Nevins St.** (718-624-8984). Dress opt. Italian. Spcls: baked jumbo shrimp alla Monte, chicken scarpariello, frutti di mare fresca, homemade Italian cheesecake. Res. sug. Open Sun.–Thu. 11 a.m.–11, Fri.–Sat. to midnight. Free valet parking on premises. **(M)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE RIVER CAFE—1 Water St.** (718-522-5200). Jacket required. American. Spcls: sauteed foie gras with pumpkin seeds and pear, rack of lamb in a chestnut meal crust, salmon seared with ginger and cracked pepper, Valrhona Brooklyn Bridge with assorted ice creams and sorbets. Res. nec. L Mon.–Fri. noon–2:30. Br Sat. noon–2:30, Sun. 11:30–2:30. D nightly 6–11:30. Pianist nightly. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## QUEENS

**ALBERTO—98-31 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills** (718-268-7860). Casual. Northern Italian. Spcls: tortelli, three moschettieri, venison stew with polenta. Res. sug. D only Mon.–Thu. 5–11, Fri.–Sat. to 11:30, Sun. 4–10. **(M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**LE TRIOMPHE—21-50 44th Drive, Long Island City** (718-706-0033). Casual. Classic French-provencale. Spcls: le jarret de veau, rouget au basilic, supreme de volaille Marrakech. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 5–11, Sun. 3–9. Private parties for 40. Pianist Fri.–Sat from 8–10. **(M–E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**RALPH'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT—75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights** (718-899-2555). Casual. Italian. Spcls: veal rollatini, spaghetti carbonara, chicken Valdostana. Res. sug. Open Mon.–Thu. noon–10:30, Fri. to 11, Sat. 4–11. Complete D. Closed Sun. **(I).** **AE, DC, TM, V.**

**VILLA SECONDO—184-22 Horace Harding Expy., Fresh Meadows** (718-762-7355). Casual. Northern Italian. Res. sug. L and D Tue.–Fri. noon–11, Sat. 4–midnight, Sun. 2–11. Complete L. Closed Mon. **(I-M)** **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**WATER'S EDGE—44th Drive at the East River** (718-482-0033). Dress opt. Contemporary American. Spcls: grilled shrimp with caramelized corn and charred tomato, corn bisque with lump crabmeat custard, grilled sea scallops with swiss chard and fried polenta, roast freerange baby chicken with couscous, preserved lemon, merguez sausage and black olive sauce. Res. sug. L Mon.–Fri. noon–3. D Mon.–Sat. 6–11:30. Ent. Tue.–Sat. Private parties for 400. Free ferry service from Manhattan. Closed Sun. **(E)** **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

# OTHER EVENTS

COMPILED BY GIA KOURLAS

**PARADES AND CIRCUSES—The Three Kings Parade,** held on the last day of "Twelve Days of Christmas," is set for 1/6 at 10 a.m. Starts at 104th St. and Fifth Ave., goes to Madison Ave., and ends at Lexington Ave. and 116th St. Free; call for more information (831-7272). . . .**The Big Apple Circus,** see "Children," pg. 88.

**BENEFIT—The Lillian Heidenberg Gallery** presents **Miniatures,** a benefit exhibition featuring paintings, sculpture, drawings, and graphics by gallery artists including Yrjo Edelmann, Ellen Frank, and Clement Meadmore. A portion of the proceeds benefit **God's Love We Deliver, Inc.,** an organization that provides free, nutritious meals to homebound people with AIDS-related illnesses. Runs through 1/15. Times: Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30. At 50 W. 57th St., eighth floor. Call for more information (586-3808).

**PERFORMANCES**—Time is running out to catch performances of the **Radio City Christmas Spectacular;** continues through 1/7 at Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Avenue of the Americas. Reserve ($25-$37). Purchase tickets at the Music Hall, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-8 and Sun., 11 a.m.-8, or call (307-1000). . . .**The Yara Arts Group** performs a new experimental theater piece, **Explosions,** which examines the impact of a technological disaster on individual lives. Includes poetry by Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Steven Taylor, Victoria Schultz, Wanda Phipps, Bohdan Boycuk, Natalka Bilotserkivets, and Ihor Liberda; directed by Virlana Tkacz. Runs 1/3-19 at the Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. Times: Thu.- Sun. at 8. $10-$12 (475-7710). . . .**The WOW Cafe** presents **4 Women Snuff 1,000 Points of Light,** a satirical play by Obie winner Susan Young in collaboration with Gail Freund. Subtitled **The Unauthorized Roasting of Peggy Noonan and the Reagan-Bush Boys,** the play is a fantasy based on Noonan's autobiography, *What I Saw at the Revolution*. Runs 1/3-25, Fri. -Sat. at 9. At 59 E. 4th St. $8; reserve (460-8067). . . .**Stanley Eugene Tannen's Free Theatre Project** presents **Martin Sheen** reading from the works of Tolstoy, Faulkner, and others. On 1/3 from 1 to 2. At St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, Park Ave. and 51st St. Free (751-1616).

**LECTURES, SEMINARS, AND READINGS—The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street Y,** 1395 Lexington Ave., presents **State of the Arts I: Contemporary American Fiction** on 1/6 at 8. This panel discussion, which is about the condition and prospects of contemporary American fiction, includes writers Toni Cade Bambara (*The Salt Eaters; Gorilla, My Love; The Sea Birds Are Still Alive*), Stanley Elkin (*The MacGuffin, The Rabbi of Lud*), Mary Gordon (*Good Boys and Dead Girls; The Other Side; Temporary Shelter*), Allan Gurganus (*White People; The Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*), Maxine Hong Kingston (*Tripmaster Monkey: His Fake Book; The Woman Warrior, China Men*), and Robert Stone (*Dog Soldiers, Children of Light*). The moderator is Paul Auster (*New York Trilogy, The Music of Chance*). $10 (415-5440). . . .**The Poetry Project,** St. Mark's Church at Second Ave. and 10th St., presents its **Eighteenth Annual New Year's Day Marathon Reading** on 1/1, from 2 to midnight. Over 100 poets and performers celebrate the Poetry Project's 25th Anniversary and the publication by Crown Books of *Out of This World*, the third anthology culled from the Project's literary magazine. Readers include Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Spalding Gray, Yoshiko Chuma, and Richard Foreman. $10, $12. The Project hosts an **Open Reading** on 1/6 at 8 (sign-up is at 7:30); hosted by Wanda Phipps. $5; call for more information (674-0910). . . .Don't miss the final hours of the **Eighteenth Annual New Year's Marathon Reading.** This non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's **The Making of Americans,** which lasts approximately 50 hours, begins on 12/30 at 6 and ends on 1/1 around 7 and 9. At the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. No reservations required. Free; call for more information (787-8556). . . .**The Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St., presents two lectures on aspects of Yiddish cinema in conjunction with the film exhibition **Yiddish Film Between Two Worlds.** Each lecture is illustrated with film excerpts. **Henry Sapoznik** discusses the use and function of Yiddish popular music in Yiddish cinema on 1/4 at 5 and **Dr. David Roskies** discusses the classic Yiddish film, *The Dybbuk*, on 1/12 at 5. Free with museum admission ($7). Call for more information (708-9752).

## TOURS

**URBAN EXPLORATIONS**—1/4 from 1 to 4, **Galleries of SoHo,** a visit to private and public galleries. $15; register (718-721-5254).

**CITYWALKS**—Tours with John Wilson. 1/2 at 10 a.m., **Greenwich Village.** Meet on the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 8th St. . . .1/3 at 10 a.m., **Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. and the Plaza.** Meet on the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. . . .1/4 at 1, **West Village.** Meet on the northeast corner of Seventh Ave. S. and Christopher St. . . .1/5 at 1, **The Lower East Side.** Meet at Chatham Sq. on the corner of E. Broadway and Oliver St. $12; reserve (989-2456).

**BIG ONION WALKING TOURS**—1/4 at 1, **Immigrant New York,** a multi-ethnic tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and more. $9; reserve (662-5512).

**ELLIS ISLAND**—1/5 at 9:30, a tour with Joyce Gold. Meet at the flagpole opposite Staten Island ferry. Preregister; $18 (242-5762).

**NEW YORK DOUBLE-DECKER BUS TOURS**—Authentic London double-decker buses complete with guide stop at ten tourist attractions on a continuous loop from Battery Park to Grand Army Plaza. Tours run daily from 9 a.m. to 6. $10 (967-6008).

**ADVENTURE ON A SHOESTRING**—12/28 at 1, **Historic Hoboken.** . . .12/31 at 6, **Chinatown,** a "snacks and sites safari" that ends with an optional dinner at a Chinese restaurant in the area. $5; reserve (265-2663).

**LOWER EAST SIDE TENEMENT MUSEUM TOURS**—1/5 at 1: **Streets Where We Lived.** A multi-ethnic walk focusing on past, present, and changes on the Lower East Side, in Chinatown, and Little Italy. $12, seniors and students $10 (431-0233).

**SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK**—517-0201 for information. Each tour, $10 unless noted. 1/4, 11, 18, 25 at 6, **Ghosts After Sunset;** meet at Washington Sq. Arch for a tour of the "haunted" Village, including the Mark Twain house and Gay St. . . . 1/5, 19 at 2: **Famous Murder Sites;** meet in front of the Omni Park Central Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 56th St., to take in the locales of some of the city's past crimes. . . .1/4, 11, 18, 25 at 6: **Ye Olde Tavern Tour;** Meet at the Washington Sq. Arch for some visits to old and/or historic Village watering holes; drinks and tips extra.1/4, 18 at 2: **A Tour Named Jackie;** meet at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. and 91st St., to see the habitats of "the most famous woman in the world." . . . 1/5, 19 at 2: **Ghosts of the Great White Way;** meet in front of the Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St., for a theatrical tour. . . .1/5, 19 at 2: **Screen Scenes;** visit the homes of movies stars and film locations on the Upper West Side. Meet in front of 2 Columbus Circle.

**URBAN PARK RANGERS**—Walks and workshops; phone for details of the weekend programs. **Bronx** (548-7070). **Brooklyn** (718-287-3400). **Manhattan** (427-4040). **Queens** (718-699-4204). **Staten Island** (718-667-6042).

**GRAND TOUR OF MIDTOWN**—A weekly walk hosted by the Grand Central Partnership and led by "urban detective" and historian Justin Ferate. Every Fri. at 12:30, the 90-minute walk begins at the Philip Morris Building, south side of 42nd St. at Park Ave. "The truth about midtown Manhattan"—facts about interiors, underground activity, air space, and art collections that most people don't know about. Free (986-9217).

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**—"Between the Lions," a one-hour tour of the Central Research Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St., that includes anecdotes about art, history, literature, and architecture. Daily except Sun. and holidays at 11 a.m. and 2, from the visitor information desk. Free (930-0501). Also, daily at 12:30 and 2:30, tours of the current Gottesman Hall exhibit. Free (930-0501). . . . New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza at 65th St. (870-1670): Tours of the dance, theater, music, and recorded-sound collections; each Wed. at 2. Free . . . . Mid-Manhattan Library, Fifth Ave. at 40th St. (340-0934). Tours of the largest circulating and reference library in the branch system; Mon., Wed., Fri. at 2:30. Free. . . . Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, a research facility for the study of black culture. 515 Lenox Ave. at 135 th St. (491-2265, 9 a.m.-noon). By appointment only.

**NATURE WALKS—New York Botanical Garden,** 200th St. and Southern Blvd.: guided tours of the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, with its Palm Court, Fern Forest, and Desert Plant Collection in eleven glass houses; Thur. at 1:30, Sat. and Sun. between 11 a.m. and 4. Forest Tours, Sat., Sun., and holidays at 1:30 and 3:30, Thurs. at 2. Free with $3.50 Conservatory admission. (seniors and students $1.25); admission free to all Sat., 10 a.m.- noon. Voluntary-contribution admission to Garden grounds.

**GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL**—Weekly tour with the Municipal Art Society (935-3960), each Wed. at 12:30. Meet outside Chemical Bank's Commuter Express, and learn about the station's architecture, history, and future. Includes a walk across the windows' glass catwalks. Free.

**OUTDOORS CLUB**—Write for schedule of out-of-town hikes: P.O. Box 227, Lenox Hill Station, New York 10021. Also phone about bike trips: 228-3698.

**URBAN TRAIL CONFERENCE**—For information on out-of-town hikes: Bowling Green Station, Box 264, N.Y., N.Y. 10274 (718-274-0407).

COMPILED BY KATE O'HARA

## SPORTS

**BASKETBALL**—Knicks, Madison Square Garden (465-MSG1). $12-$45. 1/2 at 7:30 vs. Cleveland. 1/5 at 6 vs. Phoenix. 1/7 at 7:30 vs. Atlanta. . . .New Jersey Nets, Meadowlands Arena, E. Rutherford, N. J. (201-935-8888). $10-$28. 1/3 at 7:30 vs. Washington. 1/6 at 7:30 vs. L.A. Clippers.

**HOCKEY—Rangers,** Madison Square Garden (465-MSG1). $16-$45. 1/6 at 7:30 vs. Winnipeg. . . .**Islanders,** Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum, Uniondale, L. I. (516-794-4100). $10-$30. 1/4 at 7:35 vs. Quebec. . . .**New Jersey Devils,** Byrne Arena, E. Rutherford, N. J. (201-935-6050). $14-$24. 1/2 at 7:35 vs. Pittsburgh. 1/4 at 7:35 vs. N.Y. Rangers.

**STEPS—Season Opener,** 1/5 at 10 a.m. in Central Park. New York Road Runners Club, 9 E. 89th St. (860-4455).

COMPILED BY KATE O'HARA

# ACTIVITIES FOR CHILDREN

COMPILED BY EILEEN CLARKE

**JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**—Presented by the Marionette Theater; for ages 2 and up. Sat. at noon and 3. Swedish Cottage Theater, two blocks south of the Delacorte Theater, east of Central Park's 81st St. entrance. (988-9093). $4; adults $5; reserve.

**FESTIVAL**—Celebrate Three Kings Day and Kwanzaa with lessons on the significance of each holiday, plus gifts, toys, books, games, a puppet show, and live music. 1/4 from 10 a.m. to 6. Lower East Side Family Resource Center, 137 East 2nd St. (677-6602). Free.

**92ND STREET Y—Trial Class.** Try a sampling of dance classes for free: "Busy Fingers, Busy Feet," which combines music, movement, and art; for ages 2 years 4 months–3 years 2 months, or pre-dance and rhythmic play; for ages 3–6. Dance Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5502). Reserve.

**ALFRED THE DRAGON MEETS THE WIZARD**—Shy Alfred asks the audience for help to capture the wizard, who is casting evil spells on everyone; for ages 3–7. Sat. at 3; through 6/92. NewMedia Repertory Co., 512 E. 80th St. (734-5195). $6; adults $7; reserve.

**SESAME STREET LIVE—Big Bird and the ABC's.** Learn to count, spell words, sing, and dance along with favorite TV characters. 1/3 at 10:30 a.m. and 7; 1/4 and 5 at 10:30 a.m., 2, and 5:30. Paramount, Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. (465-MSG1). $11.50, $13.50.

**THE LITTLEST CLOWN**—A full-scale musical about a girl who grows up in a circus; for ages 4–12. Sat. at 1:30, followed by a dance party; optional lunch at 12:30. Sun. at 12:30; optional brunch at 11:30 a.m. Pixie Judy's Musical Theatre, Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528). $14.95; with meal $19.95; reserve.

**B.O.T.C.H.: ADVENTURES IN THE LAND BELOW**—A comedic jazz musical that explains how the Bureau of Turmoil, Chaos & Headaches makes the city unpredictable; for ages 6 and up. Fri. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 1 and 3:30; through 1/19. TADA! Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). $5; adults $7; reserve.*

**YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**—Join Lucy, Linus, and the whole "Peanuts" gang in this musical based on Charles Schulz's comic strip. Fri. at 7; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3; through 1/19. On Stage Productions, Hartley House Theatre, 413 W. 46th St. (666-1716). $8; adults $10; reserve.*

**THE NUTCRACKER**—New York City Ballet, through 1/5. See "Dance" on page 80.

**BIG APPLE CIRCUS**—Celebrate Coney Island's heydey with a classic one-ring circus; through 1/5. Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. For performance schedule, call 268-0055. $10–$45.

**THEATREWORKS/USA—Merlin.** See Jack Adams perform masterful magic, including levitation; for ages 5 and up. 1/4 at 12:30; 1/5 at 10:30 a.m. and 12:30. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (677-5959) or (307-7171). $15.*

**THE PUPPET COMPANY—Harmony Castle.** Featuring the Prince Tune, Princess Melody, sad King Stentor, and an evil magician. Sun. at 1 and 3; through 4/26. Metropolis Cafe, 31 Union Square West (741-1646). $7; reserve.

**CHILDREN'S MAGIC MATINEE**—Performers Bob McAllister and Imam lead this hour-long show with audience participation; for ages 4–10. Sat. at 2. Mostly Magic, 55 Carmine St. (924-1472). $10; reserve.

**THE PUPPET PLAYHOUSE—Jonathan & Friends.** With ventriloquist Jonathan Geffner. 1/4 and 5 at 10:30 a.m. and noon. The Mazur Theatre at Asphalt Green, 555 E. 90th St. (369-8890). $3.50; reserve.

**COMEDY/MAGIC HOUR**—Lulu the Clown and magician David Berardi bring laughter to children ages 3–10. Sun. at 2. Stand-Up NY Comedy Club, 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $10.

**LITTLE PEOPLE'S THEATRE COMPANY**—Director Robert Stark presents **Wilbur the Christmas Mouse**, Sat. and Sun. at 1:30, and **Santa Claus & the Christmas Bell**, Sat. and Sun. at 3; for ages 2–10. The Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). $6; reserve.

**WISEACRE FARM**—Life on the farm turns wild and zany when the audience participates and Ralph DiFiore directs; for ages 4–10. Sat. and Sun. at 1. 13th Street Theater, 50 W. 13th St. (675-6677). $4.

**PIPS COMEDY CLUB**—Comedy, magic, ventriloquism, and lots of audience participation; for ages 3–12. Sun. at 1:30 and 3:30. 2005 Emmons Ave., Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn (718-646-9433). $6.50; reserve.

**THE PUPPETWORKS, INC.—Beauty and the Beast.** Hand-carved wooden marionettes, Escargot, a snail child, magic trees of the enchanted wood, and a "live" actor tell this tale set to the music of French composer Jules Massenet; for ages 4 and up. Sat. and Sun. at 12:30. Also, Sun. at 3. The Puppetworks Theatre, 338 Sixth Avenue at 4th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-6058). $4; adults $5; reserve.*

**SUNDAY CONCERTS AT CENTRAL**—Children's Orchestra Society. Classical and folk music geared toward children. 1/5 at 2. Central Library, 89–11 Merrick Blvd., Jamaica, Queens (718-291-ARTS). Free.

**CENTRAL PARK PROGRAMS—The Dairy: Winter Dazzlers.** Capture what's left of winter light with window dazzlers and sparkling pins; for ages 5–11. 1/4 at 1:30. 65th St., mid-park (794-6565). Free; reserve.

**THE MUSEUM OF TELEVISON AND RADIO—Re-creating Radio.** A workshop where children read scripts and operate sound effects to learn about mystery, adventure, and science-fiction radio programs; for ages 8–13. Sat. at 10 a.m. $5; advance tickets recommended. (621-6600). . .Television adaptations of classic children's books; for ages 3–7. **Weekend Screenings: Peter Pan.** Sat. and Sun. at 1; through 2/29; museum admission. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600). Hours: Tue.–Sun. noon–6; Thurs. until 8. $3; adults $5.

**SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Fishy Calendar.** Mark the new year by making a fish print to decorate a 1992 calendar. 1/5 and 12 at 2; for ages 6–12; museum admission. Exhibits: **Something Fishy**—An underwater environment of painted murals, sculpted rocks, reefs, and fish. Follow the path that fish take from the sea to our dinner plates, and design your own sea monster. **Hemm'd Thick With Sailships**—Oil Paintings, engravings, lithographs, and aquatints document 19th century New York Harbor views. Children's Center, 165 John St.; tickets at Visitors' Center on Fulton St. or the Pier 16 Ticketbooth (669-9400). Hours: Daily 10 a.m.–5. $3; adults $6.

**CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**—Exhibits: **The Great Kapok Tree**—A participatory environment for experiencing the sights and sounds of the rainforest, based on Lynne Cherry's book. **The Gorgeous Mosaic**—Hundreds of two-inch portraits of children and their neighbors shows the vast ethnicity of the city. **Early Childhood Center and Pattern Making Workshop**—for toddlers and pre-schoolers. **Hands-on Media Center and Television Studio**—Children produce their own newscasts, videos, and films; art and nature workshops. Tisch Building, 212 W. 83rd St. bet. Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. (721-1234). Hours: Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m.–5; Mon.–Fri. 1–5; closed Tues.; Thurs. after 3 free to public-school students with identification; $4.

**CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS—Egyptian Game Making.** Learn about Egyptian myths by making a board game using cardboard, clay, and markers. 1/4 and 5 at 1 and 3; museum admission. Exhibits: featuring an international children's art gallery, Egyptian Temple environment and reading corner, colored movement ball area, preschool climbing structure, and art studio. Designed for children ages 2–12 and their families. 75 Prince St. bet. Broadway and Crosby St. (941-9198). Hours: Tue.–Sun. 11 a.m.–5; Thurs. until 7; $3; under two and over 65, free.

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**—Exhibits: **Remember the Children: Daniel's Story**—This exhibition relates the story of the Holocaust through the eyes of child using artifacts and photos without depicting violent images. **Family Treasures: Toys and Their Tales**—An ongoing exhibit featuring handmade paper dolls, toys from the city's youth, accompanied by photographs and memorabilia of their young owners. Toy Gallery, third floor. Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours: Wed.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5; Sun. 1–5. Closed Mon.; $3; adults $4.

**NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN—Demonstration.** Cherokee Donald Jackson will show how to do quillwork and featherwork. 1/7–10 from 10 a.m. to 12:30. Exhibit: **Beadwork: Cornhusk Dolls and Cradleboards**—See dolls that have traditional clothing representing the six Iroquois nations and cradleboards that include beads, fur, and wood. 3753 Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Hours: Tues.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5; Sun. 1–5; $2; ages 7 and under free; adults $3.

**INFOQUEST CENTER**—A hands-on environment with holograms, satellites, fiber-optics, and robotics to help the curious of all ages discover how these devices and others aid us in retrieving, storing, and managing data. Meet Gor-don the talking robot, program a rock video, find out if you can recognize your own voice, and piece together your face after a video screen scrambles it. There are 40 interactive exhibits. See how microchips are created and how they're used. Also on display: an optical processor, which uses light instead of electricity to transmit information. AT&T, at 56th St. and Madison Ave. (605-5555; for groups, 605-5140); open 10 a.m.–6 daily except Mon. and holidays; Tue. to 9. Free.

**TRANSIT MUSEUM**—Test your subway skills while learning about the world's most complex mass-transportation system. Featuring more than 80 years of transit artifacts, vintage subway cars, trolley cars, and buses in the actual thirties subway station that houses the museum. Corner of Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn (718-330-3060). Hours: Tue.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4; Sat. 11 a.m.–4; $1; adults $2.

*Take 20 percent off the ticket price for these performances when you ask for the Family Theatre Festival brochure at each box office and present the coupon inside. For general information on the Festival savings, call 769-4143.

## BOOKS

**MEALTIME,** by Stephen Shott. Preschool. Dutton, $4.95.

**...ALONG CAME ERIC,** by Gus Clarke. Preschool–Grade 1. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Books, $13.95.

**JOEY'S HEAD,** by Gladys Cretan; illustrated by Blanche Sims. Grades 1–3. Simon & Schuster, $13.95.

**SNAKES,** by Robert M. McClung; illustrated by David M. Dennis. Grades 1–5. Henry Holt & Company, $14.95.

COMPILED BY BERNICE KANNER

## VIDEOS

**THE PARENT'S RAP; OLD YELLER; THE LOVE BUG; KIDNAPPED; IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS; FREAKY FRIDAY; CANDLESHOE; 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA; TREASURE ISLAND, and THE THREE LIVES OF THOMASINA.** Release date 1/6. Disney, $19.95 each.

# NIGHTLIFE DIRECTORY

COMPILED BY GILLIAN DUFFY

**KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS**

| | |
|---|---|
| AE | American Express |
| CB | Carte Blanche |
| DC | Diners Club |
| MC | MasterCard |
| V | Visa |

Please check hours and talent in advance. Many places are forced to make changes at short notice.

## POP/JAZZ

**ANDIAMO—1991 Broadway, bet. 67th–68th Sts.** (362-3315). Italian restaurant with jazz nightly from 9. Through 1/11: Vibraphonist Monte Croft and his trio. **AE, MC, V**

**BLUE NOTE—131 W. 3rd St.** (475-8592). 1/1–5: The Manhattan Transfer. 1/7–12: Dizzy Gillespie's Bebop Jamboree with Kenny Barron, Bob Cranshaw, Elvin Jones, Jimmy Heath, James Moody, and Slide Hampton. Shows Tue.–Sun. at 9 and 11:30, Mon. at 9, 11, and 1 a.m. Every Tue.–Sat. following the last set until 4 a.m.: "After Hours with Ted Curson and Friends." **AE, MC, V.**

**THE BOTTOM LINE—15 W. 4th St.** (228-7880). 1/4: Dave Mason. 1/10, 11: The Mama's and The Papa's. **No credit cards.**

**BRADLEY'S—70 University Pl., at 11th St.** (228-6440). Through 1/4: Pianist Kenny Barron, with Paul West on bass and Ben Riley on drums. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE CAJUN—129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St.** (691–6174). New Orleans style restaurant featuring dixieland jazz. Every Wed.: The Original Traditional Jazz Band. Thu.: Stitch & Styles' Metropolitan Stompers. Fri.: Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Sat.: The New Atlantic Jazz Band. Mon.: Don Reich Swing Trio. Tue.: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Music Mon.–Thu. from 8–11, Fri. 9–midnight, Sat. 8:30–midnight. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CONDON'S—117 E. 15th St.** (254–0960). Cozy restaurant. Every Mon.–Fri. from 6–8:30: Traditional New Orleans Jazz with The Joel Helleny Sextet. 1/1–5: Jimmy Heath Quartet. 1/6: The Clifford Jordan Big Band. 1/7–12: Ruby Braff Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with an extra set Fri.–Sat. at 1 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**EAGLE TAVERN—355 W. 14th St.** (924-0275). 1/3: Morning Star with singer guitarist Mary Courtney, Carmel Johnston on button accordion, and Margie Mulvihill on guitar. **No credit cards.**

**FAT TUESDAY'S—190 Third Ave.** (533-7902). 1/1–5: The Ray Barretto Latin Jazz Group. 1/6, 12: Les Paul Trio. 1/7–12: George Coleman Quartet with Benny Green, David Williams and Lewis Nash. Shows Sun.–Thu. at 8 and 10, Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10 and midnight. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**GREENE STREET CAFE—101 Greene St.** (925-2415). Multi-level floors for entertainment. 1/2–4: Hal Schaefer Trio. 1/5: Dave Berkman. 1/8–11: Dave Leonhardt Trio. Sets Mon.–Thu. at 7, 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30, Fri.–Sat. 7:45–12:15 a.m., Sun. 6:30, 7:30 and 8:30. **AE, MC, V.**

**HORS D'OEUVRERIE—1 World Trade Center** (938-1111). Jazz, dancing, international hors d'oeuvres, and the world's greatest view. Jay D'Amico at the piano from 4–7. The Judd Woldin Trio, Tue.–Sat. from 7:30–12:30 a.m., alternating with song-stylist Grenoldo Frazier. The Cabot/Scott Trio takes over Sun. from 4–9, and Mon. 7:30–12:30 a.m. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**J'S—2581 Broadway, bet. 97th–98th Sts., 2nd floor** (666-3600). 1/2: Lynne Arriale Trio. 1/3: Mike Bocian Quartet. 1/4: Ken Peplowski Quartet. 1/5: William Ash Quartet. 1/6: Dick Hyman. 1/7: Bill Wurtzel with Howard Morgen. 1/8: Pete Malinverni Trio. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**KNICKERBOCKER BAR & GRILL—33 University Pl.** (228-8490). Atmospheric room with jazz every Wed.– Sat. from 9:45. 1/2–4: Pianist Junior Mance with Marty Rivera on bass. **AE, MC, V.**

**MANNY'S CAR WASH—1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th–88th Sts.** (369-2583). Chicago style blues bar. 1/1: Irving Louis Lattin and the Chicago Fire. 1/2: Jerry Portnoy. 1/3, 4: Blue in the Face. 1/5: Blues Jam hosted by the Popa Chubby Band plus special guests. 1/6: Ladies night with the New York City Swing Band. 1/7: Mike Dugan and the Survival Band. Shows nightly from 9, except Sun. at 8:30. **AE.**

**MICHAEL'S PUB—211 E. 55th St.** (758-2272). Through 1/4, Tue.–Sat. at 9:15 and 11:15: LaVern Baker. Woody Allen holds forth most Mondays. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**RED BLAZER TOO—349 W. 46th St.** (262-3112). Wed.: Sam Ulano and the Dixielanders. Thu.: Stan Rubins Big Band. Fri.: Lou Anderson Band followed by *Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks Big Band.* Sat.: The Bob Cantwell Stompers. Sun.: Sol Yaged and his All-Stars followed by Marilyn Sokol. Mon.: Howie Wyeth Ragtime Band. Tue.: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks Big Band. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SAMANTHAS'S—1495 First Ave., at 78th St.** (744-9288). American-continental restaurant with jazz, Fri.– Sat. 9–1 a.m., Sun. 7–10. 1/3, 4: Pianist Ronnie Mathews. 1/5: The Eve Zanni Trio. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SIGN OF THE DOVE—1110 Third Ave., at 65th St.** (861-8080). Jazz singer-pianist Ken Brauner plays every Tue.–Fri. from 5–9. Janice Friedman's Jazz Trio, Tue. and Wed. from 9:30–1:30 a.m. The Ken Brauner Trio play Thu.–Fri. 9:30–1:30 a.m. Sat. guest bands from 10–2 a.m. Sun.–Mon. from 7–11: Reggi Woods Quartet. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**S.O.B.'S—204 Varick St.** (243-4940). A club-restaurant-bar featuring the live music of Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean. 1/2: Prince Kalunda's Morning Drive Rula Brown & Squeezy. 1/8, 9: Max Roach. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**SWEET BASIL—88 Seventh Ave. So.** (242-1785). Through 1/5: Nat Adderley Quartet featuring Vince Herring, Rob Bargad, Walter Booker, and Jimmy Cobb. 1/6: The music of Gil Evans played by the Monday Night Orchestra directed by Miles Evans. 1/7–12, 14–19: McCoy Tyner with Avery Sharpe, and Aaron Scott. Three shows nightly from 10. **AE, MC, V.**

**SWEETWATER'S—170 Amsterdam Ave., at 68th St.** (873-4100). A next-to-Lincoln-Center eatery with excellent entertainment. Every Sun. and Wed."Sweetwater's Goes Latin" with dancing to different Latin orchestras from 8. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**VILLAGE GATE—Bleecker and Thompson Sts.** (475-5120). Every Tue.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 8, Sun. at 3: *The Real Live Brady Bunch.* **Terrace:** Every Mon.: Raphie D'Lugoff Trio, and Sat.–Sun. Singer Lodi Carr. **AE, MC, V.**

**VILLAGE VANGUARD—178 Seventh Ave. So.** (255-4037). 1/1–5: Dr. Michael White's Original Liberty Jazz Band of New Orleans. 1/6: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra. 1/7–12: Danny Moore Quartet featuring Frank Strozier, Harold Mabern, and Joe Dukes. **No credit cards.**

**WETLANDS—161 Hudson St.** (966-5244). Environmentally-oriented music club. 1/2: Water; Acoustic Junction. 1/3: Chucklehead. 1/4: Savoy Truffle; Kindred Spirit. 1/5: Baba Olatunji. 1/6: Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 1/7: Zen Tricksters. **AE, MC, V.**

**ZINNO—126 W. 13th St.** (924-5182). Italian restaurant with music Mon.–Sat. from 8. Through 1/4: Pianist Kirk Lightsey with Cecil McBee on bass and Macus Belgraves *on trumpet.* 1/5: Teri Thornton and Trio. 1/5–11: Pianist Geoff Keezer with James Genus on bass and Steve Nelson on vibes. **AE, MC, V.**

## COUNTRY/WESTERN

**LONE STAR ROADHOUSE—240 W. 52nd St.** (245-2950). 1/3: Black 47. 1/10, 11: Libby Titus. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V**

## COMEDY/MAGIC

**BOSTON COMEDY CLUB—82 W. 3rd St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts.** (477-1000). Boston's best comedians perform nightly. 1/1–4: Kevin Brennan, Charlie Barnett, and Tony Woods. 1/5, Jay Mohr. 1/6: Open Mike with Helen Keaney. 1/7–11: Jim David, Jark Maron, Red Johnny and the Round Guy. Shows Sun.–Thu. at 9, Fri. at 9:30 and 11:30, Sat. at 10 and midnight. **AE, MC, V.**

**CATCH A RISING STAR—1487 First Ave.** (794-1906). Continuous entertainment by comics and singers, seven nights a week. Featuring favorites from "The Tonight Show," "Late Night with David Letterman," and "The Arsenio Hall Show." Shows Sun.–Thu. at 9, Fri. at 8:30 and 11, Sat. at 8, 10:15, and 12:30 a.m. **AE.**

**COMIC STRIP—1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st–82nd St.** (861-9386). Showcase for stand-up comics. Sun.–Thu. the fun starts at 9, Fri. at 9 and 11, Sat. at 8, 10 and 12:15 a.m. **AE, MC, V.**

**DANGERFIELD'S—1118 First Ave.** (593-1650). Through 1/5: Peter Sasso, Stu Trivax, Kent Kasper, Phil Tagliaferri, Nancy Redman, Danny Curtis, and Scott *Bruce.* 1/6–12: *Jim David,* Bill Rutkoski, Darrell Hammond, Mike Eagan, Eddie Feldman, Danny Curtis, and Kent Kasper. Sun.–Thu. at 8:45, Fri. at 9 and 11:30, Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**IMPROVISATION—358 W. 44th St.** (765-8268). Comics and singers seven nights a week, with regulars Mark Cohen, Joe Mulligan, Mike King and Jerry Diner, Sun.–Thu. from 9, Fri. at 9 and midnight, Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:40 a.m. **AE.**

**MONKEY BAR—60 E. 54th St., in the Elysee Hotel** (753-1066). Mon.–Sat.from 5:30–7:30: Pianist Johnny Andrews. Every Fri. and Sat., two shows, first show at 9:30, featuring Mel Martin and Ellen Kaye. Closed Sun. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**MOSTLY MAGIC—55 Carmine St.** (924-1472). Nightclub-theater-restaurant featuring magic and comedy. 1/2: Magicians Eric DeCamps and Margaret Steele. 1/3, 4: Comedy-magicians Bob McAllister and Mark Mitton, with pianist Rich Sanders. 1/7: Comedy-magic Showcase. 1/8: Comedy-magicians Imam and Mark Mitton, with pianist Rich Sanders. Shows Tue.–Thu. at 9, Fri.– Sat. at 9 and 11. **AE, MC, V.**

**STAND-UP NEW YORK—236 W. 78th St.** (595-0850). Club with comics from TV and the national club scene. Through 1/5: Billy Jaye, Jim David, Adrianne Tolsch and Billiam Coronel. Sun.–Thu. at 9, Fri. at 9 and 11:30, Sat. at 8, 10 and 12:30 a.m. **AE, MC, V.**

## DANCING

**BARRYMORE'S HIDEAWAY—32 W. 37th St.** (947-8940). Dining and cheek-to-cheek dancing to singer Julie Oliveri and pianist Mike Cossi, Mon.–Thu.

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

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# NIGHTLIFE

7:30–midnight, Fri.–Sat. till 2 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CAFE SOCIETY—915 Broadway at 21st St.** (529-8282) Dine and dance every Mon.–Tue. from 8–midnight to Stan Bronstein and the Swing Fever Orchestra. Wed.: Jazz and blues. Thu. 9–11: "Cafe La Cage" featuring celebrity impersonators. Fri.–Sat. live D.J. at 11. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**THE CHINA CLUB—2130 Broadway, bet. 74th–75th Sts.** (877-1166). Rock and roll dance club. 1/2 at 10 and midnight: Guitarist Robben Ford and his five-piece band. **No credit cards.**

**MAXIM'S—680 Madison Ave., at 61st St.** (751-5111). Belle Epoque restaurant with dancing to the Maxim's 5-Piece Band every Mon.–Wed. from 8, Fri.–Sat. from 9. **AE, DC.**

**ROSELAND—239 W. 52nd St.** (247-0200). The world-famous ballroom features a 700-seat restaurant-bar, and is open for dancing Thu. and Sun. from 2:30–11. **AE, V.**

**THE SUPPER CLUB—240 W. 47th St.** (921-1940). Romantic elegant 40's style club with dining and dancing to a trio from 8, alternating with the big band music of the Supper Club Orchestra directed by Barry Levitt from 9. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## CABARET

**THE BALLROOM—253 W. 28th St.** (244-3005). Through 2/29: The Second Annual Brazilian Season featuring Tania Alves, 1/2–4, followed by Alcione, 1/7–18. Shows every Tue.–Thu. at 9, Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11:15. **AE, MC, V.**

**DANNY'S—346 W. 46th St.** (265-8133). 1/3, 6: Singer Lee Shirkey with pianist John Wallowitch. 1/4: Singer Jeanne Ricciardelli. 1/5: Singer Sandra Birchette with pianist Albee Barr. 1/7: Singer Yvonne Sherwell with pianist John Wallowitch. **Piano Bar:** Every Wed.–Sat. from 8:30–12:30 a.m.: Pianist Danny Apolinar. Sun., Duke Griffin. Mon.–Tue. Wayne Hosford. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**DON'T TELL MAMA—343 W. 46th St.** (757-0788). 1/2: *Girl Talk* with Bethanne Collins and Tracie Higgins. 1/4: Jenn Taber with Ricky Ritzel; Kelly Kincaide. 1/5: Tony C. Avanti from "Miss Saigon"; Lily Flamingo. 1/6: *Songs of the South,* musical revue. 1/7: Laura Teller and Band. Shows at 8 and 10. **No credit cards.**

**EIGHTY EIGHT'S—228 W. 10th St.** (924-0088). 1/2: John Forester. 1/3: Sarah Zahn; Charles Cermele with *Songs From The Theatre.* 1/4: Sharon Douglas. 1/5: Tom Anderson; Ken Helman. 1/6: *Here's To Our Friends ... The Aids Music Revue.* 1/7: Joyce Lyons; Stephen Sammeth. **No credit cards.**

**55 GROVE STREET—55 Grove St.** (366-5438). 1/4: Kevin Scott Hall and Band; Joanne Agresti. 1/5: Susan and David Dingle; John Dicarlo. 1/6: Lizz Manners. 1/7: J.Q. and The Bandits. **No credit cards.**

**THE JEWEL BOX—323 W. 44th St.** (262-3482). From 1/7, Tue.–Fri. at 10, Sat. at 9 and midnight, Sun. at 9: *The Fabulous Bud E. Luv Show,* starring Bud E. Luv, the Lounge Lizard Parodist. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**JUDYS—49 W. 44th St.** (764-8930). Restaurant-cabaret. 1/7: Jimmy Kichler with pianist Andrew Cooke. 1/8: Doris Chwatsky with pianist Evelyn Finesilver. 1/9–11: John Gabriel. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE RAINBOW ROOM—65th Floor, GE Building, 30 Rockefeller Plaza.** (632-5000). Dine and dance to the Rainbow Room Dance Band alternating with Mauricio Smith and Friends, Tue.–Thu. 7:30–1 a.m., Fri.–Sat. to 2 a.m., Sun. 5–midnight. **Rainbow & Stars:** Elegant cabaret room with a spectacular view. Shows Tue.–Sat. at 9 and 11:15. 1/2–2/1, Tue.–Sat. at 9 and 11:15: Jazz singer-pianist Billy Stritch. 1/5, 12 at 7 and 9:30: *Varieties!* a new variety revue performed by "The Sunday Evening Players". **AE.**

**STEVE McGRAW'S—158 W. 72nd St.** (595-7400) Cabaret theatre supper club. *Forever Plaid,* Tue.–Fri. at 8, Sat. 7:30 and 10:30, Sun. 3 and 7:30. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

## HOTEL ROOMS

**ALGONQUIN—59 W. 44th St.** (840-6800). **Oak Room:** Through 1/4, Tue.–Thu. at 9:30, Fri.–Sat. at 9:30 and 11:30: Singer Andrea Marcovicci with *Home for the Holidays.* 1/7–2/15: David Staller presents *Noel & Cole,* Tue.–Sat. at 9:30, and *Americans Abroad,* on Fri.–Sat. at 11:30. **Lobby:** Singer-pianist Buck Buchholz plays the music of Berlin, Porter, Kern and Gershwin every Wed.–Sat. from 5–8, Sun. 5–10. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**BEEKMAN TOWER—3 Mitchell Place, at 49th St. and First Ave.** (355-7300). **Top of the Tower:** Piano lounge with spectacular panoramic views of Manhattan. Singer-pianist Robert Mosci plays every Tue.–Thu. from 9–1 a.m., Fri.–Sat. from 9–2 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**CARLYLE—Madison Ave. and 76th St.** (744-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** 1/2–2/15, Tue.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45: The Modern Jazz Quartet. **Bemelmans Bar:** 1/2–4/4, Tue.–Sat. from 9:30: Jazz-singer-pianist Ronny Whyte. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**DRAKE—440 Park Ave., at 56th St.** (421-0900). **The Drake Bar:** Singer-songwriter-pianist Jimmy Roberts plays Porter and Gershwin songs plus favorite Broadway show tunes every Tue.– Sat. from 8–midnight. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**HALCYON—151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel** (468-8888). **Piano Room:** Singer-pianist Cathy Herndon plays every Tue.–Sun. from 8:30–12:30 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**INTER-CONTINENTAL—111 E. 48th St.** (421-0836). **The Terrace:** Pianist Marty Berns plays Mon.–Fri. 5:30–11:30 a.m., Tom Nelson plays Sat. and Sun. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**NEW YORK VISTA—3 World Trade Center** (938-9100). **Greenhouse:** Dine and dance every Sat. from 8–11 to the music of the Tony Cabot Trio. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PARKER MERIDIEN—119 W. 56th St.** (245-5000). **Le Bar Montparnasse:** Jazz-pianist Buddy Montgomery and friends, Tue.– Sat. 9–1 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**PIERRE—2 E. 61st St.** (940-8185). **Cafe Pierre:** Pianist-singer Kathleen Landis returns for her seventh consecutive season, Tue.–Sat. from 8–1 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**THE STANHOPE—995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St.** (288-5800). **Dining Room:** Pianist Tony Monte plays every Tue.–Sat. from 6–10. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**U N PLAZA–PARK HYATT—1 United Nations Plaza, at 44th St.** (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Pianist Jeffrey Dawson plays Sun.–Thu. 5:30–12:30 a.m., pianist Andy Wasserman plays Fri.–Sat. 5–9 and Richard Atkins takes over from 9–1 a.m. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

## PIANO ROOMS

**THE ASSEMBLY—16 W. 51st St.** (581-3580). Steak and fish restaurant with pianist Wesley Revyes performing in the lounge, Mon. and Tue. from 5:30–9:30, pianist April plays Wed. and Christopher Gillespie takes over on Thu. and Fri. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**BRUNO—240 E. 58th St.** (688-4190). Northern Italian art-deco restaurant with singer-pianist Danny Nye every Tue.–Fri. from 9–1 a.m., Sat. 10–2 a.m. **AE, MC, V.**

**BUON APPETITO—281 Bleecker St.** (633-2941). Italian restaurant featuring Florentine cuisine. Singer-pianist David Berk plays every Wed.–Sun from 7–11. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

**CAFE SAN MARTIN—1458 First Ave., at 76th St.** (288-0470). Continental/Spanish restaurant with Buyumba providing Spanish-flavored piano every Tue.–Sun. from 7:30–11:30. **AE, MC, V.**

**DIVA—306 E. 81st St.** (650-1928). An intimate new room in a brownstone with singer-pianist Charles De Forest every Mon.–Sat. from 8–12:30 a.m. **MC, V.**

**PARADIS BARCELONA—145 E. 50th St.** (754-3333). Catalan-Mediterranean restaurant with pianist Raphael Tomas every Tue.–Sat. from 6:30–11. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V,**

**STELLA DEL MARE—346 Lexington Ave. bet. 39th–40th Sts.** (687-4425). Singer-pianist Bob Shephard performs, Thu.–Sat. from 6–11. **AE, CB, DC, MC, V.**

**VINSANTO—1619 Second Ave., at 84th St.** (772-3375/3370). Italian restaurant with vintage jazz featuring Bill Spilka and his group every Fri. and Sat. from 11. **AE, DC, MC, V.**

# RADIO
## HIGHLIGHTS

COMPILED BY GIA KOURLAS

**WFUV — 90.7 FM**
**WNCN — 104.3 FM**
**WNYC — 93.9 FM**
**WQXR — 96.3 FM;**
**1560 AM**

### *Wed., Jan. 1*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— J. Haydn:** String Qt. in F, Op. 74.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Beethoven:** Sextet for Two Horns and Strings in E-Flat, Op.81.

**1:00/WNCN—Bizet:** Sym. in C.

**2:00/WNCN— C.P.E. Bach:** Cto. for Harpsichord in d.

**WNYC—Schubert:** "Thirteen Variations on a Theme of Anselm Huttenbrenner."

**4:00/WNCN—Handel:** *Water Music,* Allegro; **Schnell:** Cto. for Two Trumpets No. 5 in D; **Gershwin:** *Cuban,* Ov.

**5:00/WNCN—Borodin:** *Prince Igor,* "Polevetsian March"; **Holst:** *The Planets,* "Jupiter."

**6:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Cto. No. 6 in a, "L'estro armonico," Op. 3; **C. Stamitz:** Parthia for Winds in E-Flat.

**7:00/WNCN— Tchaikovsky:** *Eugene Onegin,* Dances, Op. 24; **Abel:** Sym. No. 5 in C.

**8:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 80 in d; **Martines:** Sinfonia in C.

**WQXR—Bizet:** *Carmen,* Suite; **Elgar:** "Pomp and Circumstance," March No. 1; **Auber:** *The Crown Diamonds,* Ov.; **Sullivan:** *Overture di Ballo.*

### *Thu., Jan. 2*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— C. Stamitz:** Orch. Qt. in F.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— J. Haydn:** Piano Sonata No. 50 in C.

**1:00/WNCN— Mendelssohn:** Octet in E-Flat, Op. 20.

**2:00/WNCN—Bach:** English Suite No. 4 in F; **Dvorák:** *Noon Witch,* Op. 108.

**WNYC—Wieniawski:** Violin Cto. No. 1; **Bartók:** Cto. for Orch.; **Hass:** Study for Orch.

**WQXR—Martinu:** Serenade No. 3 for Oboe, Clarinet, Four Violins, and Cello.

**3:00/WNCN—Britten:** "Matinées Musicales After Rossini," Op. 24; **J.C. Bach:** Cto. for Harpsichord in G, Op. 7.

**WQXR—Bach:** Piano Cto. No. 4 in A, Allegro.

**4:00/WNCN—Uttini:** *Aline,* Ov.; **Vivaldi:** Cto. for Recorder in C; **Wieniawski:** Concert Polonaise, Op. 4.

**WQXR—Schubert:** String Qnt. in A.

**5:00/WNCN—Cassado:** *Dance of the Green Devil;* **Handel:** Cto. for Oboe No. 2 in B-Flat.

**WQXR—Brahms:** Serenade No. 1 in D, Rondo, Op. 11.

**6:00/WNCN—Boyce:** Sym. No. 4 in F; **J. Haydn:** Divertimento for Winds No. 7 in B-Flat.

**7:00/WNCN—Smetana:** *Má Vlast,* "Moldau"; **Mozart:** Cto. for Piano No. 1 in F.

**8:00/WNCN— R. Strauss:** *Macbeth,* Op. 23; **J.L. Adam:** Piano Sonata in E-Flat, Op. 6.

**9:00/WNCN— Beethoven:** Sym. No. 5 in c, Op. 67.

### *Fri., Jan. 3*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— Tchaikovsky:** *Francesca da Rimini,* Op. 32.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Mendelssohn:** *Hebrides,* Ov., "Fingal's Cave," Op. 26.

**1:00/WNCN—Brahms:** Cto. for Violin in D, Op. 77.

**2:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 77 in B-Flat; **Myslivecek:** Sinfonia in E.

**WNYC—Mahler:** Sym. No. 3.

**WQXR—Reicha:** Flute Qt. No. 1 in g, Menuet, Op. 98.

**3:00/WNCN—Liszt:** Mephisto Waltz No. 1; **DeLalande:** Third Caprice.

**WQXR—Delibes:** *Coppelia,* "Marche de la Cloches," Intro., and "Valse des heures."

**4:00/WNCN—Copland:** *Rodeo,* "Buckaroo Holiday"; **Handel:** Cto. Grosso No. 1 in G, Op. 6.

**WQXR—J. Haydn:** String Qt. in G, Allegro moderato, Op. 77.

**5:00/WNCN—Mozart:** *The Magic Flute,* "Queen of the Night Aria"; **Naudot:** Cto. for Recorder in C, Op. 17; **Sullivan:** *The Mikado,* Suite.

**WQXR—Gounod:** *Faust,* Waltz.

**6:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Cto. for Violin No. 8 in d, "La Cetra," Op. 9; **Mozart:** Divertimento in C.

**7:00/WNCN— Mussorgsky:** *Night on Bald Mountain;* **Field:** Rondo for Fortepiano and Strings in A-Flat.

**WQXR—Wieniawski:** Violin Cto. No. 1 in f-sharp.

**8:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 93 in D; **Vivaldi:** Cto. for Violin in g, Op. 12.

**9:00/WNCN—Mozart:** Sym. No. 41 in C, "Jupiter." **WQXR**—The Detroit Symphony Orchestra. **Ravel:** *La Valse;* **Mozart:** Piano Cto. No. 23 in A; **Stravinsky:** *The Rite of Spring.* Soloist: Ax; conductor: Jarvi.

### *Sat., Jan. 4*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— J. Haydn:** String Qt. in E-Flat, Op. 76; **Boccherini:** Sym. No. 4 in d, "Nella casa del diavolo," Op. 12.

**WQXR—Rossini:** Sonata No. 5 in D-Flat for Strings; **Dvorák:** Romance in f, Op. 11.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Grieg:** *Peer Gynt,* Suite No. 1, Op. 46; **Bach:** Cto. for Violin and Panpipes in d.

**WQXR—Mozart:** Divertimento in B-Flat for Winds; **Vivaldi:** Flute Cto. in G, Op. 10.

**12:00/WNCN— Tchaikovsky:** *Marche Slave,* Op. 31; **Handel:** *Saul,* Sinfonias.

**WQXR—J.C. Bach:** Sym. for Double Orch. in E-Flat, Op. 18; **Chopin:** Polonaise No. 2 in e-flat, Op. 26.

**1:00/WNCN— Mendelssohn:** Sym. No. 4 in A, "Italian," Op. 90.

**WQXR—** "Texaco-Metropolitan Opera Broadcast." **Corigliano:** *The Ghosts of Versailles.* Cast: Stratas, Horne, Clark, Quilico, Hagegard; conductor: Levine.

**2:00/WNCN—Zach:** Sinfonia in A; **J. Haydn:** Flute Qt. in G, Op. 5. **WNYC—Nielsen:** Sym. No. 6; **Rachmaninoff:** Piano Cto. No. 2; **Schubert:** String Qt. in D.

**3:00/WNCN—Mozart:** Serenade No. 13 in G; **Schumann:** Sym. in G, "Zwickau."

**4:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Cto. for Flute No. 1 in F, "La Tempesta di Mare," Op. 10; **Telemann:** Cto. for Three Oboes in B-Flat.

**5:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** Divertimento No. 7 in C; **Verdi:** *MacBeth,* Act III, Ballet Music.

**6:00/WNCN—Hertel:** Cto. for Trumpet and Oboe in E-Flat; **Shostakovich:** *Festive,* Ov., Op. 96.

**7:00/WNCN— Beethoven:** Piano Sonata No. 8 in c, "Pathétique," Op. 13; **J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 95 in c.

**8:00/WNCN— Saint-Saëns:** Violin Sonata No. 1 in d; **Mozart:** Divertimento No. 1 in F.

**WQXR**—The Cleveland Orchestra. **Schubert:** *Alfonso und Estrella,* Ov.; **Mozart:** Rondo in D; **Stravinsky:** *The Firebird.* Soloist: Ax; conductor: von Dohnànyi.

**9:00/WNCN—Grieg:** Cto. for Piano in a, Op. 16.

### *Sun., Jan. 5*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— Schubert:** Piano Sonata in a, Op. 42; **Bach:** Fugue for Lute in g.

**WNYC—Mozart:** Sym. No. 34; **Boccherini:** Cello Sonata in C; **Stravinsky:** Sym. in Three Movements.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Vivaldi:** *The Four Seasons,* "Autumn," Op. 8; **M. Haydn:** Nocturne in F.

**12:00/WNCN—Bach:** Orch. Suite No. 2 in b; **Richter:** Cto. for Trumpet in D.

**1:00/WNCN**—The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. **Barber:** Sym. No. 1, Op. 9; *The Prayers of Kierkegard,* Op. 30; *The Lovers,* Op. 43. Cast: Reese, Duesing; conductor: Schenck.

**3:00/WNCN— Beethoven:** Piano Sonata No. 14 in c-sharp, "Moonlight," Op. 27; **J. Haydn:** Cto. for Horn No. 2 in D.

**WNYC—Harrison:** Suite for Violin, Piano, and Chamber Orch., Fifth Movement.

**4:00/WNCN—Rossini:** *The Barber of Seville,* Ov.; **Zach:** Cto. for Oboe in B-Flat.

**5:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Chamber Cto. in g; **R. Strauss:** *Salome,* "Dance of the Seven Veils," Op. 54.

**6:00/WNCN— Bernstein:** *On the Town,* "Times Square"; **Gounod:** *Faust,* Ballet Music.

**7:00/WNCN—Bizet:** *L'Arlésienne,* Suite No. 1; **J. Haydn:** String Qt. in A, Op. 55.

**9:00/WNCN—Mozart:** Cto. for Piano No. 21 in C.

### *Mon., Jan. 6*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 59 in A, "Fire."

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Britten:** *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra,* Op. 34.

**1:00/WNCN— Mendelssohn:** Cto. for Violin in e, Op. 64.

**2:00/WNCN—Mozart:** Sonata for Two Pianos in D; **Weber:** Cto. for Clarinet No. 1 in f, Op. 73.

**WNYC—Sibelius:** Violin Cto.; **Brahms:** Sym. No. 1.

**3:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** String Qt. in F, "Serenade," Op. 3; **W.F. Bach:** Sym. in D.

**4:00/WNCN— C. Stamitz:** Octet No. 1 in B-Flat; **Pfitzer:** *Palestrina,* Act Two, Prelude.

**5:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Cto. for Guitar in D; **Beethoven:** *Coriolan,* Ov., Op. 62.

**6:00/WNCN— Telemann:** Cto. for Three Trumpets in D; **Marsh:** Sym. No. 1 in B-Flat.

**7:00/WNCN— Offenbach:** *Gaite Parisienne;* **J. Haydn:** Flute Qt. in C, Op. 5.

**8:00/WNCN—Falla:** Four Spanish Pieces; **Albinoni:** Cto. for Trumpet in C.

**9:00/WNCN— Tchaikovsky:** Sym. No. 5 in e, Op. 64.

### *Tue., Jan. 7*

**10:00 a.m./WNCN— Rimsky-Korsakov:** *Tale of Tsar Saltan,* Suite.

**11:00 a.m./WNCN— Mozart:** Divertimento No. 4 in F; **Brahms:** *Academic Festival Overture,* Op. 80.

**1:00/WNCN— Gershwin:** Cto. in F.

**2:00/WNCN—J. Haydn:** Sym. No. 8 in G, "Evening"; **Schubert:** Symphonic Fragments in D.

**3:00/WNCN—Zelenka:** Sonata No. 5 in F; **A. Scarlatti:** Sinfonia No. 4 in e.

**4:00/WNCN—Bach:** "Brandenburg" Cto. No. 3 in G; **Vivaldi:** Cto. for Strings No. 10 in b, Op. 3.

**5:00/WNCN—Corelli:** Cto. Grosso No. 7 in D, Op. 6; **Rossini:** *Siege of Corinth,* Ov.

**6:00/WNCN—Vivaldi:** Cto. for Violin No. 11 in c, "La Cetra," Op. 9.

**7:00/WNCN—Borodin:** *Prince Igor,* "Polovetsian Dances"; **C.P.E. Bach:** Sym. in C.

**8:00/WFUV**—"A Box at the Opera." **Rimsky-Korsakov:** *The Golden Cock.*

**WNCN—Mozart:** Cto. for Trumpet in C.

**9:00/WNCN— R. Strauss:** *Also Sprach Zarathrustra,* Op. 30.

# TELEVISION
## HIGHLIGHTS

COMPILED BY STEPHEN DUBNER

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**CUNY City University Television**
**TDC The Discovery Channel**
**DIS The Disney Channel**
**ESPN ESPN**
**FAM The Family Channel**
**HBO Home Box Office**
**TLC The Learning Channel**
**LIFE Lifetime**
**MSG Madison Square Garden Network**
**TMC The Movie Channel**
**MTV Music Television**
**NICK Nickelodeon**
**SHO Showtime**
**SC Sportschannel**
**TBS Turner Broadcasting System**
**TNT Turner Network Television**
**USA USA Network**
**VH1 VH1**

## WED., JAN. 1

**9:00 a.m.**
**11 Twilight Zone Marathon.** Thirteen hours' worth of Rod Serling's spellbinding science-fiction series, with its jarring scripts, eerie effects, and wonderful cameos.

**MTV The Year in Rock: 1991.** MTV's annual report on the bands, trends, controversies, and breakthroughs that fueled another year of the high-strung world of pop music. (1 hr.)

**9:30 a.m.**
**AMC New Years/New Careers.** A film festival featuring the major-film debuts of Hollywood stars. First, Charlton Heston in **Dark City** (1950). At **11:30,** Tyrone Power in **Lloyds of London** (1936); at **1:30 p.m.,** Tony Randall in **Oh, Men! Oh, Women!** (1957); at **3:00,** Kirk Douglas in **The Strange Love of Martha Ivers** (1946); at **5:00,** Richard Widmark in **Kiss of Death** (1947); at **7:00,** the Dead End Kids in **Dead End** (1947); and, at **9:00,** Alan Ladd in **This Gun for Hire** (1942) (1 hr. 30 min.).

**11:30 a.m.**
College-bowl action starts now with the **Peach Bowl** on ESPN, as East Carolina plays North Carolina State. At **1:00,** the **Hall of Fame Bowl** on 4, with Syracuse against Ohio State. Both the **Citrus Bowl** and **Cotton Bowl** start at **1:30;** the former is on 7, with California against Clemson, and the latter on 2, with Florida State taking on Texas A&M. Penn State and Tennessee face off in the **Fiesta Bowl,** at **4:30** on 4. The **Rose Bowl,** with undefeated Washington against Michigan, starts at **5:00** on 7. At **8:00,** Nebraska takes on undefeated Miami, at home, no less, in the **Orange Bowl,** on 4. And at **8:20,** Notre Dame and Florida slug it out in the **Sugar Bowl,** on 7.

**NOON**
**50 Bernstein in East Berlin.** A concert from Christmas Day 1989, in which Leonard Bernstein conducted musicians from the U.S., England, France, both Germanys, and the U.S.S.R. (remember those countries?) in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. (1 hr. 30 min.)

**1:00 p.m.**
**13 Zoo in Budapest** (1933). Gene Raymond has spent his life in the Budapest Zoo; never before has he been so enchanted, though, as with Loretta Young, a runaway who's taken up temporary residence. An utterly charming love story. (1 hr. 30 min.)

**2:00**
**9 Teacher's Pet** (1958). Clark Gable and Doris Day both sparkle in this sharp comedy about a veteran newspaper editor and a journalism teacher whose rules and regulations don't have a lot to do with how the editor works. With nice turns by Gig Young, Mamie Van Doren. (2 hrs. 30 min.)

**2:30**
**13 50 From Vienna: The New Year's Celebration 1992.** From the Golden Hall of the Musikverein, Carlos Kleiber conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, celebrating its 150th anniversary. With appearances by Rudolf Nureyev and the Vienna State Opera, and tenors José Carreras and Plácido Domingo. Simulcast on WNCN (104.3/FM). (1 hr. 30 min.) Also shown at **9:00 p.m.** on 13 and 49.

**4:00**
**13 This Little Light: The Newark Boys Choir in Japan.** It's a long, long trip for the young singers from the New Jersey Boys Chorus School, which demands both musical and academic excellence. (30 min.)

**8:00**
**13 49 Bladerunners With Torvill and Dean.** A one-hour documentary about Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean, the English ice-dancing team known for their innovative choreography and their Olympic gold medal. Also shown at **midnight** and Saturday at **3:30 p.m.** on 13.

**21 A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy** (1982). Woody Allen's lush and pretty, albeit self-conscious, attempt at classical farce. At a lovely Victorian house in the early 1900s, three well-dressed couples come together, split apart, and pair off in new combinations. With Allen, Tony Roberts, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Mary Steenburgen, and Mia Farrow. (1 hr. 30 min.)

**A-E Holiday Inn** (1942). A largely plotless, nevertheless charming, Irving Berlin musical starring Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Virginia Dale as a song-and-dance trio that breaks up and reforms, for the purpose of romance, in various configurations. (2 hrs.)

**HBO Edward Scissorhands** (1990). Tim Burton's visually pleasing but almost completely empty movie about a sad and lonely creature created by a mad scientist—a boy complete except for his hands. At the end of each of his arms hangs a mess of blades and shears of different sizes. With Johnny Depp, Dianne Wiest. (2 hrs.) Also shown Sunday at **9:00 a.m.** and **8:00 p.m.**

**9:00**
**31 Newport Jazz '91.** Among the performers at this year's festival were Lou Rawls, John Hammond, Etta James, and John Lee Hooker. (1 hr.)

**10:00**
**2 48 Hours—"The Opposite Sex."** The battle of the sexes, after a period of dormancy, seems to have returned with a new furor. A look at working relations, singles bars, video dating, and men's groups. (1 hr.)

## THU., JAN. 2

**8:00 p.m.**
**9 The Family Works!** Ann Jillian is the host of this one-hour special about the contemporary American family and how much it has changed in the past 25 years. Includes a roundtable discussion and dramatic vignettes of three types of modern family: working couples, stepfamilies, and single-parent families. Also shown Sunday at **8:00 p.m.**

**11 The Lady in Red** (1979). John Sayles wrote it and Roger Corman produced it, so this potentially dreadful picture about John Dillinger's moll is quite gutsy. Pamela Sue Martin stars; with Robert Conrad, Louise Fletcher, Christopher Lloyd. (2 hrs.)

**9:00**
**7 The Extreme Edge.** A one-hour look at people who defy death in their daily activities: ice climbers, luge racers, and a Navy bomb-disposal team.

**13 21 49 Mystery!—"Campion: Police at the Funeral."** Campion investigates yet another death in the Faraday family. Meanwhile, Uncle William believes he was wounded by a stray cat; Aunt Kitty believes the home to be haunted; and Aunt Caroline believes she is safe in the house although Campion has warned her to the contrary. Part 2 of 2. (1 hr.) Also shown at **midnight** on 13 and Friday at **9:00 p.m.** on 50.

**USA The Lonely Guy** (1984). A collection of black-comedy gags, perhaps the first movie to make self-pity appealing. Steve Martin stars as a depressed New York bachelor, and Charles Grodin is wonderful as the most alienated and inept man in the city. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (2 hrs.)

**10:00**
**13 Edward R. Murrow: This Reporter.** Part 1 of a two-part profile of the American journalist who, on both radio and television, put his mark on the historical events he covered so well. Part 2 shown next Thursday at this time. (1 hr.)

**TBS The King of Comedy** (1983). Martin Scorsese's fascinating but coldly sarcastic and despairing study of a pathological show-business hustler. Robert De Niro is Rupert Pupkin, an aspiring comic obsessed with a Johnny Carson–type entertainer (Jerry Lewis). With a charismatic Sandra Bernhard as Rupert's accomplice. (2 hrs. 15 min.)

**3:00 a.m.**
**13 Alexander Nevsky** (1938). Some prefer Eisenstein's brilliant silent films to the sound-era epics he produced under Stalinist constraints, but the magnificent battle scenes and a deservedly famous Prokofiev score make this later work a classic by any standard. Russian peasants led by Nevsky defeat German invaders in the thirteenth century. With Nikolai Cherkassov. In Russian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 50 min.)

## FRI., JAN. 3

**7:00 p.m.**
**FAM Prince Valiant: The Voyage to Camelot.** A two-hour animated special featuring the voices of Robby Benson (Prince Valiant) and Efrem Zimbalist Jr. (King Arthur).

**8:00**
**2 Dead Poets Society** (1989). Very high-minded and very phony. In a straitlaced Wasp boys' school in 1959, a group of caution-bound students fall under the spell of a flamboyant English teacher (Robin Williams), who rouses them not only to the beauty and power of words but to their own powers as individuals. (3 hrs.)

**MAX Jesus of Montreal** (1990). The theatricality and skill of Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand redeems a pretentious idea. In Montreal, a saintly young actor, Daniel (Lothaire Bluteau), puts together an irregular troupe of performers and mounts a radical new version of the Passion play. With Rémy Girard and Catherine Wilkening. In French, with subtitles. (2 hrs.)

**9:00**
**13 49 . . . Talking With David Frost.** The journalist probes the minds of President and Barbara Bush on topics including the Clarence Thomas–confirmation hearings, the U.S. economy, and the heady ascendancy of Russian president Boris Yeltsin. (1 hr.) Also shown at **10:00** on 50, at **midnight** on 13, and Saturday at **6:00 p.m.** on 21.

**TDC World of Valor.** A new series that each week profiles an elite corps of armed forces. Tonight, the French Foreign Legion, raised in 1831 by King Louis Philippe to economize French manpower in the conquest of Algeria. (30 min.)

**10:00**
**13 49 Ray Charles: The Genius of Soul.** A profile of the innovative and influential musician, whose life experience has

een every bit as unique as is music. Performance lips, archival footage, and nterviews with a number f musicians. (1 hr.) Also hown at **midnight** n 21 and at **1:00 a.m.** n 13.

AX **The Two Jakes** 1990). Judge for yourself: s Jack Nicholson's sequel o Roman Polanski's *hinatown* indeed one of he most impenetrably omplicated and nrewarding movies in ears? With Harvey eitel, Meg Tilly, adeleine Stowe, and Rubén Blades. 2 hrs. 20 min.)

**:50 a.m.**
7 **ABC In Concert.** *Keith Richards, the heart* nd soul of the Rolling tones, leads his other band, the X-Pensive Winos, in a concert from Hollywood's Palladium. Also, an interview with *the* often reclusive guitarist. (1 hr.)

## SAT., JAN. 4

**3:00 p.m.**
11 A Dudley Moore double bill. First, **Lovesick** (1983), a sophisticated, charmingly unimportant comedy written and directed by Marshall Brickman. With Elizabeth McGovern and Alec Guinness. At **5:00,** the beloved **Arthur** (1981), in which director Steve Gordon revived the giddy conventions of thirties screwball comedy with style and wit. Moore is *the drunken millionaire* playboy, John Gielgud his superbly contemptuous butler, Liza Minnelli the working-class girl he pursues, and Jill Eikenberry his upper-class fiancée (2 hrs.).

**7:00**
AMC **Reflections on the Silver Screen: Rod Steiger.** A new interview with the actor who shone in *On the Waterfront, In the Heat of the Night, The Pawnbroker,* and many other films. (1 hr.)

**8:00**
4 **Uncle Buck** (1989). John Hughes's sentimental comedy is a great vehicle (and little else) for John Candy, who stars as a carefree bachelor left in charge of his young nephew and nieces. With Amy Madigan, Jean Kelly. (2 hrs.)

13 **What Price Hollywood?** (1932). The sharp-edged comedy/drama, directed by George Cukor. Lowell Sherman *stars as the alcoholic film* director who keeps things together just long enough to propel a waitress to stardom. Followed, at **9:30,** by the film it inspired: **A Star Is Born** (1937). It's the original version of the Judy Garland–James Mason musical, and a better film—less hysterical and more moving. Janet Gaynor (a bit long in the tooth, but giving a decent performance) is the rising star; Fredric March is enormously handsome, tender, and affecting as the falling idol, Norman Maine. William Wellman directed; also shown Sunday at **6:00 p.m.** (1 hr. 55 min.).

BRV **Wanda** (1971). Barbara Loden wrote, *directed, and stars in this* quiet, very perceptive drama. Loden plays a dispirited housewife whose quest for a new life and love takes her to a small-time hood who tries *to turn her into his* partner. (2 hrs.)

**8:30**
9 The **New Jersey Nets** come to free TV, but will anybody be interested at this point in the season? Still woeful, still bickering, the Nets visit the world champion **Chicago Bulls** tonight, led by Michael Jordan, Scottie Pippen, and a supporting cast of what seems like thousands.

**9:00**
CUNY **Steamboat Bill, Jr.** (1928). Buster Keaton in a nice silent romp about a feeble young man trying to live up to the manly expecations of his steamboat-captain father. *(1 hr. 40 min.)*

**2:30 a.m.**
11 **Johnny Belinda** (1948). Jane Wyman won an Oscar for her excellent portrayal of a young deaf-mute who wins the attention and aid of a patient doctor. With Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Agnes Moorehead. (2 hrs.)

## SUN., JAN. 5

**10:35 a.m.**
TBS **The Chase** (1966). An uneven but intriguing drama, based on a Horton Foote novel, about a local boy who escapes from a Texas prison. With Robert Redford, Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson. Irving Penn directed. (2 hrs. 45 min.)

**1:00 p.m.**
9 **Invasion of the Body Snatchers** (1978). Philip Kaufman's splendid remake of the 1956 classic, with podlike invaders from outer space inhabiting the bodies and *minds of San Franciscans.* The joke is that no one notices the difference. Funny, and with a more visceral approach to horror than the original. With Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Brooke Adams, and Jeff Goldblum. (2 hrs.)

**1:20**
TBS **Benji** (1974). A swell dog-and-kids comedy starring Higgins as the title dog. Benji lives in a deserted old house, each day visiting a pair of kids who he discovers have been kidnapped. Soon enough, a rescue is under way. (1 hr 45 min.)

**2:30**
11 Paul Newman in a pair of colorful Westerns. First, with Lee Marvin and *Strother Martin in* **Pocket Money** (1972); and, at **4:30, The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean** (1972), with Newman as the self-appointed judge of a practically unpopulated territory (2 hrs. 30 min.).

**4:00**
FAM **The Mark of Zorro** (1940). A jubilant spectacle starring Tyrone Power as the son of an aristocrat, distressed with the excesses of his class, who becomes a masked champion of the downtrodden. (2 hrs.)

**8:00**
13 **Horse Tigers.** A look at the life and times of the zebra, one of Africa's most identifiable beasts, including its behavioral patterns and social structure. (1 hr.)

A-E **The Class of the 20th Century.** The debut of a twelve-part series, with host Richard Dreyfuss, that interviews *100 famous Americans* about the shards of history they remember the best, and how those moments affected their lives. Tonight: 1901–1929. (1 hr.)

**9:00**
2 **Diagnosis of Murder.** Dick Van Dyke stars in this new TV movie, playing a frivolous doctor who likes to solve crimes on the side. With Mariette Hartley, Ken Kercheval, Bill Bixby. (2 hrs.)

4 **In the Arms of a Killer.** (Reviewed in this issue.) An enjoyable thriller starring Jaclyn Smith as a well-connected rookie police detective who falls for a surgeon who very well might be involved in the murders she's investigating. (2 hrs.)

7 **Three Fugitives** (1989). A modestly *engaging romp about an* ex-con man and a would-be bank robber on the lam after a failed robbery attempt. Their misadventures are complicated by the bank robber's young daughter's growing affection for the con man. With Nick Nolte and Martin Short. (2 hrs.)

13 **Parnell and the Englishwoman—"The Outrage."** Part 2 of a four-part *Masterpiece Theatre* series about the Irish hero whose affair with a British woman proved his downfall. In this segment, Parnell promises his constituents to bring home rule to Ireland. (1 hr.) Also shown at **10:00** on 49, at **11:00** on 21, and Monday at **9:00 p.m.** on 50.

**10:00**
13 **Taggart: The Root of Evil.** Mark McManus is detective Jim Taggart, asked to find a psychopathic killer who's been practicing his trade in Glasgow. Part 1 of 3. (1 hr. 20 min.)

**11:00**
21 **Piano Pizzazz.** Harry Connick Jr.; Ellis Marsalis, and Carmen McRae are among the pianists who toast their instrument's contribution to jazz and pop music. (1 hr.)

**11:20**
13 **Shoot the Piano Player** (1962). François Truffaut's magical early film is about a withdrawn piano player (Charles Aznavour) who gets involved in murder. Made in the director's casually *lyrical throwaway style. In* French, with subtitles. (1 hr. 25 min.)

## MON., JAN. 6

**8:00 p.m.**
11 **Star 80** (1983). A cold and bitter account of the miserable career and ghastly death of *Playboy* centerfold Dorothy Stratten. Bob Fosse directed and scripted (adapting a *Village Voice* story); with Mariel Hemingway, monotonous, as Dorothy, *and Cliff Robertson as* Hugh Hefner. (2 hrs.)

13 **The Health Quarterly.** A look at the sprawling problems facing America's health-care system, from exorbitant premiums to inadequate child care, from rampant drug use to the spread of AIDS. (1 hr.) Also shown Tuesday at **8:00 p.m.**

TDC **Wild Dog Dingo.** Cinematographer Gary Steer spent three years among Australian *dingoes, trying to* determine whether they are indeed vicious killers, intelligent animals capable of being domesticated, or both. (1 hr.)

**9:00**
4 **Murder Without Motive: The Edmund Perry Story.** (Reviewed in this issue.) A new TV movie based on the 1985 death of a young black man—an Exeter grad—who was shot by a policeman while back home in Harlem. (2 hrs.)

5 **Florio Under Fire.** A one-hour news report on the troubled reign of New Jersey governor Jim Florio.

7 **Survive the Savage Sea.** (Reviewed in this issue.) Robert Urich leads his TV-movie family in a round-the-world sea voyage, which includes having their schooner capsized by whales. With Ali MacGraw. (2 hrs.)

13 49 **The Quiz Show Scandal.** By the mid-fifties, the country had become obsessed with TV and most of all, TV's game shows. The real-life people who took home thousands of dollars were instant heroes, and the *shows instant hits. But* America was due for a huge letdown: Many of the games, it turns out, were fixed. (1 hr.) Also shown at **midnight** on 13.

**10:00**
13 49 **Learning in America: Education on Trial—"Do We Need a National Report Card?"** The question of whether American students need to be audited on a national basis is debated in a courtroom, with a presiding judge and lawyers who present *witnesses on either side of* the issue. Part 1 of 3. (1 hr. 30 min.) Also shown at **1:00 a.m.** on 13 and Tuesday at **10:00 p.m.** on 21.

**11:00**
TNT **The Year of Living Dangerously** (1982). Mel Gibson stars as a young Australian journalist in Indonesia in 1965—the year of a failed Communist coup. He hires a Chinese Australian dwarf (Linda Hunt, who won an Oscar) as his photographer and falls in love with a British diplomat (Sigourney Weaver). Peter Weir directed. (2 hrs. 30 min.)

**MIDNIGHT**
DIS **Gilda** (1946). An amusing and sinister *triangle drama with Glenn* Ford and George Macready fighting for the favors of the dazzling Rita Hayworth. Charles Vidor directed. (2 hrs.)

## TUE., JAN. 7

**7:30 p.m.**
SHO **We All Have Tales: The Monkey People.** This month's episode of the family special is about a village in the Amazonian rain forest where all the people want to do is lie in their hammocks. A stranger comes to town one day and creates monkeys who will do all their work for them. (30 min.)

**8:00**
5 **On Golden Pond** (1981). A triumph for Henry Fonda as an elderly *retired professor* summering with his wife of 48 years (Katharine Hepburn) at their idyllic New Hampshire cottage. Hepburn is goosey and likable, but the rest of the movie is somewhat embarrassing. With Jane Fonda, Doug McKeon, and Dabney Coleman. (2 hrs.)

13 49 **Nova—"Will Venice Survive Its Rescue?"** Some say that the new high-tech floodgates the city is planning will destroy the surrounding lagoon. (1 hr.) Also shown at **9:00** on 21.

**9:00**
2 **Miles From Nowhere.** Rick Schroder and James Farentino star in this new TV movie. A father and son bicker about the latter's future, which takes a dramatic turn when the son (Schroder) lends his car to his younger brother, who gets into a serious accident. (2 hrs.)

13 **Broken Minds.** A look at the struggle to cure, or at least determine the cause of, schizophrenia, which is believed to affect more than 3 million Americans. (1 hr.)

**10:00**
13 49 **The Future Is Now: Taking Care of Business.** The first segment of a three-part special exploring the recent marriage of *computers and* telecommunications, and how that union is expanding the way that business is conducted. (1 hr.)

**10:05**
TBS **My Body, My Child.** A potentially melodramatic but ultimately profound 1982 TV movie about a woman who must decide between *having an abortion or* having a deformed child. Jack Albertson's last performance, and one of Vanessa Redgrave's better ones. (2 hrs.)

# TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTIES

*Town And Country Properties* is a weekly feature. **Special rates effective with the January 6, 1992 issue:** $34.00 per line, per issue, flat rate. Two-line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line (count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character). Display ads are available at $495 per inch, one-time insertion. Certified check or money order must accompany copy and be received by Tuesday for the issue on sale the next Monday. Phone orders accepted only with American Express, MasterCard or Visa. Deadline for line listings is Tuesday at 5pm for the issue on sale the next Monday. **Contact Christina Post for information and billing procedures.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Write **Town And Country Properties** Department, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017-5906 or call 212-643-6500.

## APARTMENT
## To Share

**Prof'l Woman Seeks Same**—Lovely 2-BR, drmn, 333 E. 34th. $675/mo. 212-685-0134

**SWAP IT..SELL IT..RENT IT..**

**SEE IT..In Print & Get Results.**
NEW YORK Magazine's
Town & Country Properties Section.
**Call Christina Post at 212-643-6500**
for details & advertising information.

## COOP/CONDO
## Manhattan

**East Village Townhouse**—Duplex Penthouse w/fplc & terrace. No maint. $395K. **Owner - 516-286-2855**

## HOUSE
## New Jersey

**Montague, NJ**—Lakefront. 2 BR, fplc, deck, tennis, golf. $79,900. 201-293-3267

## HOUSE
## Nassau-Suffolk

**Bellport/Brookhaven**—Historic District. 3 acre farmhouse w/stable & pond, $420K. 2 acre European Contemp w/2 ponds & cottage, $395K. **Owner: 516-286-2855**

**New York's Town & Country Properties**
To advertise your special property,
call Christina Post at
**212-643-6500.**

## FURNISHED APARTMENT

**Room For Rent In Lovely 2-BR Apt**—Forest Hills. 20 min NYC/airport/LI. Prof'l female preferred. $400/mo. **718-261-0466**

## FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

**Boca**—Best buys in lux prop. at all price levels. ARVIDA REALTY SALES, LTD. **Call RON BACHRAD at 800-225-7845**

# TRAVEL

*New York Travel* is a weekly feature. **Special Rates effective with the January 6, 1992 issue:** $35.00 per line, one-time ad; $33.00 per line, four-time ad; $ 32.00 per line, seven-time ad. 36 characters equal 1 line (count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character). The first line is available in bold print followed by a dash. Minimum ad - two lines. Add $25.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Display Classified ads are available at $495 per inch, one-time insertion. Complete rate card available. **Certified check or money order must accompany copy and be received by Tuesday for issue on sale the next Monday.** Phone orders accepted only with American Express, Mastercard or Visa. **Travel Section,** Classified Department, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017-5906 or call 212-643-6500. **Contact Cynthia Cordy or Kendra Callahan for billing procedures and advertising information.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

## TRAVEL SERVICES

**GLOBAL TRAVEL NETWORK**
**The largest airline ticket consolidator for Central/South America & the Caribbean,** is now offering big discount fares to the general public. For info. call 800-878-5200.

## AIRLINE

**LOW FARES - ASIA & EUROPE** Tokyo $900. London $580. All round-trip & other cities. Air Fair International. 17 Battery Pl. NYC 10004. **1-800-832-6668 / 212-809-3818**

## CRUISE

**DISCOUNT CRUISES**
International Tours 212-242-2277

## INNS & LODGES
## New York

**Roslyn Village Motel, LI**—A charming motel in the historic village of old Roslyn. Convenient to city. Dly/wkly. **516-621-9657**

## BED & BREAKFAST
## New York

**Gracie Inn - Hotel**—Apt. E. 81st & York. Bkfst incl. $79-$175/night. 212-628-1700

**Elegant, Upscale, Central Park South**—2 BR, 2 bath. Hi flr - park view. Fireplace, 50" TV. Weekly rates. Barry 212-582-2663

**A Manhattan Hotel Alternative**—Private apts from $90 per day. 212-206-9237

**Manhattan - Elegant Furnished Apts**—Short-term rentals. Daily, weekly & monthly. Moderate rates. Rooms also avail. Please call: 1-800-531-4057

**NYC Hosted/Unhosted**—In 30s, 1-2 BR apts. Low $$. 212-684-3255

**NEW YORK Magazine's**
**TRAVEL Section WORKS!**
Reach 1.7 Million Readers Who Are Looking For Places To Go, Things To Do... In And Out Of The City. To Plan Your Advertising Schedule, Call: Cynthia Cordy or Kendra Callahan **212-643-6500.**

## BED & BREAKFAST
## Florida

**KEY WEST - Curry Mansion Inn**
Fabulous Victorian showplace - now romantic Inn. Elegant. Complimentary breakfast. Daily cocktail party. Beach club. Golf, tennis, snorkel. Walk to everything. Voted best guest house in Key West. Call **1-800-253-3466** for new brochure.

**...TRAVEL...TRAVEL...TRAVEL...**
Reach Over 1.7 Million Readers
Who Love To Travel! Call 212-643-6500

## HOTEL
## New York

**Chelsea Inn**—17th St/5th Ave. $60-$135 212-645-8989/1-800-640-6469

**Milburn Suite Hotel - 242 W. 76th St.**
Stay In NYC's Finest Neighborhood.
Newly renovated, modern, spacious rooms w/kitchenettes, from $89 per night.
**NY: 212-362-1006 800-833-9622**

## VILLA/CONDO/APTS
## Mexico

**Acapulco**—Lux villa - 5 BRs/bths, pool, staff, nr beach/shops, low $$. 212-684-3255

## VILLA/CONDO/APTS
## The Islands

**Anguilla**—Romantic, private water's edge 1-BR w/great day/nite views. 212-996-3468

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# HEALTH AND FITNESS

*New York Health And Fitness* is a weekly feature. **Rates effective with the January 6, 1992 issue:** $49.00 per line, one-time ad; $43.50 per line, four consecutive ads. 36 characters equal 1 line (count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character). The first line is available in bold print followed by a dash. No abbreviations. Minimum ad - two lines. Add $25.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Display Classified ads are available at $525 per inch, one-time insertion. Complete rate card available. **Certified check or money order must accompany copy and be received by Tuesday for issue on sale the next Monday.** Phone orders accepted only with AMEX, Mastercard or Visa. **Health And Fitness** Section, Classified Department, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017-5906 or call 212-643-6500. **Contact Mark Bristow for billing procedures and advertising information.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

### COUNSELING

**PERSONAL PROBLEMS?**
**Psychotherapy Associates** Are Specialists
In Making The Right Referral.
Free Phone Consultation. **212-439-4994**

### DANCE

**Adult Ballet**—Exercise/Stretch Classes. Dale Brown. 10th St. & 6 Av. 212-787-6115

### HOLISTIC HEALTH

**Sacred Intimate Counsel**
The Next Level: God-Being 212-686-3273

**Healthful Body & Mind**—Best Bodywork. Super Blue-Green Algae. 212-874-2982

### HYPNOSIS

**Certified Hypnotherapist**—Smoking, Weight. Only One Session. 212-265-2772

**Therapeutic Hypnosis**—Stress, Smoking, Weight, Fears, Pain. Nancy Donenfeld, certified since 1972. 200 E. 61 St. 758-7575

**Hypnosis · Counseling** For Weight,
Smoking, Anxieties & Personal Problems.
Dr. Winter - 50 E. 42nd St. **212-867-4145**

### MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

**Mano Matthews**—Also Dancers'/Sports Massage. W.73. 212-724-0717, 787-1883

**Expert Swedish**—Deep Tissue, Pressure Pts. Injuries. Jeanie. 7 Days. 212-750-8947

**NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA**
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room.
M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail.
**11 E. 36th. 212-447-6666 800-834-7286**

**Massage Techniques**—Hauppauge. Just A Call Away. Residential. 516-348-7082

**Swedish/Shiatsu**—Have You Forgotten How Great It Feels? Joyce: 212-696-0043

**Therapeutic Massage for Men/Women**—Swedish/Shiatsu/Sauna. 212-594-1602

**LOTUS JAPANESE SPA**
Shiatsu - Swedish / **NY Penn Hotel**
**(212) 502-8732** Open 7 Days. Men/Women

**Licensed Therapeutic Massage**—Douglaston, Queens. 718-225-1123

**KOBE 56 - JAPANESE SPA**
Shiatsu, Steam, Sauna. Men & Women.
**(212) 586-0555 / 333-2588** - 7 Days

### MEDICAL

**Colon Therapy With Nurse**
Healing Stress-Reduction Specialists
In Private Atmosphere. **212-831-6433**

**RN · *Irrigations***—Individual Disposable Packs. $35. Tues thru Fri. 212-725-1425

### OPTICAL

**Contact Lenses / Super Bargains**
Acuvue Disposable Lens.
**We Will Beat All Advertised Prices.**
Colors Too! Discount Frames.
**Call For Free Brochure · 212-294-9084**

### PERSONAL GROWTH

**Healing Connection Groups**—For Survivors Of Childhood Abuse. 889-3532

### PHYSICAL FITNESS

**Shape Up At Home Or Office**—Certified, One-On-One Fitness Inst. 212-254-9770

**Personal/Pro Trainer**—I Will Make You Look & Feel Your Very Best. 212-213-1415

**BeachBodies**—In-home fitness trainer/nutritional counseling. The Best Workout for You inside & out. Cert. **212-247-6934**

**Personal Trainer**—Former AAU Mr. America Body Builder. Will tailor to your individual goals. Lou Denis. 718-424-8709

**Personalized Exercise - 212-966-1249**—Expert Instruction In Your Own Home.

**Advertise Your Product Or**
Service In New York Magazine's
Health & Fitness Section.
For Advertising Information, Call
Mark Bristow At **212-643-6500.**

### WEIGHT CONTROL

**LOSE WEIGHT SENSIBLY**
Lose 3-5 lbs per week
working **one-on-one**
*with a specially-trained MD.*
**FIFTH AVENUE MEDICAL INSTITUTE**
**Official Medifast® Center**
Most Insurance Accepted
860 5th Ave. (68th St.) **212-628-3113**

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**Personal Weight Counselor**—Exp. Healthful & Affordable Plan. 758-8016

***THE SPA AT GRAND LAKE, CT.***
***Under New Ownership - remodeled rooms.*** Lose up to 10 lbs per week
while being ***pampered.***
·3 Gourmet Diet Meals ·Free Massage Daily
·Fitness Classes ·Yoga, Spa, Indoor Pool.
***Call us for the most relaxing vacation of your life!***
Outside CT: 1-800-THE SPA-1
In CT: 203-642-4306

**Stop Dieting! Change Habits.** Free consultation, one-on-one, your office or ours. **The Caryl Ehrlich Program 212-986-7155**

**MEDIFAST**
Weight Loss & Control Program
Offices In NY & Bergen County
212-517-1495

*Lose Weight at Lovely*
*Florida Oceanfront Resort*
**Healthful weight loss through medically supervised programs, blended with varied exercises and vegetarian cuisine**
**Free Brochure 1-800-695-9591**
**Regency Health Resort & Spa**
**Dept. NY2, 2000 S. Ocean Drive**
**Hallandale, FL 33009, 305-454-2220**

NEW YORK Magazine's
HEALTH AND FITNESS Section
Exercise Good Judgment
And Do Something Healthy
For Your Ad Campaign!
For rates and information,
call Mark Bristow at
212 • 643 • 6500

# BOAT AND YACHT

*New York Boat And Yacht* is a weekly feature. **Rates effective with the January 6, 1992 issue:** $49.00 per line, one-time ad; $43.50 per line, four consecutive ads; $38.00 per line, seven consecutive ads. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line (count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character). The first line is available in bold print followed by a dash. No abbreviations. Minimum ad - two lines. Add $25.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Display classified ads are accepted. Complete rate card available. **Certified check or money order must accompany copy and be received by Tuesday for issue on sale the next Monday.** Phone orders accepted only with American Express, MasterCard or Visa. **Boat And Yacht Section**, Classified Department, New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., NY, NY 10017-5906, 212-643-6500. **Contact Denise Sisto for billing procedures and advertising information.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

**DOVE YACHT CHARTERS**
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two - to your
largest corporate events.
**NYC 212-645-9348 NJ 201-482-1991**

**MYSTIQUE**
Classic Wedding Parties
**MYC, Inc, Wall St, NYC 718-351-9395**

**Advertise in NEW YORK Magazine's**
**BOAT AND YACHT Section.**
**Call Denise Sisto at 212-643-6500.**

**Wedding & Party Packages**—Start at $15.95 pp. incl. food & bar. Since 1972.
GALA BOAT LINES: 212-307-0985

**YACHT OWNERS ASSOC. of NY, Inc.**
Over 400 Owners · CHARTER DIRECT
Boat info - 7 days a wk. **212-736-1010**

**WORLD YACHT**
**CHARTERS · WE DO IT ALL!**
· In the charter business for 22 years · Can accommodate 2 to 2,000 persons · Perfect for **CHRISTMAS PARTIES**, corp. events, product launches, weddings, bar mitzvahs or any occasion · Choose from over 200 yachts in the tri-state area · Sales office open 7 days a week for vessel inspection · Flexible pricing & no boarding/docking fees at our marina · Expert catering as well as flowers, music & all details will be handled by our experienced staff · We charter Coast Guard-approved vessels & offer convenient parking right at our pier. **Call Stan Biesky or Michael Marchetta at (212) 627-2775.**

**To Advertise Your Vessel**—
In the BOAT AND YACHT Section,
call Denise Sisto 212-643-6500.

**YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS**
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

**MANHATTAN YACHT CHARTERS**
**Plan Christmas Now!** Industry leader for 7 yrs. The finest service & attention to detail. **212-995-5470; 203-838-0637**

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New York abounds with variety and so does NEW YORK Magazine's Classified Section. No matter what you're advertising, these pages have the appropriate place for you!

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Call 212-643-6500
to find your place in NEW YORK.

# NEW YORK KIDS

## CHILD CARE

**Child Care In My Home**—Nursery, arts & crafts, videos, play. 0-5 yrs. Mon-Fri, 8am-8pm. $585/mo. E. 80s. **212-867-3585**

## ENTERTAINMENT

**A Touch Of Class DJs**—Disco Parties, Ninja Turtles, Bart, Batman. 718-966-0255

**Big Apple Circus Teacher**—Not Just a Clown. One-Man Circus. Keefer: 679-7575

**Casey The Baby Chimp & Jiggs**—Adults/kids. Show, mingle, delivery. 914-357-3318

**Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!**—And Clown/Bunny Act too! For ages 1-99! Will travel anywhere! **Call 212-475-7785**

**· CELEBRATIONS JUST FOR KIDS ·**
Creating Unique Memories
Customized themes, costumed characters, clowns and much more. Free brochure.
**516-368-7923 Michael J. 212-797-1898**

**Mr. Lucky's Performing Dogs & Stanley**--World's Smartest Pig. 800-564-8873

**Silly Lilly Clown**—Magic! Face Painting! Balloons! Also M. Mouse! 212-931-3099

**Starmite Puppets**—Ninjas, Turtles, Mermaids, Superheroes! Ages 2-10. 473-3409

## ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

**Mitzvah Pros**—New, hi-tech, entertaining party favors. Lit/video avail. 800-223-6060

**BAR/BAT MITZVAH**
**AT DEZERLAND'S '50s FUN CITY**
The Most Unique Party Space in Manhattan!!! We offer you 6 clubs under one roof. Kids and adults will have the time of their lives cruising through our '50s Hot Rod Club, Indoor Drive-In Movie Theatre, Sing-Along Room, a unique and exciting 40,000-sq-ft multimillion-dollar Gameroom/Sports Complex, and the only '50s Automobile Collection in New York. 50-1,000 guests w or w/out catering. The coolest Bar/Bat Mitzvah space anywhere.
**Call Claire Shore (212) 564-4590**

**"CELEBRATE YOUR NEXT PARTY"**
**AT DEZERLAND'S '50s FUN CITY**
The Coolest Kids' Birthday Spot in NYC! Carousel, drive-in movie, disco parties, games...$500 for 25 kids. We supply it all!
**Call Claire Shore (212) 564-4590.**

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**Party Poopers**—Come to Manhattan's newest party place for kids! 212-587-9030

"BEST FAMILY SHOW IN TOWN!"
*WWOR-TV*
**RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET**
NY'S NEWEST MUSICAL SENSATION!
Variety Arts Theatre, 3rd Ave. & 14th St.
*TELECHARGE (212) 239-6200*

**NEW YORK KIDS—The Place To Be.** Be a part of this guide to special events and services designed just for children! For rates and information, call Denise Sisto at 212-643-6500.

# ENTERTAINING

*New York Entertaining* is a weekly feature. **Rates effective with the January 6, 1992 issue:** $49.00 per line, one-time ad; $43.50 per line, four consecutive ads; $38.00 per line, seven consecutive ads. 36 characters equal 1 line (count each letter, space and punctuation mark as a character). The first line is available in bold print followed by a dash. No abbreviations. Minimum ad - two lines. Add $25.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Display Classified ads are available at $525 per inch, one-time insertion. Complete rate card available. **Certified check or money order must accompany copy and be received by Tuesday for issue on sale the next Monday.** Phone orders accepted only with American Express, MasterCard or Visa. **Entertaining** Section, Classified Department, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017-5906 or call 212-643-6500. **Contact Denise Sisto for billing procedures and advertising information.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

## CARICATURES

**Leading Caricaturist**—Enliven your business or private party. 212-873-1695

**Herman**—"Party Artist Par Excellence." Unique portraits via mail. 914-357-3318

**Caricatures By Cheryl Gross**—Will make your party great! 718-768-7407

**Caricatures & Face Readings**—By Sherry Lane, since 1968. Corp./Priv. 212-675-6224

**Caricatures By Dale Gladstone**—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. 718-782-2250

**Caricatures By Giordano**—Free samples. Fast. Reasonable prices. 201-778-6379

**CARICATURES AHEAD BY A NOSE!** Quality, humorous art by F. Fassberger. Personable & professional. **201-861-3797**

**Caricaturist/Comedian**—Fast, Funny, Friendly. 212-254-8927/914-834-4079

**The Good, The Bad & The Beautiful!**—Realistic Caricatures. 212-662-8097

## ENTERTAINMENT

**SINGING TELEGRAMS**
**NEW YEAR'S BALLOONS**
Get This Year's Party Off The Ground!
**NY's BEST CLASSACT 718-482-7464**

**Fun New Corporate Party Ideas**—Latest hi-tech entertainm't/favors. 800-223-6060

FUN NEW PARTY IDEAS
**Instant Superimposed Photos Of Guests.** Movie, magazine, sport themes, etc. Look-alikes, video/audio & money booths, MCs, DJs, theme dancers & more. **800-223-6060**

**DIAL-N-ACT • 212-861-2438**
Bachelor • B'day • Office Party Specialists

**• HOTBODIES / STRIPS!!! •**
**516-424-4016 • 212-912-1705 •• BELLYS**

**• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •**
The ONLY Gift That UNWRAPS Itself!
Hot, Sexy Girls · Gorgeous Guys
**212-391-2480 · 718-352-9423 · 516-579-5435**

**JOSH SANDS' "THIS IS YOUR LIFE"**
Personalized **"Roast N' Toast"**. Hilarious! B'day/Anniv Only. NY/NJ. **1-800-382-0116**

**Helium Balloons - $22**—Flowers - Free Local Delivery. AMEX. 212-864-3800

**• BASKETS-TO-YOU •**
**BALLOONS-TO-YOU**
**• NATIONWIDE •**
We do it **ALL! 212-466-9274 / 516-868-2325**

**Gorillas Galore, Balloons**—Chicken, bellygrams, strippers. Anywhere, at any time. Life O' The Party. **201-342-2121**

**PSYCHICS - Parties/Private**
Ages 7-77; All kinds of acts. **599-7576 Fun!**

**SINGING TELEGRAMS**
**NEW YEAR'S BALLOONS**
**NY's BEST CLASSACT 718-482-7464**

**"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."**
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best.
Corporate & Private Events. **212-288-9133**

**BALLOONS & THINGS**
Bouquets & Packages. **914-638-6470, 516-829-2818, 212-226-7900, 718-263-3855**

**BALLOON BOUQUETS OF NEW YORK**
**212-265-5252**
balloon bouquets® OF NEW YORK
The original balloon delivery and decorating service.
**For nationwide delivery information, call above number or 1-800-424-2323**
- VISA
- MASTERCARD
- AM EXPRESS

**$25 Bouquet Of Balloons**—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. 718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366

**Magician · Mentalist**—Jon Steinfeld. Grand Illusions. 212-228-2967

**• HARDBODIES •**
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
**212-627-3055; 718-693-9441; 516-328-6700**

**EVE-2000 Psychic Parties**—Tarot, Palmistry, Astrology. 212-751-EDEN

**"Bravo!" Entertainment**--NY's Top Talent **Murder Mysteries,** Roasts, Themes, N. Turtles, Look-alikes, Magic. **212-744-9000**

**Master Magician**—Exciting fun for all events. Participation. 212-885-3038

**Be A Star**—Video Lip Sync, Karaoke, Recording Booth, Photo favors. 718-268-4411

**SEXY STRIPPERS 744-9000**
Hot Show, Great Looks. Pick from Photos.

**UNIQUE THEME PARTY**
**Specialists - Complete Entertainment**—Murder Mystery, Casinos, Carnivals, Luau Calypso, Old West, Mardi Gras, Rio, '50s 2001, Comedy, Medieval, 1920s, Fantasy
**Barry Dean - 516-536-6606 / 212-809-6666**

**When**—Your guests are stars - so are you! U.B.A STAR. Karaoke Show 212-518-4075

**Gift-A-Gram - 212-388-0658 - Free Gift!**—Xmas, Strip, Sing, Celebs, Belly, Baskets.

**NEW YORK's Entertaining Section**—Place your ad... Call: 212-643-6500

## ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

**'40s Swing & Jump**—Allysa Torey & The Bourbon Boys Swing Thing. 212-727-0531

**· KIMBALL MUSICAL SERVICES ·**
Bands & DJs. Rock, Jazz, Classical, Caribbean & International. **212-465-9114**

**Affordable Party Music**—DJs from $350. 15 Years Experience. 212-662-4921

**Bryan Wells**—Jazz pianist - listenable, subtle & sophisticated. (212) 877-3995

**CHARLOTTE RUSSE MUSIC**
Jazz - Rock - Classical - Motown - Klezmer
**212-582-5694 516-374-5422**

**Danny Richard Quartet**—Smooth crooner with top-notch players. Music of 30s & 40s. Duos, trios, etc... **516-867-3203**

**JAZZ/CLASSICAL**—Duos, trios & up. Also featuring South American music. Call Greg - **212-727-0219, 201-762-5893**

**Ken Gross Orchestras**
Ballroom, Pop, Klezmer, Rock.
Music to Match the Moment **718-229-5522**

**Kenneth Mallor**
Pianist and Singer
**(212) 877-3091**

**MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.**
The Right Music For Any Gathering!
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Continued from previous page.

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**Ahh!!!**—To be smitten with one pretty darn nice, beguiling 30-plus woman who will share the aesthetic rigors of life with this continent-traveling, mischievously charming, gentle man who's never, ever, taken for 55 on his driver's license when stopped by turnpike radar enforcers. This 5'10", deep-blue-eyed, ex-puffing, Manhattan business president relishes the prospect of sittin' around in ol' grubbies on Sunday, searching for Ninas in Hirschfeld's drawings in the New York Times with you. Just slap 29 cents on an envelope; mail note with some prose (or cons) and pix to: 2410 ✉

**Personable, Intelligent, Self-Sufficient**—Attractive, slim, 40s, divorced Jewish female, CT based - but only a short hop to NYC. Loves theater, travel and good conversation. Big business and intimate dinners turn me on. Seeking male counterpart, 42-57, to stimulate my mind and warm my heart. Note/photo/phone please. 7731 ✉

**What Are You Doing**—For the rest of your life? I am Jewish, handsome, very successful, with interests in traveling, sports and cultural pursuits. I'm interested in a relationship with a sharp, intelligent, compassionate and passionate woman under the age of 40, who understands the meaning of "best friend". Please send photo and phone. 2967 ✉ ☎

**Absolutely Beautiful**—Long, curly blond hair, green eyes, 5'7", 28, slim and leggy - with zany sense of humor and style, an absolute passion for life - professional and secure. Seeks Jewish professional, 27-40, who wants everything out of life and to be treated like a king. Photo please. 7729 ✉

**Don't Pass Me By**—I'm an extremely intelligent, extraordinarily successful Wall Streeter who's lots of fun and has a great sense of humor! I'm 35, 5'11", fit, Jewish (not religious), and very good-looking. On a more personal note, I'm a secure, warm, down-to-earth, communicative, trustworthy, genuinely nice man who'd love to meet a 27-34-year-old woman who's smart, upbeat, spunky and outgoing. You're also insightful and together, with traditional values and a real heart of gold. And you'd like to develop a committed relationship leading to the "M" word with the right person! Ideally, you enjoy the beach year-round, great food and wine, roaring fires (in a fireplace!), cycling, exotic travel, piano, and close times with family and friends. If this sounds like you, and you're real cute with a nice body, why not drop me a note with your photo (a must!) and phone?? I can't wait to meet you! 4396 ✉

**Tall, Handsome Male**—33. Seeks happy, sincere relationship with sweet, pretty, thin, wise lady, 25-35, who has a warm heart and smiles easily. Films, dining, dancing, travel, tennis, stability. Photo please. 7752 ✉

**Retired Orthopedist, 47**—Recent transplant from Florida to Upper East Side, man of substance and character, living with leukemia, seeks woman or man of similar substance to spend time with. I need a best friend. 7753 ✉

**ASAP**—This handsome, successful, single white male, 40, seeks an athletic, attractive, fun-loving, 23-35, single white female for sharing all the best of life's pleasures together. Photo and note. 2970 ✉

**Not So Desperate In Southern CA**—Offbeat, sometimes professional male, 45 years, seeks Worst Coast female-type inhabitant whose head is still back East. Both of us interested in LA/NY Times, films, beaches, fitness, some vices, travel, softness, relaxation and permanence. You are relaxed, self-assured, independent, witty, funny, educated, irreverent, professional and successful. You have easy hair, low maintenance and are semi-mature. You're attractive and fit, bordering pretty. No litigators/astrologers. Descriptive note/clear photo/phone a must. 2969 ✉

**Attractive And Adventurous Female**—Petite brunette, mid 40s, intelligent and fun - into books, movies, music, theater. Seeks male counterpart to share life's wonders. Note/photo please. 4414 ✉ ☎

**Not Magic**—But positively HIV, heterosexual, 32-year-old male - healthy, happy, handsome, generous and kind - seeks love and friendship. 7735 ✉

**Glass Slipper Recently Found!**—By a dynamic, warm, leading Ivy surgeon, quite handsome, successful, tall, 30s. Passion for laughter, culture, fitness, fun. Seeks bright beauty, tall, sincere, under 36, to share his castle. Reply requires photo. 4367 ✉

**Attractive, Romantic Male**—24, professional, with a sense of humor - muscular, honest. Loves animals, going out. Seeks an attractive woman who is fun to be with. Age open. Note/photo/phone. 4382 ✉

**Seeks Fairfield/Westchester Woman**—Tall, classy, witty gentleman, 39, who enjoys jazz, ballet, my work, seeks beautiful, classy, cerebral, personable, sincere, leggy, very fit gem. Photo. 2984 ✉ ☎

**Prize-Winning Writer**—Rich. Children grown. Tall, slender, 60 - but friends say looks less (what are friends for?). Looking for wondrous woman. I don't care how old you are. I don't care if you are green. You can even chew gum. What you must be is very pretty, very curvy, very smart. And kind. Photo appreciated. 7751 ✉

**University Professor**—39, semi-famous scientist/entrepreneur, extraordinarily successful professional, handsome, fit, warm, sensitive...60s values and politics, omnivorous reader (literature, philosophy, history), jazz musician, tennis player - enjoys culture/NYC. Seeking very attractive, very smart professional woman, 28-36, with intellectual curiosity, for laughter and love. Letter/photo/phone. 7742 ✉

**Dream Lifestyle**—Follow the sun year-round in a private yacht cruising the Caribbean or in a southwestern mountain hideaway with a handsome, blue-eyed, middle-aged man. Occasional travel overseas. If you're an attractive, slim young woman, interested in travel and adventure, we could become captain and first mate. 4390 ✉

**Advertising Exec/Computer Wiz**—Early 40s, Jewish, tall, athletic nonsmoker - funny, culture vulture. Seeks attractive, shapely, well-educated career woman, 30-35, for Manhattan activities (romance included). Photo. 4416 ✉ ☎

**Handsome, Athletic, Witty**—Jewish male, 42, likes music, baseball, movies, travel, cycling, seeks Jewish woman who's pretty, athletic, warm, bright, spirited, 30s, for commitment. Note/photo. 4418 ✉

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**Successful Professional Man**—46, divorced, tall, seeks serious relationship with professional woman, 35-45. 4412 ✉ ☎

**Fascinating, Beautiful Jewish Brunette**—5'3", 101 lbs of fun, seeks accomplished man, 50s. Photo. 7724 ✉

**Optometrist By Day**—*Jazz saxophonist* by night. Single Jewish male, 31, 5'10" (and have been accused of being good-looking) - would like to meet a fun-loving, attractive Jewish woman, 24-34. 2956 ✉ ☎

**Stop! Go No Further**—This handsome, 5'11", 175 lbs, Jewish male - who enjoys sports, fitness, motorcycling and boating - seeks his counterpart. She is 24-30, slim, sexy, sincere, passionate and must have a sense of humor. Send phone/photo - will exchange. 4406 ✉

**Successful, Handsome Executive**—Male, Jewish, 39, witty and charming. Desires slim, pretty, bright, vivacious Jewish female, 28-36, for serious and caring relationship. 7728 ✉ ☎

**Wanted:**—Very Tall, cultured, athletic woman, 34-44, for highly successful, handsome, understanding male. 4191 ✉

**Affluent, Irish Blond Beauty**—CFO, seeks male, 37 plus. 4393 ✉ ☎

**Wry Jewish Guy**—Cute, slim MD, 30, 5'8", likes the usual stuff. Seeks pretty, curvy Jewish lady MD/PhD, non-materialistic brunette, 30-40, for film, silliness, Chuppah. Photo exchange. 7718 ✉

**Leo Looking For His Aries**—I feel comfortable with someone in her 40s. I'm 50, slim, nice-looking, Jewish. I believe the best relationships are based on a close, honest, warm friendship with plenty of mental stimulation. I have a varied amount of interests such as sports, tennis, classical concerts, Italian opera, trying new restaurants and enjoying each other's company. If this appeals to you, write to this together guy. I have a weakness for Virgos and blonds. Tennis is a very big plus. Westchester. 2966 ✉ ☎

**Cold Hands, Warm Heart...**—At least that's what my patients say. Intelligent, cute, affectionate, athletic, personable, 29-year-old Jewish female seeks same in handsome, professional, single Jewish male - to share fun, love, forever, leading to station wagon, picket fence, kids. Note/photo. 2514 ✉

**Vivacious, Slim Widow**—Professional, seeks male mensch, 60 plus. 4394 ✉ ☎

**Attractive, Successful Professional**—Woman with eclectic interests, LI/NYC, seeks male counterpart, 45-60. 2963 ✉

**Bon Appetit**—Jewish chef, 34, 6'2", 190 lbs - loves comedy, dancing and communication. Seeks good-looking Jewish lady, 27-36. Photo. 4408 ✉ ☎

**Tall, Terrific, Pretty Widow**—54, seeks Jewish man who is caring and involved - for a great '92. Note/phone. 2962 ✉

**Female**—Seeks successful, single white male/European exec, 38 plus. 2953 ✉ ☎

**Attractive Man**—Late 30s, smoker, kids - seeks very thin woman, 21-30, for serious relationship with no nonsense or waiting. 7746 ✉

**Charming, Pretty Attorney**—Seeks Jewish male, 35-42, for fairy tale ending. Photo appreciated. 2971 ✉ ☎

**Seeking Older Woman**—31-year-old Jewish lawyer - GQ looks, Harvard mind - seeks head-turner for fun and frolicking. Photo please. 7733 ✉

**Let's Play Around**—Lincoln Center, Soho, boats, sports. You're 55-65, tall Jewish gentleman. I'm a fun, sporty, elegant female. Bio/photo/phone. 4383 ✉

**Fit Pianist/Writer**—30s, seeks sexy female. *I love karate, reading, the beach and* laughing. Note/photo/phone. 2974 ✉ ☎

**Slim, Sweet, Beautiful Blond**—Seeks *handsome, refined, fit gentleman.* Call if likewise 40ish, successful, dynamic yet fun-loving, cultured. Degreed, clubbed and traveled. 7755 ✉

**Dynamic Male, 32**—Attractive, successful and sensual - seeks dynamic lady who is at the top of her game in all areas of life. You should be of sound mind, sound intellect, and willing to explore life's hidden mysteries. 7716 ✉ ☎

**Kind, Tall, Trim**—30s, *merger banker,* NYC - seeks slim woman or single mom, 27-34. Any location. Photo. 4410 ✉ ☎

**Introspective Gent**—45, successful, enjoys the good life, skiing, tennis, horseback riding. Have ski house, Florida condo, Manhattan apartment. Looking for sensitive, caring woman of depth who knows who she is. Photo a must. 4401 ✉

**Brunette Julie Christie**—Turned down too many proposals to build dance therapy career. I'm ready to make a man happy. 5'5", very thin and curvy, age 37, great cook. Hoping for very successful and handsome man with joie de vivre, who loves 'Annie Hall', 'Paris, Texas', and visits to Italy. Photo and phone. 2952 ✉ ☎

**You:**—Healthy, vigorous, smart, liberal, generous heart, financially secure, love your work and do it well. Me: earthy intellectual, financially secure, 51, Jewish. Love African/Caribbean/Latin dancing, nature walks, homecraft, art, writing, people. Want happy, loving marriage. 4413 ✉

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**Classical Pianist**—Male, 37, athletic, Californian, sensitive - seeks romance with intelligent, slim woman, 25-35. Note/photo. 7723 ✉

**Outrageous/Mellow**—Handsome Wall Streeter, 32, 5'8", athletic Asian male. Seeks beautiful woman with interest in art, music, dining. Phone/photo. 4392 ✉

**Professional Single Jewish Male**—Nonsmoker, stockbroker. 36 years old, 6", with mustache and beard. Seeks professional, sophisticated woman, 28-45 years who knows how to have fun and also knows when to be serious. Please send note/photo/phone. 7749 ✉

**Built For Bikinis, Golf And Kissing**—Sexy/sensitive, classy/cultured, romantic/ready. Pretty art director from Midwest - Jewish (nonreligious), 35, 5'2", green eyes - seeks well-bred, well-educated (Ivy), sensitive man, 30-45. Nonsmoker. Note/phone/recent photo please. 4420 ✉

**Lawyer, 45, Handsome, Athletic**—Likes reading, music, plays, etc. Seeks woman, 28-32, for long-term relationship. Photo, please. 4398 ✉

**I Say 'Why?'**—My daughter says 'Why not?' I'm looking for a professional, warm, wonderful and funny Jewish man, 50-60, for fun and love. I'm a beautiful, slender, blue-eyed single mom. 4384 ✉

**Male Academic**—Mid 60s, urbane, wry wit, solvent, seeks sophisticated NY woman, 40-60, for wholesome frolic in field and forest. Dress optional, note with recent photo please. 4419 ✉

**One In A Million**—Greek-American Jewish lady, 32, slim, attractive, seeks tall, Mediterranean-American Jewish man, 28-38, to share the same passion for love. Phone/photo please. 7721 ✉ ☎

**Cappuccino Mon Amour**—Lively, lovely lady, 40s, in textiles, seeks unusual companion - caring, craggy, evolved Asian man, 40-55. Hope to blend cultures. Like jazz, dining out, films, lively chat, karaoke - and whatever the fates decide. Introspective Samurai encouraged. 7727 ✉

**Romantic, Attractive, Bright**—And fit, cultured, caring PhD seeks sane, sweet, pretty woman in 50s to share love and NYC life. Note/photo. 4400 ✉

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**Attractive, Professional, Independent**—Warm and sensuous female in mid 50s - interests in nature, spirituality, classical music and exploring different perceptions of reality. Seeks unconventional male, 45-60. 7725 ✉

**European Beauty**—Classy, sophisticated, well-educated, multitalented, 30ish, Christian, nonsmoker - seeks Irish/German or Wasp-type man. Must be successful, handsome, educated, caring and marriage-minded. Photo please. 4397 ✉

**Emotionally And Financially Secure**—Young 45-year-old male with a very good sense of humor, sincere and supportive, with two homes - London and Spain. Looking for a sincere and truly beautiful lady, 25-30 years old, to share magical life style - to start enjoying all the good things in life that are even better when shared. Telephone/photo appreciated. 1574 ✉

**Babe**—Sexy, sensual, great legs, great looks, seeks warm-hearted hunk/man/teddy bear to pet and love like no one else, to 35. Photo a must. 4404 ✉

**Handsome, Mediterranean-Looking**—Former college professor turned computer consultant - interested in meeting a woman who enjoys children, sports, traveling and reading. Photo. 4409 ✉

**Easygoing Manhattanite**—Single Jewish male, vigorous 64 - likes talk, walk, cook, read, film, theater, TV. Seeks nonprofessional single female to share experiences and expenses. 2973 ✉

**My Dog Wants To Meet You**—He's looking for a successful, secure guy with character and a good sense of humor. He knows I'm a warm, smart, sweet and sexy NYC woman, 40s, slim, attractive, charming and witty. He says I need a lasting relationship, wonderful times and romance. Sounds good to me. 7745 ✉ ☎

**Boyish-Looking**—Single white male, 30, Jewish (not religious), funny, intelligent. Seeks serious relationship with single white female, 21-35. Note/photo. 7714 ✉

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**Herpes**—Blue-eyed beauty, 32, with brains, substance and traditional values, seeks handsome, successful quality man, 28-45, with wit and character, for committed, lasting relationship. Phone and photo please. 7740 ✉

**RSVP - ASAP**—I'm a down-to-earth, pretty Jewish blond, 33, who's energetic, loving, fit. I enjoy exercising, traveling, movies, sports, romantic dinners. You're: 29-39, tall, attractive, serious, stable and sensitive. Phone/photo please. 4293✉

**Tall, Slender, Attractive**—Down-to-earth psychotherapist - who loves the great outdoors, the West, lots of laughs and "real" talks with friends. Seeks sincere, nice-looking, athletic, bright and funny guy, 30-38 (me: 32), who has his own life but likes the idea of a woman as best friend. No Wall Street types please. Note/photo. 7720 ✉

**Corporate World By Day**—Knicks, Rangers by night. Attractive Jewish female, 41, blond, green eyes - enjoys sports, '60s music, Cagney/Bogart movies. Seeking special man with similar interests, who is honest, down-to-earth, romantic and above all who can make me smile. Photo/note. 4387 ✉

**Fate's Not Cutting It**—Handsome 28-year-old, 5'9", physically and mentally fit, wants to meet you now. Travel, skiing, movies, spicy food, biking and the Mets - for starters! Sincere, honest...with a touch of sarcasm. If you're intelligent, with that sweet, sexy look - fun and romance could be ours. Photo please. 2978 ✉

**Warm, Witty, Handsome**—Articulate, trim Jewish man, 59, seeks caring, bright, striking match. Photo/note. 7738 ✉

**Adventurous, Sensual, Attractive**—Professional Jewish woman, looking for mate who can laugh. Intelligence and generosity are also high on my list. Late 30s or 40s preferred. 4388 ✉

**Sophisticated Mediterranean Beauty**—This warm, caring, deeply committed and passionate 38-year-old, successful entrepreneur - with a clear mind and open heart - seeks a truly terrific man, 40s-50s, with integrity and a great sense of humor, who is spiritually and emotionally evolved, personally and professionally successful, physically fit, masculine, adventurous and fun. If you are interested in meeting an equally terrific woman with similar qualities, who wants a passionate and deeply caring relationship with an extraordinary man, then please write. Photo appreciated. 4385 ✉

**Totally Hip, Golden-Hearted**—And very cute - this nice, arty Jewish girl, 34, is seeking her other half - a cool, sweet, highly-evolved guy. Jazz, photography, the Berkshires, spiritual development, NYC and the warmth of others are what keep me smiling. How about you? 2985 ✉ ☎

**Charming, Mediterranean**—Jewish woman, PhD, desires athletic, romantic, successful, educated man, 38-50. 2958 ✉

**Sophisticated Lady**—(40s, divorced), tall, striking, sensuous, self-assured - seeks rare man who recognizes quality, appreciates intelligence, laughs freely, enjoys sharing. Note, please. 2976 ✉

**Single, White Jewish Male**—(45), with mild herpes, seeks petite, very pretty, single female (20-35) for guilt-free relationship. I am short in stature but long on charm and humor; good-looking, successful attorney. Like music, poetry, reading, football on TV, heated intelligent discussions. Also am spontaneous, affectionate and romantic. 4403 ✉

**I'm Worth It**—Pretty, foreign-born, brown-skinned black female, 38, soft-spoken, wicked sense of humor, professional, Manhattanite. Seeks honest, caring, single, white Catholic male, 38-45, for serious relationship. No thrill-seekers please. Note/phone. 2982 ✉

**Very Attractive Redhead**—Southern CT. Voluptuous, 5'8", young 42, creative, fun, intuitive and successful. Seeks similar qualities in a man who wakes up looking forward to the day, and isn't described by friends in psychological terms. Please send note, phone and photo. 4386 ✉ ☎

**White Male**—32, 5'10", 140 lbs, Christian values, successful, deep, sensitive, sentimental. Seeks intelligent, sensitive woman of high morals, character, inner strength, petite/average size. Plain is beautiful to me. 2983 ✉

**Looking To Spoil And Be Spoiled**—Handsome, 35, athletic male who is caring, sensitive, honest, with a heart of gold, seeks attractive, in-good-shape Jewish female, 26-34, to share sunsets, dinner and everything in-between. 4417 ✉

**New Friend For the New Year**—Young 41, Wasp male professional, Greenwich, CT - seeks bright, cheerful, reliable female for laughter and romance. Let's begin the New Year together. 7756 ✉

**Pretty, Green-Eyed Redhead**—Widow - seeks vibrant Jewish man who is intelligent, successful and marriage-minded, 60s-72. Let's learn more about each other. Photo/note. 2968 ✉

**No Clock, But...**—I'd love to live to see the kids reach 10! Athletic Jewish man, 35, enjoys travel, theater, movies. Seeks petite woman to share life's adventures. Note/photo/phone please. 2959 ✉

**Personals Lack Chemistry**—But how does a tall, slim, good-looking, personal, witty, kind, 39, architect/businessman find a woman of character, to build a future? Photo please. 7713 ✉

**Florida, 6'1"**—Blue-eyed male author, 36, lean and sexy physique, desires stylish older woman. Let's try. 2900 ✉

**Ballerina/Businesswoman**—30, Jewish, very pretty, fit and petite. I am searching for that extraordinary Jewish man, 30-40, who is handsome, successful, worldly, passionate and ready to settle down. Photo/note/phone. 2960 ✉

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# ASSORTMENTS

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**You (Dark Hair/Suit) Gave Me...**—(Auburn hair/black coat) your seat on the Mad. Ave. bus, Wed. 12/11/91, 7:45 pm. Please contact me. 2955 ✉

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**ASSORTMENTS**
NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S
Weekly Bulletin Board
Call 212-643-6500

## STRICTLY PERSONALS

**Enjoys Life With A Smile**—Warm heart, attractive Jewish male, 6'1", physically fit, widower, 44. Likes theater, symphony, skiing - successful in business. Desires vivacious, attractive, unpretentious, caring Jewish woman in 30s, for love, marriage and family. Photo/note. 7715 ✉

**Nice Man, Handsome**—(Women say). Divorced, 50s, emotionally mature, entrepreneur, very successful - good sense of humor, athletic and aesthetic. Thinks name of game is having fun. Special lady, 40 plus, interested in learning more, please send note and photo. 2954 ✉

**Handsome Businessman**—Early 40s, enjoys movies and outdoor fun. You're intelligent, sensitive, beautiful and Jewish. Note/photo. 7722 ✉

**Strong, Handsome, Savvy**—Aware, natural, 6', healthy, successful exec seeks highly spirited model-type - down-to-earth, easygoing, with multiple interests. Looking for quality connection, good times, pleasure and travel. Note/photo a must. 4395 ✉

**Never Lose Your Sense Of Humor...**—Even when you're placing an ad. Attractive, warm, unpretentious publishing exec seeks a regular guy: 40-50, smart, giving, funny, kind and somewhat athletic. Note/phone/photo optional. 4381 ✉

**Pretty Manhattan Attorney**—Who is tall (5'9"), slim (130), divorced (age 45), and whose qualities include being charming, caring, stylish, sensitive, lovable, vivacious, interested and interesting, seeks Jewish professional (age 40-60) - intellectual, imaginative and enthusiastic, for a lifetime of love and romance. Photo/note/phone appreciated. 4415 ✉

**Shapely, Sweet, Sexy Jewish Lady**—Seeks man, 60-69, kind, attractive, charming and comfortable, for involvement. 2965 ✉ ☎

**Russian-Jewish Female**—Very attractive, sophisticated professional, seeks mensch in his 40s. 7730 ✉

***Time To Nest**—Well-traveled French* woman in films, 40s, looking for an honest man. 7717 ✉

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**To place an ad, call 212-643-6500.**

All advertiser messages are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Advertisers who neglect to record a message will forfeit this free service.

**Very Handsome Man**—29, 6', Jewish, successful. Likes travel, theater. Athletic, playful, funny. Seeks woman, 20-27, who's pretty, curvaceous, affectionate and very passionate. Photo/note. POB 1352, Riverdale, NY 10471

**Male, 22**—6', gorgeous, athletic, clever and affectionate. I love music, skiing, fires at night. Seeking a sexy, athletic, refined, funny woman, 21-30. Note/photo. 7734 ✉

**Gentleman · Intelligent, Humorous**—Very attractive, tennis player, expert skier, corporation president. Seek very attractive lady companion, 30-40. Photo. 2981 ✉ ☎

**Tough In Business**—Tender in life. Earthy, funny guy - prefers jeans, very good-looking, self employed, 45 - seeks cute/pretty, independent, passionate career woman - a bit zany, with terrific figure. Photo a must. 7744 ✉

**Anything With The Right Person**—Is alright with me. Attractive Jewish professional male - 32, 5'11", dirty blond hair - seeks attractive Jewish female to share all that life offers. Photo/phone. 7741 ✉

**Pretty Blond Teacher**—5'7", very young-looking, lovely figure, seeks attractive, successful male, 50-60, for a lasting relationship. 2961 ✉ ☎

**Explore The Undiscovered Country**—41, male, Legal Aid appellate defense lawyer, idealistic and politically progressive, Star Trek fan, Ivy-educated, socially inexperienced but now less anxious - would like to meet professional woman for lasting and fulfilling relationship. Photo/note/phone. 7708 ✉

**Regular Guy**—Single Jewish male, 33, physician, seeks single Jewish female, nonsmoker, to share life with. 7681 ✉

**Young, Handsome Swiss Doctor**—Seeks young, beautiful, educated, easygoing, sexy Asian lady for serious relationship. POB 2433, NY, NY 10009.

**Let's Meet**—Cute, witty Jewish female, early 30s, nonsmoker. Enjoys music, movies, sports, theater, outdoors. Seeks nice guy who doesn't want to finish last, for passion and laughs. 7726 ✉ ☎

**Funny, Good-Looking, Jewish**—MBA writer/filmmaker/photographer, 26, seeks attractive, intelligent woman. 2964 ✉

**Handsome, Affluent Executive**—Jewish, 44, refined, athletic, cultural. Seeks Jewish female counterpart, 34-40, with achievement and depth. 7743 ✉

**Tall, Handsome Renaissance Man**—49 years old, who is equally at ease dog-sledding in Minnesota, on an archaeological dig in Cyprus or spending the night at the Metropolitan Opera - looking for a sophisticated lady between 35 and 40, who is open to the above, plus likes the arts, can carry on a meaningful conversation and has the willingness to give and take both emotionally and intellectually. Note/phone/photo. 2957 ✉

**Huggable, Affluent Widow (Jewish)**—Blue-eyed blond, petite, living quality life - Manhattan. I have it all except you. Seek gentleman (60-80) - my counterpart for friendship, companionship, love. 4402 ✉

**Enchanted With Life**—Hoping to share long walks, passionate kisses, laughter and little ones with a Jewish man, 37-47. Me: svelte, long hair, Jewish. 2979 ✉ ☎

**Hopefully It's You!**—Ivy League PhD, 34, 5'8", slim, varied interests, seeks petite, Jewish, *nonsmoking professional female* under 30, who enjoys theater, art, children, etc. Note/photo please. 2951 ✉

**Warmth, Love, Kindness**—And lots of hugs offered to a wonderful man from this pretty, smart Jewish female, 39. 4399✉☎

**Cover Girl, Professional**—Trim and fit, 30ish, sincere, bright, creative, fun and exciting, seeks a successful, secure, honest man, 27-45, tall, handsome, fit, vibrant and adventurous, to share quality time. Photo a must. 1572 ✉

# NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

## COMPETITION NUMBER 724

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

"It's worse than that. He's dead, Jim."

**Above, the awful truth. A real moment from reel life. Competitors are invited to *invent* (this is harder) a line or three typical of—or perhaps essential to—a science-fiction movie.**

**Results of Competition 721,** in which you were asked for a list of eight related names.

**Report:** Such watch. (Since you ask, and only since you ask, this is a line from "Casablanca." Thank you for paying attention.) Anyway. Such list. Unavoidable little strings of linked names repeating here and there. For example: Oliver Twist, Chubby Checker./ Benny Goodman, Charlie Brown./ Ralph Lauren, Marco Polo, Prince Charles./ Michael Jackson, the Elephant Man./ Dr. No., Nancy Reagan./ David Duke, John Wayne, Maid Marian./ Wolfgang Puck, Wayne Gretzky./ Lloyd Bridges, Donald Trump.
Slow going in the reading department. But what, we wonder, is worthwhile that is not? You may begin.

**First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:**

Gladys Knight, Sir Lancelot, Kid Galahad, Ray Robinson, Cain, Abel Magwitch, Phillip Pirrip, Gladys Knight.
*Sheila Foley, Cranston, R.I.*

Norman Mailer, J. Crew, Dennis Conner, Ivan Boesky, Ivan the Terrible, Catherine the Great, Harlot, Norman Mailer.
*David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.*

John D. Rockefeller, Wilhelm Roentgen, Trip Payne, Gary Larson, Betsy Ross, Tom Bradley, Earl Grey, John D. Rockefeller. (Hint: do re mi.)
*Trip Payne, Atlanta, Ga.*
*also prizes to: Kenneth Feldman, N.Y.C.; Barley P. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.*

**Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:**

Penn Jillette, Rubén Blades, Pee-wee Herman, Babe Ruth, Bronx Bombers, Enola Gay, Edward Teller, Penn Jillette.
*Bill Harriman, Mystic, Conn.*

Laura Ashley, Waldo Lydecker, Otto Preminger, Gypsy Rose Lee, June Havoc, David Dinkins, Fiorello La Guardia, Laura Ashley.
*Gordon Farr, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Strom Thurmond, Maurice Chevalier, Leslie Caron, Lilli Palmer, Rex Harrison, George Bernard Shaw, Methuselah, Strom Thurmond.
*W. J. O'Malley, S.J., N.Y.C.*

**And Honorable Mention to:**

Edgar Bergen, Murphy Brown, Faith Ford, Abraham Lincoln, George Bush, Dan Quayle, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen.
*Edwin P. Rapport, Shaker Hts., Ohio*

Magic Johnson, Houdini, Jimmy Hoffa, John Gotti, Mr. Clean, Yul Brynner, King Midas, Magic Johnson.
*Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.*

Emily Post, Peter Kalikow, Cat Stevens, Felix Unger, Oscar, Miss America, Miss Manners, Emily Post.
*Sheila B. Blume, M.D., Sayville, N.Y.*

Richard III, The Tempest, Gale Storm, "My Little Margie," Gower Champion, Gene Autry, Sky King, Richard III.
*Arlee Laird, Brigham City, Utah*

Colour Me Bad, Ted Turner, Jane Fonda, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Pinky Lee, Colour Me Bad.
*Wendy Calabrese, Wilford, Conn.*

Walt Frazier, Earl Monroe, Perle Mesta, Madame Sousatzka, Shirley MacLaine, Warren Beatty, Clyde Barrow, Walt Frazier.
*Maria Dobbs, Stone Mountain, Ga.*

P. T. Barnum, Jenny Lind, Merle Oberon, The Faerie Queen, King Midas, Goldfinger, Tom Thumb, P. T. Barnum.
*Brendan Mahady, Washington, D.C.*

Long John Silver, The Lone Ranger. Tonto, Indianapolis, Vice-President Quayle, Senator John C. Danforth, Clarence Thomas, Long John Silver.
*Marc Doyle, Berkeley, Calif.*
*sp. ment.: Islip M.S., Islip, N.Y.*

Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richard, Yorick, Robert Graves, Claudius, Nero Wolfe, Rex Stout, Benjamin Franklin.
*Mark Lagasse, N.Y.C.*

David Letterman, Terence Stamp, George III, Billie Jean King, Margaret Court, Hugo Black, Vanna White, David Letterman.
*Nancy Stark, N.Y.C.*

Catherine the Great, Jay Gatsby, The Light Brigade, George Westinghouse, William (the Refrigerator) Perry, The Four Horsemen, Seattle Slew, Catherine the Great.
*Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.*
*sp. ment.: Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.*

Lee Marvin, Liberty Valance, Jane Curtin, *Kate and Allie,* Catherine the Great, Tony the Tiger, Cat Ballou, Lee Marvin.
*Brian Bracey, Charlottesville, Va.*

Humphrey Bogart, Catherine Parr, Henry VIII, Buck Henry, John Bubbles, Don Ho, Sam Spade, Humphrey Bogart.
*Andy Staff, Plymouth, Mass.*

Sisyphus, Rock Hudson, River Phoenix, Charlie Byrd, Horace Silver, Stirling Moss, Mick Jagger, Sisyphus.
*Tanner Foust, Boulder, Colo.*

Bonnie Raitt, Prince Charles, David Duke Adolf Hitler, Winston Churchill, Harry Winston, Tiffany, Bonnie Raitt.
*Dean Brown, N.Y.C*

Pee-wee Herman, Peter Paul Rubens, Miss Piggy, Frank Oz, The Tin Man, Ron Silver The Lone Ranger, Pee-wee Herman.
*Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga*
*similarly: Richard Schwartz, Madison, Wis.; Grant Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio*

Ethel Merman, Charles Oakley, Patrick Ewing, Larry Hagman, Mary Martin, The Von Trapp Family, The Louds, Ethel Merman.
*Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.*
*sp. ment.: Ron Parker, Burbank, Calif.; Kathleen Bartok, Somerset, N.J.*

Jamieson Parker, Parker Stevenson, Jamieson Parker, Parker Stevenson, Jamieson Parker, Parker Stevenson, Jamieson Parker.
*Ellen B. Grossman, N.Y.C.*

Donald Trump, Stephen Spender, Robert Frost, The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown, Dutch Schultz, Legs Diamond, Donald Trump.
*A. Shulman, Chevy Chase, Md.*

Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth I, Glenda Jackson, John Kennedy Jr., Jackie O., O Henry, Henry VIII.
*Remak Ramsay, N.Y.C.*

Richard Nixon, Rose Mary Woods, Jeremy Irons, Claus von Bülow, Saint Nick, Clement C. Moore, John Greenleaf Whittier, Richard Nixon.
*Brian Boswell, Greensboro, N.C.*

Jack Lemmon, Edsel Ford, Mercury Morris, Gabriel Fahrenheit, Paul Hornung, O. J. Simpson, William of Orange, Jack Lemmon.
*Marge Schauer, Washington, D.C.*

Gregor Samsa, archy, Mehitabel, Kitty Carlisle, Moss Hart, Günter Grass, Max Roach, Gregor Samsa.
*Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.*

Rex Stout, Nero Wolfe, Little Red Riding Hood, Grandma Moses, the Red Sea, the River Kwai, Sir Alec Guinness, Rex Stout.
*Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.*

Jacques Cousteau, Flipper, Charlie the Tuna, Edgar Bergen, Peggy Wood, Papa Hemingway, "The Old Man and the Sea," Jacques Cousteau.
*Bill Planck, East Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Paul Bunyan, C. S. Forester, Horatio Hornblower, Louis Prima, Donna de Varona, Madam Butterfly, Maria Callas, Paul Bunyan.
*Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.*

Barbi Benton, Bunny Berigan, Chick Webb, Peeping Tom, Lady Godiva, Willy Wonka, Roald Dahl, Barbi Benton.
*Louise Jackson, Fall River, Mass.*
*sp. ment.: Martha Everds, N.Y.C.*

ooster Cogburn, John Wayne, David Duke, chie Bunker, Anita Hill, Clarence Thom- , Thurgood Marshall, Rooster Cogburn.

*Sheldon B. Akers, Amherst, Mass.*

aak Walton, Captain Hook, Crocodile undee, Sir Walter Scott, Ivanhoe, Gladys night, "The Fisher King," Isaak Walton.

*Austin Cooley, Houston, Tex.*

esident Mario, Dan, Danny Boy, Danno, an Man, The Danmeister, Danzo, Presi- nt Mario.

*Helen Rosenbaum, N.Y.C.*
*sp. ment.: Physics Building,* SUNY, *Albany, N.Y.;*
*Katherine Hanley, Woodhaven, N.Y.*

xl Rose, Dick Button, Hans Brinker, Mary lapes Dodge, Ernie Ford, Georgia 'Keeffe, Juan Gris, Axl Rose.

*David Titus, Chelsea, Mass.*

larlon Brando, Vito Corleone, Olive Oyl, race Slick, Captain Joseph Hazelwood, /illiam Bligh, Fletcher Christian, Marlon rando.

*Mary Thomis, Providence, R.I.*
*sp. ment.: Jane B. Reilly, Fox Point, Wis.*

M.C.) Hammer, Thor Heyerdahl, Ra, Ram- es I, King Fahd, Lawrence of Arabia, Peter 'Toole, (M.C.) Hammer.

*Bertha Coulter, Milford, Conn.*

nelda Marcos, Kenneth Cole, Bigfoot, Dr. choll, Dr. Seuss, The Grinch, Leona lelmsley, Imelda Marcos.

*Bob Lewis, N.Y.C.*

lartin Van Buren, Miss Lonelyhearts, Na- hanael West, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Scar- ett O'Hara, Jefferson Davis, Thomas Jeffer- on, Martin Van Buren.

*S. Keturah Litoff, York Springs, Pa.*

)anny DeVito, Itzhak Perlman, Jack Benny, ack Nicholson, Batman, Robin Leach, Rich ittle, Danny DeVito.

*Harvey Weinman, Sylvania, Ohio*

arry Bird, Dan Quayle, Indiana Jones, Har- ison Ford, Chevy Chase, Holly Hunter, licolas Cage, Larry Bird.

*A. D. Cover, Roxbury, Conn.*

lichael Thomas, James Stewart, Alan )ershowitz, Rebecca Sinkler, John Simon, lorman Mailer, Norman Thomas, Michael homas.

*Dolly Hecht, N.Y.C.*

loseanne, Francis Scott Key, Fannie Flagg, 3ottom, Topsy, Uncle Tom, Tom Arnold, loseanne.

*Joyce Rosenthal, Newport, R.I.*

ITTLE STRINGS: John Sununu, Amelia Ear- art, Vincent Van Gogh./ Babe Ruth, Paul 3unyan./ M. C. Hammer, Ed Sullivan./ Judd lirsch, Cab Calloway./ David Duke, Vanilla ce./ David Hockney, Esther Williams./ ineezy, Billy Gilbert, Arthur Sullivan./ Ron )arling, Tallulah Bankhead./ E.T., Eartha Kitt.

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**Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE; TYPE-WRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY** hould be sent to Competition Number 724, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. It must be received by January 10. Edi- or's decisions are final, and all entries become the property of *New York.* First-prize winners will receive wo-year subscriptions to *New York,* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and win- ners' names will appear in the February 3 issue. Out- of-town postmarks are given three days' grace.

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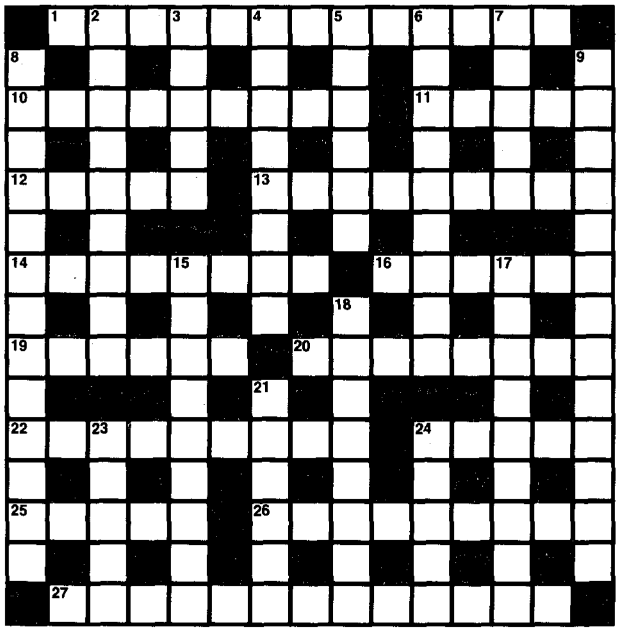
# 'SUNDAY TIMES' OF LONDON CROSSWORD

**ACROSS**

1 Does this issue show that electricity does not cause a sensation? (7, 6)
10 Hating to be away from home, having lost again. (9)
11 It is on the tongue but it sounds like rubbish. (5)
12 By a Frenchman these mountains make works of art. (5)
13 I hate travelling around a part of the Middle East—it is the religious madness. (9)
14 Send a telegram after the journey but it may cause one's downfall. (8)
16 Building for those who don't move. (6)
19 Bars are despatched in broken tins. (6)
20 There are few on the boundary for this game. (8)
22 Book the return schedule for this plane. (9)
24 Party in the First World War arranged for the bereaved. (5)
25 Where to put money on a hot animal. (5)
26 Uplifting appearance of building. (9)
27 A single laddie is disturbed by women of parts. (7, 6)



**DOWN**

2 Spun about on a circle, being generous. (9)
3 Ways to hold an article between poles. (5)
4 Worthless weapon held up over a politician. (8)
5 The northerner when dining out i better dressed. (6)
6 Indicator of distance which show more time left. (9)
7 Consumed within me a tender passion. (5)
8 The manufacturer is one who is given an opportunity by the river. (13)
9 Anger with new ideas being founc in the New Testament. (8, 5)
15 Liquid spilt between the basins? (9)
17 Gunfire by the water in East Anglia? (9)
18 Something to press or be held by ; toy. (8)
21 Scattered when a means of communication comes up in all directions. (6)
23 Live outside the country when short of cash. (5)
24 Join up without a place in the country. (5)

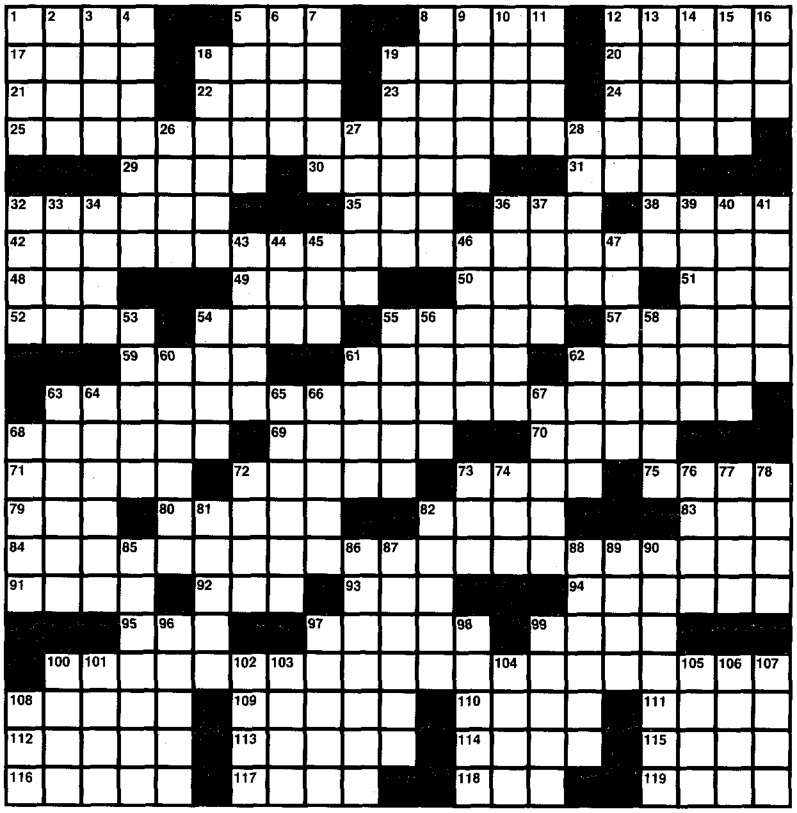
# 'SOLVER'S CREED' : 'CUE' CROSSWORD • BY MAURA B. JACOBSON

**ACROSS**

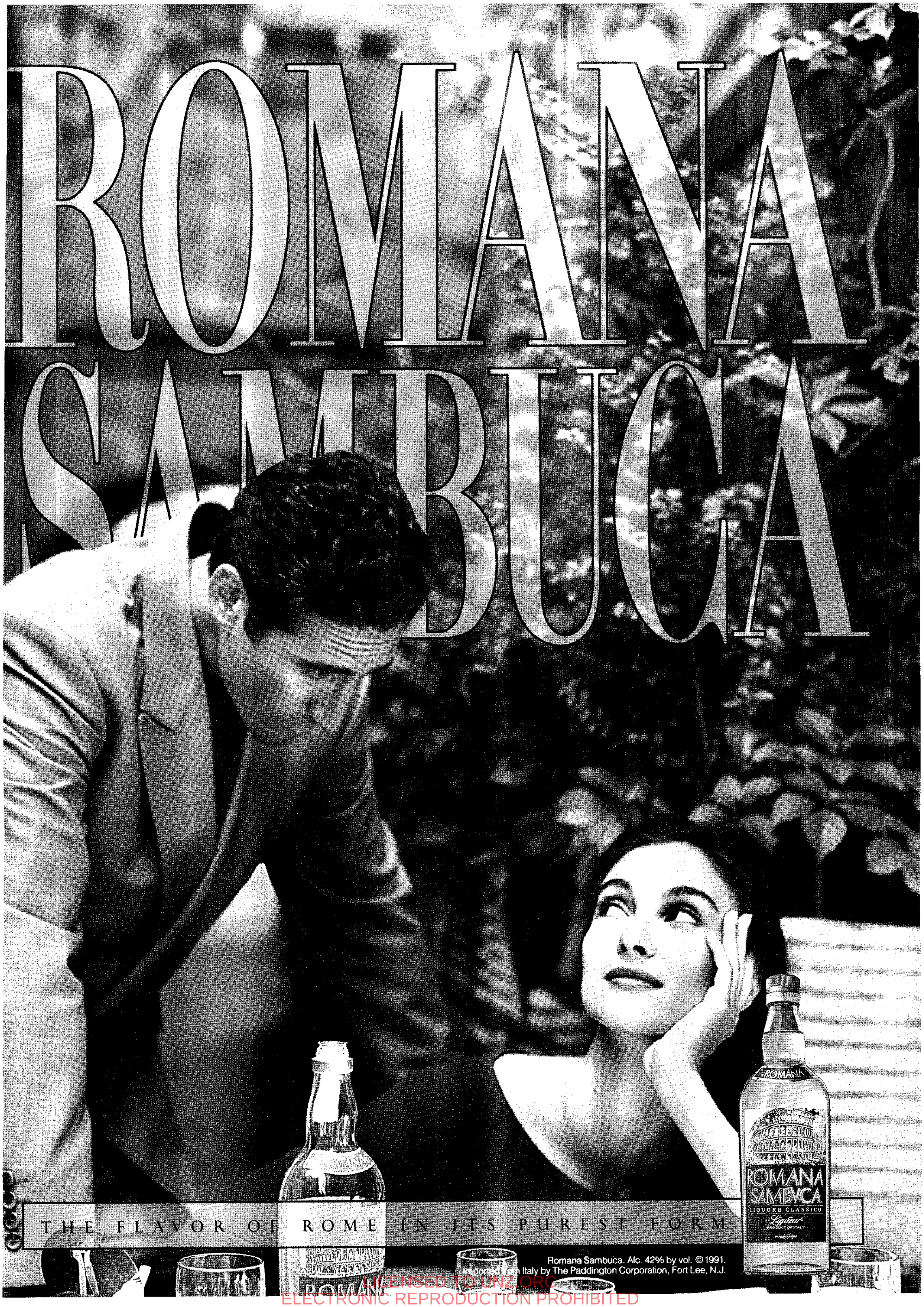
1 Outermost Aleutian
5 —— -alai
8 Excess flesh
12 Home of a Biblical queen
17 Fine feathers
18 Surge of wind
19 "—— is human . . ."
20 Lounged about
21 Droughty
22 Writer Wiesel
23 Papal cape
24 "—— in the hand is worth . . ."
25 Solver's verse: I
29 Sound laryngitic
30 Eydie's spouse
31 Fido's doc
32 Jamaican music
35 Comstock load
36 —— Simbel
38 Certain snakes
42 Solver's verse: II
48 Hansom
49 Baseball's Rose
50 Watery expanse
51 —— -Jo, Olympics runner
52 Weill or Waldheim
54 Not clear
55 Less broiled
57 Outdoor dining area
59 Flag down
61 Poisonous substance
62 As the crow flies
63 Afterthought to the solver's creed
68 Abysses
69 Merchandise
70 Mozart's "—— Fan Tutte"
71 Lemons' kin
72 Thingumbob
73 Refuge for 118-Across
75 President Walesa
79 Parisian pal
80 Mod painter's genre
82 Nursery-rhyme trio
83 Losing line at tic-tac-toe
84 Solver's verse: III
91 Fort ——, Virginia
92 Capp and Capone
93 For each
94 Texas trees
95 Grain bristle
97 Smart ——
99 Pulled the trigger
100 Solver's verse: IV
108 Oriental capital
109 Arles's river
110 Margarine, familiarly
111 Evergreen oak
112 Gussy up
113 German expressionist painter
114 Bifocal, e.g.
115 Give the once-over
116 High-strung
117 Makes a case of it
118 M-G-M's lion
119 After-bath sprinkle

**DOWN**

1 He never had a mother
2 Whig's opponent
3 Same-aged sibling
4 Be subjected to
5 Minty drink
6 Europe's neighbor
7 Brain passages
8 Eternally
9 Rental document
10 Younger Guthrie
11 Jacques of a stage title
12 List of candidates
13 Native environment
14 Mary's "South Pacific" co-star
15 Capital city on the Aar
16 Try for a total
18 Yellowstone Park attraction
19 Corrida hero
26 WW II servicewoman
27 Vermont ski resort
28 Part of the soft palate
32 Towel bar
33 Isaac's heir, originally
34 Eng.
36 Act of climbing
37 Dutch South African
39 Flour sieve
40 Insurance agent's sal
41 Behave snobbishly
43 Iridescent gems
44 "—— who?"
45 Porky's place
46 Architecture style
47 Opens a brooch
53 The objects here
54 Hurries
55 Cowboy carnival
56 Rotation shaft
58 As thin as ——
60 In the —— Morpheu (asleep)
61 Duration of office
62 Room access
63 Fanciful notion
64 Descendant of Noah' son
65 Does baton tricks
66 Must
67 More skiddy
68 Demand as due
72 Chutzpah
73 Actress Ullmann
74 Tennis coup
76 Quiz
77 Chanel's nickname
78 Landscapers' tools
81 Grand instrument
82 Pierre's thanks
85 Soapbox speakers
86 High regions
87 The boob tube
88 Uncouth persons
89 Wild plum
90 Anti-Scud missile
96 Complain childishly
97 "—— in the Head" (Sinatra film)
98 Hillock
99 Shorthand pro
100 Walk through water
101 Get —— the ground floor
102 Jardinieres
103 Commandment pronoun
104 Jubilation
105 Sea growth
106 Order to the broker
107 Company VIP
108 Ten-gallon item



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 90.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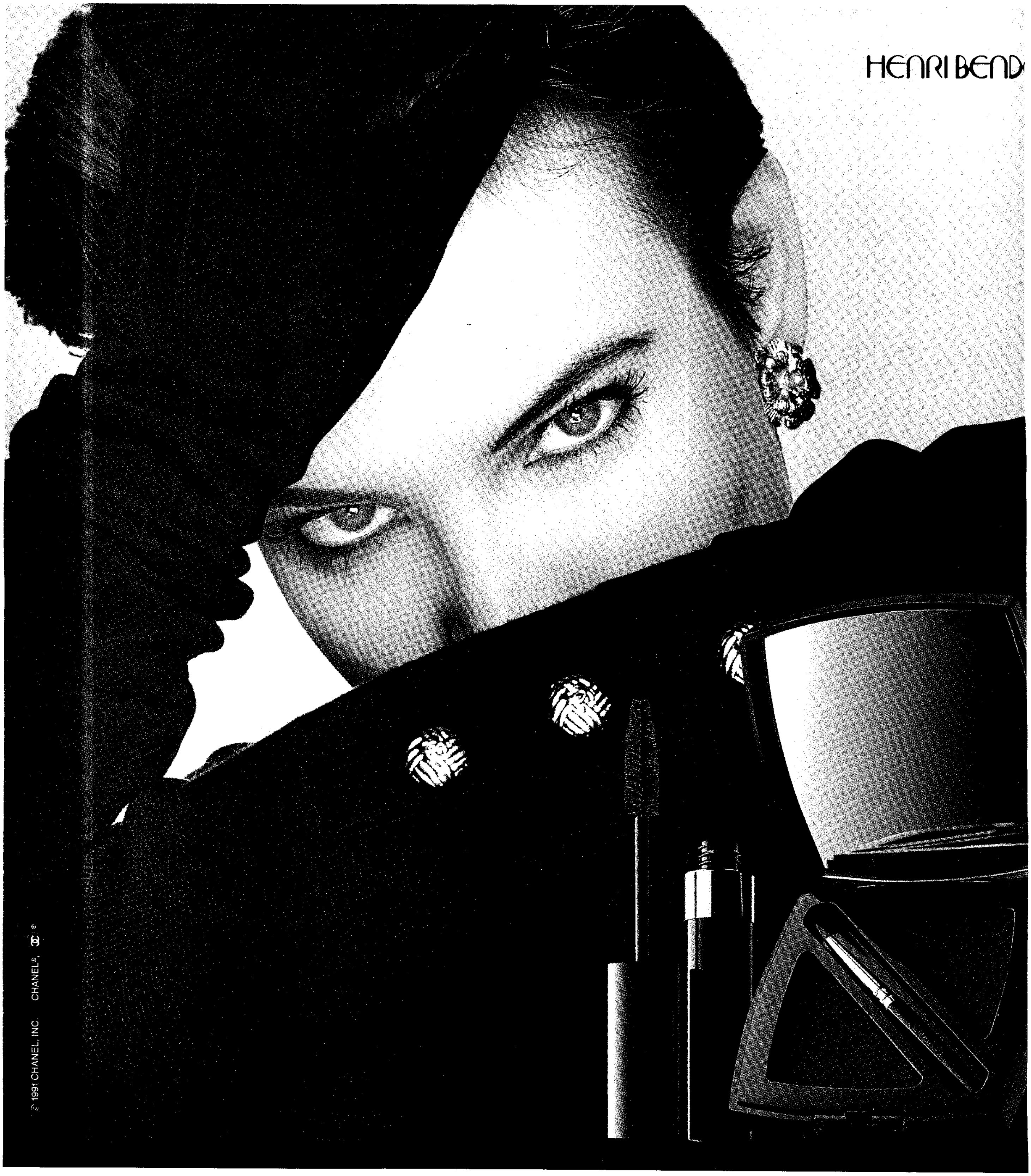

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